'E, 1923 MONTHLY VOL. 1. NO. 1

The Adelphi

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ITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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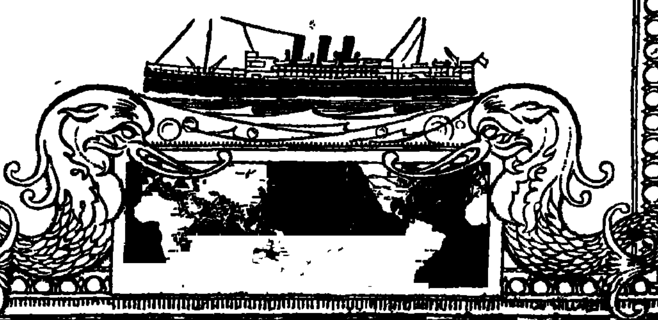
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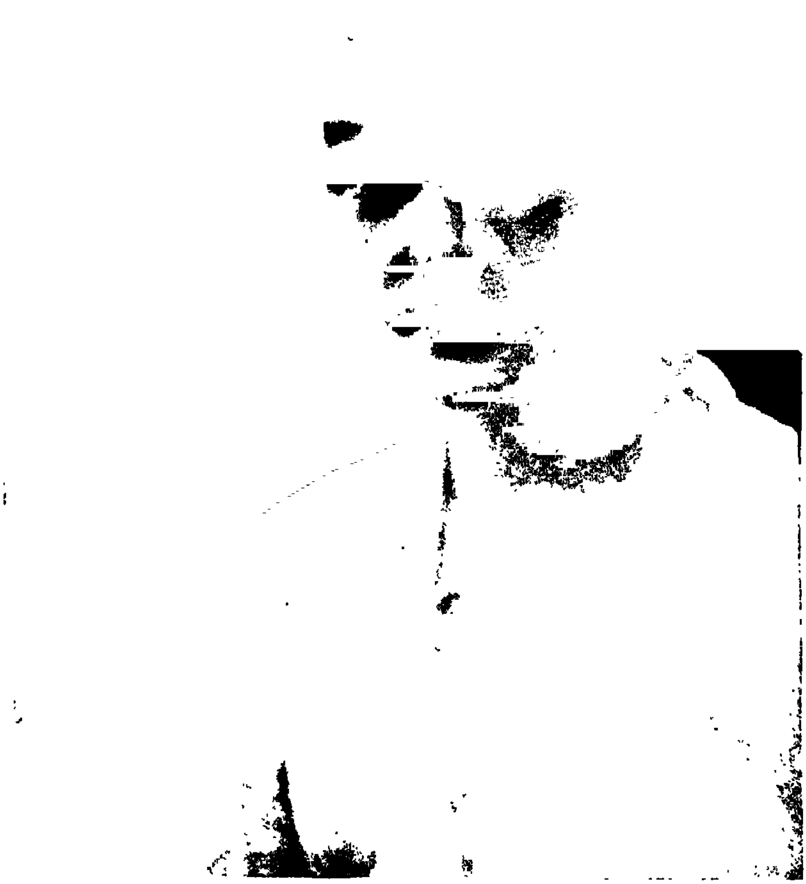
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The Adelphi

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THE CAUSE OF IT ALL

By John Middleton Murry

NOWADAYS I once more ride on the top of a 'bus from Trafalgar Square to Hampstead. It is a favourite ride of mine; it has always had the merit of taking me home. Suddenly I look down over the side at the crowd of people on the pavement corner at Camden Town, and I am astonished and frightened. Not always. Nine days out of ten I can do this thing with impunity. I look, but I do not see. But on the tenth something happens. I am aware of a dozen people rushing violently, as though possessed, towards the *Star* man's yellow poster. The Thousand Guineas! And I, who have drawn a blank in every sweepstake for which I paid my half-crown, who once went as a schoolboy to the City and Suburban and stood for an hour watching a bookmaker called "Fred Bacon of Putney"—he drank a bottle of Bass regularly at five-minute intervals —without daring to hand him the shilling I wanted to gamble, realize that I understand nothing about people at all.

The top of my 'bus becomes as the firm deck of a ship in an unknown ocean. For a moment the mere thought that I might have to descend into that crowd

appals me. I am frightened. I say to myself that if I were really to get down, it would be all right. I have only to stop one of the men so blindly intent on learning the winner of the four o'clock race, to ask him the way to some street or other, and he will treat me like a human being and a brother. For a second he may even forget that he wants to know the winner, while he repeats: "Third to the right, second to the left, under the arch by the cabman's shelter—that'll take you *right* into it." He will stop to say it even a third time. I shall find it, in fact, quite hard to get away.

So it would be, I know, and so I argue myself out of my unreasoning fear. We are very much the same sort of people. If he were to ask *me* the way, I should find myself also repeating for the third time: "Third to the right, second to the left . . ." and he might find it very hard to get away from *my* civility. Yes, indeed, it's very difficult to choose between us. He cannot get through a day without the excitement of putting a shilling on a horse; I cannot get through one without the excitement of wondering what it is all about. That was precisely what I was wondering when I took that ill-advised glance down on to the pavement at Camden Town. It was that which made me feel that there was a gulf between us. If I had told him my thought, he would have smiled compassionately. Now I see that if he had told me the winner of the four o'clock race, I should have found nothing better to do than to smile compassionately also.

And that is comforting. We are in the same boat, after all. And perhaps we are after very much the same thing. He seeks satisfaction for his soul in backing horses, I in wondering what men live by nowadays. His betting and my preoccupation are cousins at least. The chief difference between us, I suppose, is that his particular kind of dope, like insulin, needs to be injected every twenty-four hours,

except on Sunday when there is the *News of the World,* while I keep myself going by looking for something whose effect shall be permanent.

That is enough to go on with. I no longer have the feeling that we may be engaged in something futile and incomprehensible. I confess that it did seize hold of me. When I began to write these first few words of a new magazine, I was suddenly smitten with the terror that visited me when I glanced down on the crowd at Camden Town. There is a gulf between us: why make the vain attempt to bridge it? It was all very well (said my attendant demon) when you were occupied in trying to get THE ADELPHI organized. Then you ran from printer to paper-maker, from paper-maker to estate agent, and when you got home you passed the remaining hours in writing letters. You had no time to think about what you were doing. You were caught up in the practical business of realizing an idea you had months ago. But now that self-forgetful phase is over. You are up against it, chuckled my demon.

Furthermore, he whispered to me of the happiness I had thrown away—the full sight of the perfection of that spring I had waited for, when, as each February day brought still more rain, I said to myself: But how wonderful this May will be! I have not seen it. A spring that was precious to me beyond all other springs I have simply thrown away, in order to stump up and down the pavements of Fleet Street and the Adelphi. There never will be such another spring as this one I have rejected; there never can be. When I went back, the other day, to the remote cottage I lived in through February and March, the apple trees were in full bloom. The place was changed; I had not even seen the buds begin to open; I had lost touch. I had promised myself that not a day should pass without my going to learn—something I needed to learn—from

watching each apple tree come into its own. Yet I should not have returned to the cottage at all, had it not contained a manuscript I needed for this magazine!

During these weeks of activity, when I have been editor, press-agent, advertising man, and business manager rolled into one, I have had no time to think at all. I have only known my demon was waiting for me the moment I had time to turn my head his way.

To-night he caught me. I must have known it was going to happen. After hoarding up this evening, setting it apart days ahead, for the purpose of writing the introductory article for this magazine, I suddenly said to my friends who were going to a dinner-party, "I'll come with you." I don't like dinner-parties. After long experience I have come to the conclusion that they are not in my line. I systematically elude them. Yet to-night I positively jumped at the chance of going to a dinner-party to which I had not even been invited.

Not because I am afraid of work. I have done as much work as most people, and indeed I rather like it. But simply because I was afraid of my demon. Afraid unconsciously, of course. If I had known I was trying to avoid him, I would have done my best to look him in the eyes. I have found it the best way.

As it was, I had got so far as beginning to change my clothes before I knew I was shirking. Then I put my coat on again, and on my way downstairs to a solitary supper, called out, "No, I'm not coming after all. I've got to work." There was some argument; but I held my ground. The door slammed with an empty echo.

Then, in the silent house, the trouble began. I felt very much alone. Well, that had happened before: I know how to deal with that. But I had to do something more, to begin to write, to justify THE ADELPHI, to write boldly, to unfurl and wave a flag. And my demon

simply sniggered. What *is* the point? he said. What *can* you do? And then he gave up questions and played his trump card. He recalled my glimpse from the 'bus at Camden Town; he put my garden before me in all its beauty. It was clever of him; but he has lost the game.

No, when it comes to the point, the secret, deep-down point that sometimes takes years to discover, we know we are not isolated. That is enough. But we can say more. We believe in life. Just that. And to reach that belief, to hold it firm and unshakable, has been no easy matter for some of us. We have paid for it. Good!

But now we have it, we know it is a precious thing. We have to fight for it. We know it is worth fighting for, the only thing worth fighting for. We fight in our own way with our pens. But what we write with our pens in this magazine will have been paid for, honestly, by our lives, in the world of experience.

To fight, for people like ourselves, means to make sacrifices. You will meet with many names you know in this magazine. Probably you will buy it because you have learned to trust in one or other of them. But each one of these people whose name is familiar to you will have made a sacrifice by writing for THE ADELPHI. The writers, because they can make far more money by writing elsewhere, the men of science in that they turn aside from their researches to expound their ideas to those who are not familiar with them.

Oh, don't run away with the idea that this paper is run by charity. "You will live either by charity or advertisement," Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote at the end of a prospectus which I sent him. But there are some things which Mr. Bernard Shaw does not care to know. He is a clever man, infinitely more clever than I am; yet I may know one or two things that he does not

know, because he does not want to know them. And one of these may be that there is such a thing as disinterested enthusiasm for an idea. Perhaps THE ADELPHI will prove it to him.

At present Mr. Shaw believes that I am " an energetic young journalist who has succeeded in persuading a capitalist to part with enough money to set him up as editor of a magazine." It's so plausible that even I had my moment of doubt. " Journalist " —yes, of course. " Young "—thirty-four isn't exactly old. " Energetic "—well, in a way. " Succeeds in persuading a capitalist "—the little that there is was offered unasked, by a friend to a friend. Still, as near to the truth as most statements are. And yet all wrong, utterly and hopelessly wrong.

This magazine is run neither by capital nor by charity nor by advertisement, but by a belief in life. I have not cajoled a single person to write for it. I have put the idea before them as straightforwardly as I could and I have waited for the answer. I have told you part of Mr. Shaw's. The rest are secret; but I am content.

For lack of words I have been inaccurate. Belief in life is not, strictly speaking, an idea at all. It is a faith. A moment comes in a man's life when suddenly all the hard things are made plain, when he knows quite simply that there is a good and a bad, that he must fight for the one and make war on the other. And the good things are the things which make for life, and the bad things are the things which make for decay. He begins to know which is which. Oh, not with his head, that poor old head which has landed him in so many quagmires, led him into so many dazes and mazes, but with some faculty far simpler, far more living, far more exacting in its demands upon his loyalty than the mere intellect can ever be. And now what was an inclination

becomes a necessity, what was a distaste becomes a hatred, what was a possibility becomes a passion.

I do not mean that all those who will write in THE ADELPHI believe in life in my way. Some of them do, I know; and some of them reached their belief before me. There is a whole generation which has had to struggle for a faith; there is an older generation which was not involved in that necessity. Perhaps these two generations can never quite understand each other. It does not matter. There is something better than understanding. There is this instant recognition that in spite of all differences and peculiarities we are on the same side—together for life, together against decay. That is good enough. We can ask for nothing more, for nothing better.

But don't go away with the notion that we shall be a tuneful and harmonious choir of the young and the old and the middle-aged, chanting incessant Hosannas to Life. There are, as I say, different ways, many different ways, of believing in life. I think I can recognize them when I see them; but I should be hard put to it to invent a neat little intellectual definition to include them all. But here are some of them. You may simply believe that life, as it is, squalor lit by sudden splendours, splendour darkened by sudden squalors, is in itself glorious and enchanting and beautiful. *Or you may believe that life as it is is terrible, a mere caricature of the splendid thing it might be. Or you may believe that the truth is precious and the lie is hateful beyond all other earthly things we know.* Or you may believe that literature and music and painting at their pinnacle reveal to us Pisgah sights of a mode of existence more perfect and more candid than our own, a world we might inhabit, if only our minds would suddenly slip sideways across the thin abyss. Or you may believe that man has it in his

power, if only he had the will, so to reshape his own inward being that mood and circumstance have no more dominion over him. Or you may believe that the serene world of science, that keen compulsive air in which the lie collapses instantly by its own rottenness, is the tabernacle of the Lord where man should delight to dwell for ever.

Any of these things, and other things like these, you may believe in, and by believing in them you will believe in life, *if*——. If you believe in them passionately, if you are prepared to make sacrifices for them, if, when the moment comes, you are prepared to *act* on their behalf.

THE ADELPHI is nothing if it is not an act. It is not a business proposition, or a literary enterprise, or a nice little book in a pretty yellow cover; it is primarily and essentially an assertion of a faith that may be held in a thousand different ways, of a faith that life is important, and that more life should be man's chief endeavour; that the writers who give us life, the men of science who seek to make our knowledge and command of it more central, and all those who try to express by the written word their conviction that man's conduct of life is his most pressing concern, are knit together by a common conviction that man must be true to his own experience.

Perhaps that is the secret, vague though the phrase may be. For there is the experience which comes from without, and the reaction to that experience which comes from within. Yet both are experience. To have learned through enthusiasms and sorrows what things they are within and without the self that make for more life or less, for fruitfulness or sterility; to hold to the one and eschew the other; to seek to persuade and reveal and convince; to be ready to readjust one's values at the summons of a new truth that is known and

felt; to be unweary in learning how to discriminate more sharply between the false and the true, the trivial and the significant, in life and in men and in works; to be prepared to take a risk for what seems the finer and better thing—that is, perhaps, all we can do. Yet somehow, as I write the words, that "perhaps all we can do" seems a very meagre phrase. The endeavour to be true to experience strikes me at this moment as the most precious privilege of all. To have found a loyalty from which one cannot escape, which one must for ever acknowledge—no, one cannot ask for more.

All this, I know, is the most frightful give-away. Above all for an editor. But I am not an editor. I would do anything, I verily believe, rather than be an editor any more. Anyone who can do the job whose scope I have been trying to describe may have my place for the asking; and I will help to pay his salary, because I believe that now, at this point of time, it has got to be done. Till he comes forward I will hold the fort. But I am only a *locum tenens* for a better man.

So I am quite undisturbed by the thought that I have given myself away. I really don't care a rap for the clever ones and the sniggerers and the people who say "How amusing!" because they haven't anything truer to say. Once upon a time I was rather frightened of them. But now no more. I know that there are important things—and they are not among them. Except in so far as they corrupt the atmosphere.

Besides, it is as well that I should have given myself away pretty completely. First, because I don't want people to buy this magazine under false pretences. I want them to have an inkling of the kind of thing they may expect to find in it. All I ask is that if occasionally they get a shock, they should wait a day or two and try to make up their minds whether it may not, after all,

have been a salutary and life-giving shock, before they stop their order at the newsagent's.

And the second reason why I am glad to have given myself away is that, as I see it in my mind's eye, this magazine will be the place where other and more important people than myself will give themselves away. When a man expresses his deepest convictions he cannot help giving himself away with both hands. And now is the time when those who have convictions must make their voices heard above the chatter of those who have none.

That is the end of this article, or homily, or outburst, or profession of faith. The end for this month. It will be continued. And so, I suppose, will this little postscript, appendix, or appendage. In this I shall tell you how the magazine is going on, what is going to be printed in it next month (that is, if I happen to know), whether it is succeeding beyond our expectations or falling short of them. Here I shall reply to people who criticize; and here I shall tell our readers what we expect from them. I dare say it will be a great deal. If they do us the honour of expecting a great deal from us, it is only right that we should retaliate.

Here, for a beginning, is the text of a private instruction I had drafted. It was entitled "Advice to Intending Contributors," and designed for those who had designs on these pages.

"When anyone feels strongly about something—*other than politics, which has thousands of platforms and pulpits of its own—when he is convinced of the importance of something, then—and not till then—let* him write for THE ADELPHI. Either an article of 1,500-3,000 words, or a note of 50-500 words. No matter what the subject, or how apparently trivial the occasion, provided he feels strongly about it and manages to communicate the reality of his feeling in

his words, his contribution will be regarded. If some imbecility in a newspaper exasperates him, if some casual sight in the street excites him, if some reading in a forgotten or unknown book encourages and stimulates him, if he finds some interesting and valuable fact, then let him write a note. If The Adelphi itself annoys him, if he wants to contradict or argue with its contributors, let him write a letter. We shall print only what we think important in it; but what we print will be paid for.

"Probably there are more people who can write well than can write short stories, or poems, or articles well. The real excuse for trying to do those things is that you can't help it. The Adelphi wants only those things that you can't help writing, because you will burst if you don't."

Finally, we shall try to discover one really good short story every month. We shall print any poem that seems to us as interesting as a good short story. Next month we shall begin to publish Katherine Mansfield's "Journal."

This month, you will find, under the title "The Contributors' Club," the first outlines of a feature unique in English journalism. Here the contributors to the paper will give vent to their personal opinions on books, on events, on life. Here they will be found saying what they want to say, not what they are asked to say.

On the last page there is a list of "Books to Buy" and "Books to Borrow." *This list is drawn up on the principle that most of our readers have to think* twice (or twenty times) before spending more than 7s. 6d. on a book. When we tell you to buy a book that costs more than that, you may depend on it that it will be worth making a sacrifice to have it for your own.

THE SAMUEL JOSEPHS

By Katherine Mansfield

THE Samuel Josephs were not a family. They were a swarm. The moment you entered the house they cropped up and jumped at you from under the tables, through the stair rails, behind the doors, behind the coats in the passage. Impossible to count them: impossible to distinguish between them. Even in the family groups that Mrs. Samuel Josephs caused to be taken twice yearly—herself and Samuel in the middle, Samuel with parchment roll clenched on knee and she with the youngest girl on hers—you never could be sure how many children really were there You counted them, and then you saw another head or another small boy in a white sailor suit perched on the arm of a basket chair. All the girls were fat, with black hair tied up in red ribbons and eyes like buttons. The little ones had scarlet faces, but the big ones were white with black heads and dawning moustaches. The boys had the same jetty hair, the same button eyes, but they were further adorned with ink-black finger-nails. (The girls bit theirs, so the black didn't show.) And every single one of them started a pitched battle as soon as possible after birth with every single other.

When Mrs. Samuel Josephs was not turning up their clothes or down their clothes (as the sex might be) and beating them with a hairbrush, she called this pitched battle "airing their lungs." She seemed to take a pride in it, and to bask in it from far away like a fat general watching through field-glasses his troops in violent action.

Lottie's weeping died down as she ascended the Samuel Josephs' stairs, but the sight of her at the nursery door with swollen eyes and a blob of a nose gave great satisfaction to the little S. J.s, who sat on two benches before a long table covered with American cloth and set out with immense platters of bread and dripping and two brown jugs that faintly steamed.

"Hullo! You've been crying!"

"O-oh! *Your eyes have gone right in!*"

"Doesn't her nose look *funny!*"

"*You're all red-an'-patchy!*"

Lottie was quite a success. She felt it and swelled, smiling timidly.

"Go and sit by Zaidee, ducky," said Mrs. Samuel Josephs, "and Kezia—you sit at the end by Boses."

Moses grinned and pinched her behind as she sat down, but she pretended to take no notice. She did hate boys!

"Which will you have?" asked Stanley (a big one), leaning across the table very politely and smiling at Kezia. "Which will you have to begin with—strawberries and cream or bread and dripping?"

"Strawberries and cream, please," said she.

"Ah-h-h!" How they all laughed and beat the table with their teaspoons. Wasn't that a take-in! Wasn't it! Wasn't it, now! Didn't he fox her! Good old Stan!

"Ma! She thought it was real!"

Even Mrs. Samuel Josephs, pouring out the milk and water, smiled indulgently. It was a merry tea.

After tea the young Samuel Josephs were turned out to grass until summoned to bed by their servant-girl standing in the yard and banging on a tin tray with a potato-masher.

"Know what we'll do," said Miriam. "Let's go an' play hide-an'-seek all over Burnells'. Their back

door is still open because they haven't got the sideboard out yet. I heard Ma tell Glad Eyes *she* wouldn't take such ole rubbish to a new house! Come on! Come on!"

"No, I don't want to," said Kezia, shaking her head.

"O-oh! Don't be soft. Come on—do!"

Miriam caught hold of one of her hands; Zaidee snatched at the other.

"I don't not want to, either, if Kezia doesn't," said Lottie, standing firm. But she, too, was whirled away. Now the whole fun of the game for the S. J.s was that the Burnell kids didn't want to play. In the yard they paused. Burnells' yard was small and square, with flower beds on either side. All down one side big clumps of arum lilies aired their rich beauty; on the other side there was nothing but a straggle of what the children called "grandmother's pincushions," a dull, pinkish flower, but so strong it would push its way and grow through a crack of concrete.

"You've only got one w. at your place," said Miriam, scornfully. "We've got two at ours. One for men and one for ladies. The one for men hasn't got a seat."

"Hasn't got a seat!" cried Kezia. "I *don't* believe you."

"It's-true-it's-true-it's-true! Isn't it, Zaidee?" And Miriam began to dance and hop, showing her flannelette drawers.

"Course it is," said Zaidee. "Well, you *are* a baby, Kezia!"

"I don't not believe it either, if Kezia doesn't," said Lottie, after a pause.

But they never paid any attention to what Lottie said. Alice Samuel Josephs tugged at a lily leaf, twisted it off, turned it over. It was covered on the under side with tiny blue and grey snails.

"How much does your Pa give you for collecting snails?" she demanded.

"Nothing!" said Kezia.

"Reely! Doesn't he give you anything? Our Pa gives us a ha'penny a hundred. We put them in a bucket with salt and they go all bubbly, like spittle. Don't you get any pocket money?"

"Yes, I get a penny for having my hair washed," said Kezia.

"An' a penny a tooth," said Lottie, softly.

"My! Is that *all!* One day Stanley took the money out of all our money boxes, and Pa was so mad he rang up the police-station."

"No, he didn't. Not reely," said Zaidee. "He only took the telephone down an' spoke in it to frighten Stan."

"Ooh, you fibber! Ooh, you are a fibber!" screamed Alice, feeling her story totter. "But Stan was so frightened he caught hold of Pa and screamed and bit him and then he lay on the floor and banged with his head as hard as ever."

"Yes," said Zaidee, warming. "And at dinner, when the door bell rang an' Pa said to Stan, 'There they are—they've come for you,' do you know what Stan did?" Her button eyes snapped with joy. "He was sick—all over the table!"

"How perfeckly *horrid*," said Kezia, but even as she spoke she had one of her "ideas." It frightened her so that her knees trembled, but it made her so happy she nearly screamed with joy.

"Know a new game," said she. "All of you stand in a row and each person hold a narum lily head. I count one—two—three, and when 'three' comes all of you have to bite out the yellow bit and scrunch it up, and who swallows first—wins."

The Samuel Josephs suspected nothing. They liked the game. A game where something had to be

destroyed always fetched them. Savagely they broke off the big white blooms and stood in a row before Kezia.

" Lottie can't play," said Kezia.

But anyway it didn't matter. Lottie was still patiently bending a lily head this way and that—it would not come off the stem for her.

" One—two—three," said Kezia.

She flung up her hands with joy as the Samuel Josephs bit, chewed, made dreadful faces, spat, screamed, and rushed to Burnells' garden tap. But that was no good : only a trickle came out. Away they sped, yelling.

" Ma ! Ma ! Kezia's poisoned us."

" Ma ! Ma ! Me tongue's burning off."

" Ma ! Ooh, Ma ! "

" Whatever *is* the matter ? " asked Lottie, mildly, still twisting the frayed, oozing stem. " Kin I bite my lily off like this, Kezia ? "

" No, silly." Kezia caught her hand. " It burns your tongue like anything."

" Is that why they all ran away ? " said Lottie. She did not wait for an answer. She drifted to the front of the house and began to dust the chair legs on the lawn with a corner of her pinafore.

Kezia felt very pleased. Slowly she walked up the back steps and through the scullery into the kitchen. Nothing was left in it except a lump of gritty yellow soap in one corner of the window-sill and a piece of flannel stained with a blue-bag in the other. The fireplace was choked with a litter of rubbish. She poked among it for treasure, but found nothing except a hair tidy, with a heart painted on it, that had belonged to the servant-girl. Even that she left lying, and she slipped through the narrow passage into the drawing-room.

The venetian blind was pulled down but not drawn close. Sunlight, piercing the green chinks, shone once again upon the purple urns brimming over with yellow chrysanthemums that patterned the walls. The hideous box was quite bare, so was the dining-room, except for the sideboard that stood in the middle forlorn, its shelves edged with a scallop of black leather. But this room had a " funny " smell. Kezia lifted her head and sniffed again, to remember. Silent as a kitten she crept up the ladder-like stairs. In Mr. and Mrs. Burnell's room she found a pill-box, black and shiny outside and red in, holding a blob of cotton wool. " I could keep a bird's egg in that," she decided. The only other room in the house—the little tin bathroom did not count—was *their* room, where Isabel and Lottie had slept in one bed and she and Grandma in another. She knew there was nothing there; she had watched Grandma pack. Oh, yes, there was! A stay button stuck in a crack of the floor and in another crack some beads and a long needle. She went over to the window and leaned against it, pressing her hands against the pane.

From the window you saw beyond the yard a deep gully filled with tree ferns and a thick tangle of wild green, and beyond that there stretched the esplanade bounded by a broad stone wall against which the sea chafed and thundered. (Kezia had been born in that room. She had come forth squealing out of a reluctant mother in the teeth of a Southerly Buster. The Grandmother, shaking her before the window, had seen the sea rise in green mountains and sweep the esplanade. The little house was like a shell to its loud booming. Down in the gully the wild trees lashed together and big gulls, wheeling and crying, skimmed past the misty window.)

Kezia liked to stand so before the window. She

liked the feeling of the cold, shining glass against her hot little palms, and she liked to watch the funny white tops that came on her fingers when she pressed them hard against the pane.

As she stood the day flickered out and sombre dusk entered the empty house, thievish dusk stealing the shapes of things, sly dusk painting the shadows. At her heels crept the wind, snuffling and howling. The windows shook, a creaking came from the walls and the floors, a piece of loose iron on the roof banged forlornly. Kezia did not notice these things severally, but she was suddenly quite, quite still, with wide-open eyes and knees pressed together—terribly frightened. Her old bogy, the dark, had overtaken her, and now there was no lighted room to make a despairing dash for. Useless to call " Grandma ! "—useless to wait for the servant-girl's cheerful stumping up the stairs to pull down the blinds and light the bracket lamp. There was only Lottie in the garden. If she began to call Lottie *now* and went on calling loudly all the while she flew downstairs and out of the house, she might escape from It in time. It was round like the sun. It had a face. It smiled, but It had no eyes. It was yellow. When she was put to bed with two drops of aconite in the medicine glass It breathed very loudly and firmly, and It had been known on certain particularly fearful occasions to turn round and round. It hung in the air. That was all she knew, and even that much had been very difficult to explain to Grandmother.

Nearer came the terror, and more plain to feel the " silly " smile. She snatched her hands from the window-pane, opened her mouth to call Lottie, and fancied that she did call loudly, though she made no sound. It was at the top of the stairs ; It was at the bottom of the stairs, waiting in the little dark passage, guarding the back door. But Lottie was at the back door, too.

"Oh, there you are!" she said, cheerfully. "The storeman's here. Everything's on the dray—and *three* horses, Kezia! Mrs. Samuel Josephs has given us a big shawl to wear round us, and she says 'Button up your coat.' She won't come out because of asthma, and she says, 'Never do it again.'" Lottie was very important.

"Now then, you kids," called the storeman. He hooked his big thumbs under their arms. Up they swung. Lottie arranged the shawl "most beautifully," and the storeman tucked up their feet in a piece of old blanket.

"*Lift* up! Easy does it!" They might have been a couple of young ponies.

The storeman felt over the cords holding his load unhooked the brake-chain from the wheel, and, whistling, he swung up beside them.

"Keep close to *me*," said Lottie, "because otherwise you pull the shawl away from my side, Kezia."

But Kezia edged up to the storeman. He towered up beside her, big as a giant, and he smelled of nuts and wooden boxes.

TREES AND BABIES AND PAPAS AND MAMMAS

By D. H. Lawrence

I come out solemnly with a pencil and an exercise-book, and take my seat in all gravity at the foot of a large fir-tree, and wait for thoughts to come, gnawing like a squirrel on a nut. But the nut's hollow.

I think there are too many trees. They seem to crowd round and stare at me, and I feel as if they nudged one another when I'm not looking. I can *feel* them standing there. And they won't let me get on about the baby this morning. Just their cussedness. I felt they encouraged me like a harem of wonderful silent wives, yesterday.

It is half-rainy too—the wood so damp and still and so secret, in the remote morning air. Morning, with rain in the sky, and the forest subtly brooding, and me feeling no bigger than a pea-bug between the roots of my fir. The trees seem so much bigger than me, so much stronger in life, prowling silent around. I seem to feel them moving and thinking and prowling, and they overwhelm me. Ah, well, the only thing is to give way to them.

It is the edge of the Black Forest—sometimes the Rhine far off, on its Rhine plain, like a bit of magnesium ribbon. But not to-day. To-day only trees, and leaves, and vegetable presences. Huge straight fir-trees, and big beech-trees sending rivers of roots into the ground. And cuckoos, like noise falling in drops off the leaves. And me, a fool, sitting by a grassy

wood-road with a pencil and a book, hoping to write more about that baby.

Never mind. I listen again for noises, and I smell the damp moss. The looming trees, so straight. And I listen for their silence. Big, tall-bodied trees, with a certain magnificent cruelty about them. Or barbarity. I don't know why I should say cruelty. Their magnificent, strong, round bodies! It almost seems I can hear the slow, powerful sap drumming in their trunks. Great full-blooded trees, with strange tree-blood in them, soundlessly drumming.

Trees that have no hands and faces, no eyes. Yet the powerful sap-scented blood roaring up the great columns. A vast individual life, and an overshadowing will. The will of a tree. Something that frightens you.

Suppose you want to look a tree in the face? You can't. It hasn't got a face. You look at the strong body of a trunk: you look above you into the matted body-hair of twigs and boughs: you see the soft green tips. But there are no eyes to look into, you can't meet its gaze. You keep on looking at it in part and parcel.

It's no good looking at a tree, to know it. The only thing is to sit among the roots and nestle against its strong trunk, and not bother. That's how I write all about these planes and plexuses, between the toes of a tree, forgetting myself against the great ankle of the trunk. And then, as a rule, as a squirrel is stroked into its wickedness by the faceless magic of a tree, so am I usually stroked into forgetfulness, and into scribbling this book. My tree-book, really.

I come so well to understand tree-worship. All the old Aryans worshipped the tree. My ancestors. The tree of life. The tree of knowledge. Well, one is bound to sprout out some time or other, chip of the old Aryan block. I can so well understand tree-worship. And fear the deepest motive.

Naturally. This marvellous vast individual without

a face, without lips or eyes or heart. This towering creature that never had a face. Here am I between his toes like a pea-bug, and him noiselessly over-reaching me. And I feel his great blood-jet surging. And he has no eyes. But he turns two ways. He thrusts himself tremendously down to the middle earth, where dead men sink in darkness, in the damp, dense undersoil, and he turns himself about in high air. Whereas we have eyes on one side of our head only, and only grow upwards.

Plunging himself down into the black humus, with a root's gushing zest, where we can only rot dead ; and his tips in high air, where we can only look up to. So vast and powerful and exultant in his two directions. And all the time, he has no face, no thought : only a huge, savage, thoughtless soul. Where does he even keep his soul?—Where does anybody?

A huge, plunging, tremendous soul. I would like to be a tree for a while. The great lust of roots. Root-lust. And no mind at all. He towers, and I sit and feel safe. I like to feel him towering round me. I used to be afraid. I used to fear their lust, their rushing black lust. But now I like it, I worship it. I always felt them huge primeval enemies. But now they are my only shelter and strength. I lose myself among the trees. I am so glad to be with them in their silent, intent passion, and their great lust. They feed my soul. But I can understand that Jesus was crucified on a tree.

And I can so well understand the Romans, their terror of the bristling Hercynian wood. Yet when you look from a height down upon the rolling of the forest —this Black Forest—it is as suave as a rolling, oily sea. Inside only, it bristles horrific. And it terrified the Romans.

The Romans! They, too, seem very near. Nearer than Hindenburg or Foch or even Napoleon. When I look across the Rhine plain, it is Rome, and the

legionaries of the Rhine that my soul notices. It must have been wonderful to come from South Italy to the shores of this sea-like forest : this dark, moist forest, with its enormously powerful intensity of tree life. Now I know, coming myself from rock-dry Sicily, open to the day.

The Romans and the Greeks found everything human. Everything had a face, and a human voice. Men spoke, and their fountains piped an answer.

But when the legions crossed the Rhine they found a vast impenetrable life which had no voice. They met the faceless silence of the Black Forest. This huge, huge wood did not answer when they called. Its silence was too crude and massive. And the soldiers shrank : shrank before the trees that had no faces, and no answer. A vast array of non-human life, darkly self-sufficient, and bristling with indomitable energy. The Hercynian wood, not to be fathomed. The enormous power of these collective trees, stronger in their sombre life even than Rome.

No wonder the soldiers were terrified. No wonder they thrilled with horror when, deep in the woods, they found the skulls and trophies of their dead comrades upon the trees. The trees had devoured them : silently, in mouthfuls, and left the white bones. Bones of the mindful Romans—and savage, preconscious trees, indomitable. The true German has something of the sap of trees in his veins even now : and a sort of pristine savageness, like trees, helpless, but most powerful, under all his mentality. He is a tree-soul, and his gods are not human. His instinct still is to nail skulls and trophies to the sacred tree, deep in the forest. The tree of life and death, tree of good and evil, tree of abstraction and of immense, mindless life ; tree of everything except the spirit, spirituality.

But after bone-dry Sicily, and after the gibbering of myriad people all rattling their personalities, I am glad

to be with the profound indifference of faceless trees. Their rudimentariness cannot know why we care for the things we care for. They have no faces, no minds and bowels : only deep, lustful roots stretching in earth, and vast, lissom life in air, and primeval individuality. You can sacrifice the whole of your spirituality on their altar still. You can nail your skull on their limbs. They have no skulls, no minds nor faces, they can't make eyes of love at you. Their vast life dispenses with all this. But they will live you down.

The normal life of one of these big trees is about a hundred years. So the Herr Baron told me.

One of the few places that my soul will haunt, when I am dead, will be this. Among the trees here near Ebersteinburg, where I have been alone and written this book. I can't leave these trees. They have taken some of my soul.

Excuse my digression, gentle reader. At first I left it out, thinking we might not see the wood for the trees. But it doesn't matter what we see. It's nice just to look round, anywhere.

So there are two planes of being and consciousness and two modes of relation and of function. We will call the lower plane the sensual, the upper the spiritual. The terms may be unwise, but we can think of no other.

Please read that again, dear reader; you'll be a bit dazzled, coming out of the wood.

It is obvious that from the time a child is born, or conceived, it has a permanent relation with the outer universe, a relation in the two modes, not one mode only. There are two ways of love, two ways of activity in independence. And there needs some sort of equilibrium between the two modes. In the same way, in physical function there is eating and drinking, and excrementation, on the lower plane; and respiration and heart-beat on the upper plane.

Now the equilibrium to be established is fourfold. There must be a true equilibrium between what we eat and what we reject again by excretion: likewise between the systole and diastole of the heart, the inspiration and expiration of our breathing. Suffice to say the equilibrium is never quite perfect. Most people are either too fat or too thin, too hot or too cold, too slow or too quick. There is no such thing as an *actual* norm, a living norm. A norm is merely an abstraction, not a reality.

The same on the psychical plane. We either love too much, or impose our will too much, are too spiritual or too sensual. There is not and cannot be any actual norm of human conduct. All depends, first, on the unknown inward need within the very nuclear centres of the individual himself, and, secondly, on his circumstance. Some *must* be too spiritual, some *must* be too sensual. Some *must* be too sympathetic, and some *must* be too proud. We have no desire to say what men *ought* to be. We only wish to say there are all kinds of ways of being, and there is no such thing as human perfection. No man can be anything more than just himself, in genuine living relation to all his surroundings. But that which *I* am, when I am myself, will certainly be anathema to those who hate individual integrity, and want to swarm. And that which I, being myself, am in myself, may make the hair bristle with rage on a man who is also himself, but very different from me. Then let it bristle. And if mine bristle back again, then let us, if we must, fly at one another like two enraged men. It is how it should be. We've got to learn to live from the centre of our own responsibility only, and let other people do the same.

To return to the child, however, and his development on his two planes of consciousness. There is all the time a direct dynamic connection between child and mother, child and father also, from the start. It is a

connection on two planes, the upper and lower. From the lower sympathetic centre the profound intake of love or vibration from the living co-respondent outside. From the upper sympathetic centre the outgoing of devotion and the passionate vibration of *given* love, given attention. The two sympathetic centres are always, or should always be, counterbalanced by their corresponding voluntary centres. From the great voluntary ganglion of the lower plane, the child is self-willed, independent, and masterful.

In the activity of this centre a boy refuses to be kissed and pawed about, maintaining his proud independence like a little wild animal. From this centre he likes to command and to receive obedience. From this centre likewise he may be destructive and defiant and reckless, determined to have his own way at any cost.

From this centre, too, he learns to use his legs. The motion of walking, like the motion of breathing, is two-fold. First, a sympathetic cleaving to the earth with the foot: then the voluntary rejection, the spurning, the kicking away, the exultance in power and freedom.

From the upper voluntary centre the child watches persistently, wilfully, for the attention of the mother: to be taken notice of, to be caressed, in short, to exist in and through the mother's attention. From this centre, too, he coldly refuses to notice the mother, when she insists on too much attention. This cold refusal is different from the active rejection of the lower centre. It is passive, but cold and negative. It is the great force of our day. From the ganglion of the shoulders, also, the child breathes and his heart beats. From the same centre he learns the first use of his arms. In the gesture of sympathy, from the upper plane, he embraces his mother with his arms. In the motion of curiosity, or interest, which derives from the thoracic ganglion, he spreads his fingers, touches, feels, explores. In the

motion of rejection he drops an undesired object deliberately out of sight.

And then, when the four centres of what we call the first *field* of consciousness are fully active, then it is that the eyes begin to gather their sight, the mouth to speak, the ears to awake to their intelligent hearings; all as a result of the great fourfold activity of the first dynamic field of consciousness. And then also, as a result, the mind wakens up to its impressions and to its incipient control. For at first the control is non-mental, even non-cerebral. The brain acts only as a sort of switchboard.

The business of the father, in all this incipient child-development, is to stand outside as a final authority and make the necessary adjustments. Where there is too much sympathy, then the great voluntary centres of the spine are weak, the child tends to be delicate. Then the father by instinct supplies the roughness, the sternness which stiffens in the child the centres of resistance and independence, right from the very earliest days. Often, for a mere infant, it is the father's fierce or stern presence, the vibration of his voice, which starts the frictional and independent activity of the great voluntary ganglion and gives the first impulse to the independence which later on is life itself.

But on the other hand, the father, from his distance, supports, protects, nourishes his child, and it is ultimately on the remote but powerful father-love that the infant rests, in a rest which is beyond mother-love. For in the male the dominant centres are naturally the volitional centres, centres of responsibility, authority, and care.

It is the father's business, again, to maintain some sort of equilibrium between the two modes of love in his infant. A mother may wish to bring up her child from the lovely upper centres only, from the centres of the breast, in the mode of what we call pure or spiritual

love. Then the child will be all gentle, all tender and tender-radiant, always enfolded with gentleness and forbearance, always shielded from grossness or pain or roughness. Now the father's instinct is to be rough and crude, good-naturedly brutal with the child, calling the deeper centres, the sensual centres, into play. "What do you want? My watch? Well, you can't have it, do you see, because it's mine." Not a lot of explanations of the "You see, darling." No such nonsense. Or if a child wails unnecessarily for its mother, the father must be the check. "Stop your noise, you little brat! What ails you, you whiner?" *And if* children be too sensitive, too sympathetic, then *it will do the* child *no harm* if the *father occasionally throws* the cat out of the window, or *kicks* the *dog*, or raises a storm in the house. Storms there must be. And if the child is old enough and robust enough, it can occasionally have its bottom soundly spanked—by the father, if the mother refuses to perform that most necessary duty. For a child's bottom is made occasionally to be spanked. The vibration of the spanking acts direct upon the spinal nerve-system, there is a direct reciprocity and reaction, the spanker transfers his wrath to the great will-centres in the child, and these will-centres react intensely, are vivified and educated.

On the other hand, given a mother who is too generally hard or indifferent, then it rests with the father to provide the delicate sympathy and the refined discipline. Then the father must show the tender sensitiveness of the upper mode. The sad thing to-day is that so few mothers have any deep bowels of love—or even the breast of love. What they have is the benevolent spiritual will, the will of the upper self. But the will is not love. And benevolence in a parent is a poison. It is bullying. In these circumstances the father must give delicate adjustment, and, above all, some warm, native love from the richer sensual self.

The question of corporal punishment is important. It is no use roughly smacking a shrinking, sensitive child. And yet, if a child is too shrinking, too sensitive, it may do it a world of good cheerfully to spank its posterior. Not brutally, not cruelly, but with real sound, good-natured exasperation. And let the adult take the full responsibility, half-humorously, without apology or explanation. Let us avoid self-justification at all costs. Real corporal punishments apply to the sensual plane. The refined punishments of the spiritual mode are usually much more indecent and dangerous than a good smack. The pained but resigned disapprobation of a mother is usually a very bad thing, much worse than the father's shouts of rage. And sendings to bed, and no dessert for a week, and so on, are crueller and meaner than a bang on the head. When a parent gives his boy a beating, there is a living passionate interchange. But in these refined punishments, the parent suffers nothing and the child is deadened. The bullying of the refined, benevolent spiritual will is simply vitriol to the soul. Yet parents administer it with all the righteousness of virtue and good intention, sparing themselves perfectly.

The point is here. If a child makes you so that you really want to spank it soundly, then soundly spank the brat. But know all the time *what* you are doing, and always be responsible for your anger. Never be ashamed of it, and never surpass it. The flashing interchange of anger between parent and child is part of the responsible relationship, necessary to growth. Again, if a child offends you deeply, so that you really can't communicate with it any more, then, while the hurt is deep, switch off your connection with the child, cut off your correspondence, your vital communion, and be alone. But never persist in such a state beyond the time when your deep hurt dies down. The only rule is, do what you *really*, impulsively, wish to do. But

always act on your own responsibility sincerely. And have the courage of your own strong emotions. They enrich the child's soul.

For a child's primary education depends almost entirely on its relation to its parents, brothers, and sisters. Between the mother and child, father and child, the law is this : I, the mother, am myself alone : the child is itself alone. But there exists between us a vital dynamic relation, for which I, being the conscious one, am basically responsible. So, as far as possible, there must be in me no departure from myself, lest I injure the preconscious dynamic relation. I must absolutely act according to my own true spontaneous feeling. But, moreover, I must also have wisdom for myself and for my child. Always, always the deep wisdom of responsibility. And always a brave responsibility for the soul's own spontaneity. Love—what is love? We'd better get a new idea. Love is in all generous impulse—even a good spanking. But wisdom is something else, a deep collectedness in the soul, a deep abiding by my own integral being, which makes me responsible, not for the child, but for my certain duties towards the child, and for maintaining the dynamic flow between the child and myself as genuine as possible : that is to say, not perverted by ideals or by my *will.*

Most fatal, most hateful of all things is bullying. But what is bullying? It is a desire to superimpose my own will upon another person. Sensual bullying, of course, is fairly easily detected. What is more dangerous is ideal bullying. Bullying people into what is ideally good for them. I embrace, for example, an ideal, and I seek to enact this ideal in the person of another. This is ideal bullying. A mother says that life should be all love, all delicacy and forbearance and gentleness. And she proceeds to spin a hateful sticky web of permanent forbearance, gentleness, hushedness around her natur-

ally passionate and hasty child. This so foils the child as to make him half-imbecile or criminal. I may have ideals if I like—even of love and forbearance and meekness. But I have no right to ask another to have these ideals. And to impose *any ideals* upon a child as it grows is almost criminal. It results in impoverishment and-distortion and subsequent deficiency. In our day, most dangerous is the love and benevolence ideal. It results in neurasthenia, which is largely a dislocation or collapse of the great voluntary centres, a derangement of the will. It is in us an insistence upon the one life-mode only, the spiritual mode. It is a suppression of the great lower centres, and a living a sort of half-life, almost entirely from the upper centres. Thence, since we live terribly and exhaustively from the upper centres, there is a tendency now towards phthisis and neurasthenia of the heart. The great sympathetic centre of the breast becomes exhausted, the lungs, burnt by the over-insistence of one way of life, become diseased, the heart strained in one mode of dilation, retaliates. The powerful lower centres are no longer fully active, particularly the great lumbar ganglion, which is the clue to our sensual passionate pride and independence, this ganglion is atrophied by suppression. And it is this ganglion which holds the spine erect. So, weak-chested, round-shouldered, we stoop hollowly forward on ourselves. It is the result of the all-famous love and charity ideal, an ideal now quite dead in its sympathetic activity, but still fixed and determined in its voluntary action.

Let us beware and beware, and beware of having a high ideal for ourselves. But particularly let us beware of having an ideal for our children. So doing, we damn them. All we can have is wisdom. And wisdom is not a theory, it is a state of soul. It is the state wherein we know our wholeness and the complicate, manifold nature of our being. It is the state wherein we know

the great relations which exist between us and our near ones. And it is the state which accepts full responsibility, first for our own souls, and then for the living dynamic relations wherein we have our being. It is no use expecting the other person to know. Each must know for himself. But nowadays men have even a stunt of pretending that children and idiots alone know best. This is a pretty piece of sophistry, and criminal cowardice, trying to dodge the life-responsibility which no man or woman can dodge without disaster.

The only thing is to be direct. If a child has to swallow castor-oil, then say: " Child, you've got to swallow this castor-oil. It is necessary for your inside. I say so because it is true. So open your mouth." Why try coaxing and logic and tricks with children? Children are more sagacious than we are. They twig soon enough if there is a flaw in our own intention and our own true spontaneity. And they play up to our bit of falsity till there is hell to pay.

" You love mother, don't you, dear? "—Just a piece of indecent trickery of the spiritual will. The great emotions like love are unspoken. Speaking them is a sign of an indecent bullying will.

" Poor pussy! You must love poor pussy! "

What cant! What sickening cant! An appeal to love based on false pity. That's the way to inculcate a filthy pharisaic conceit into a child. If the child ill-treats the cat, say:

" Stop mauling that cat. It's got its own life to live, so let it live it." Then if the brat persists, give tit for tat.

" What, you pull the cat's tail! Then I'll pull your nose, to see how you like it." And give his nose a proper hard pinch.

Children *must* pull the cat's tail a little. Children *must* steal the sugar sometimes. They *must* occasionally spoil just the things one doesn't want them to spoil.

And they *must* occasionally tell stories—tell a lie. Circumstances and life are such that we must all sometimes tell a lie: just as we wear trousers, because we don't choose that everybody shall see our nakedness. Morality is a delicate act of adjustment on the soul's part, not a rule or a prescription. Beyond a certain point the child *shall* not pull the cat's tail, *or* steal the sugar, *or* spoil the furniture, *or* tell lies. But I'm afraid you can't fix this certain soul's humour. And so *it* must. If at a sudden point you fly into a temper and thoroughly beat the boy for hardly touching the cat—well, that's life. All you've got to say to him is: "There, that'll serve you for all the times you *have* pulled her tail and hurt her." And he will feel outraged, and so will you. But what does it matter? Children have an infinite understanding of the soul's passionate variabilities, and forgive even a real injustice, if it was *spontaneous* and not intentional. They know we aren't perfect. What they don't forgive us is if we pretend we are: or if we *bully*.

THE ESTUARY

By H. M. Tomlinson

I.

It was decided that someone must stand by the boat. There was an uncertainty about the tide, and there might be a need to moor her elsewhere. The other two members of the crew did not propose a gamble to decide which one of the three of us should stay with her while the other two went into the town. I was told off as watchman, at once and unanimously, and it was clear that in this the rest of the crew knew they were doing the orderly thing. Their decision was just. It was I who was to be left. It is the lot of the irresolute to get left, though sometimes the process is called the will of God. The boat, with me in it, was abandoned. The two of us had to make the most of each other for an indefinite time.

Perhaps the boat, being a boat of character and experience, had no confidence in her protector, because after a spell of perfect quietude, in which I thought she slept, without warning she began to butt the quay-wall impatiently. She was irritably awake. But I was not going to begin by showing docile haste when a being with such a name as *Brunhilda* demanded my attention so insistently. Instead, I leisurely filled my pipe and lit it, took half a dozen absent-minded draws at it, and then went forward idly and lengthened the mooring-line. The boat fell asleep again at once.

Our line was fast to a ring-bolt, which possibly was in the old stonework of that quay-wall when the ships which moored there were those that made of a voyage

to America a new and grand adventure. That ring-bolt was rust, chiefly. Its colour was deep and rich. With the sun on it, the iron circle on its stem might have been a strange crimson sea-flower pendent from the rock over the tide. A precipitous flight of unequal steps ran from the top of the quay down its face to the water. The steps continued under the water, but I don't know how far. They gradually dissolved. Of the submerged steps I could not count below the sixth, and even the fourth and fifth were dim in a submarine twilight. The tread of the midway step, which was near my face and just below it, was uncertain whether it ought to be above water or sunk. Sometimes when I looked that way it was under a few inches of glass, and as I looked the glass would become fluid and pour noiselessly from it. Once when the glass covered it I noticed an olive-green crab was on the step, set there, as it were, in crystal. When he darted sideways it seemed unnatural, and as if he were alive and free. But it was just when he moved that I began to suspect that many affairs, an incessant but silent business of life, were going on around me and under the boat.

The water was as still and clear as the air. It seemed but little denser. It was only the apparition of water. It was tinted so faint a beryl that I knew when my fingers touched it only because it was cold, and the air was hot. When first I glanced overside it was like peering into nothing, or at most at something just substantial enough to embody shadows. So I enjoyed the boat, which was tangible. The bleached woodwork of the little craft had stored the sun's heat. Perhaps, though, it was full of the heat of past summers, even of the tropics, and its curious smells were its memories of many creeks and harbours. It had been a ship's boat. In its time it may have been moored to mangrove roots. It had travelled far. I don't know when I enjoyed a pipe so much. The water was talking to

itself under the boat. We were sunk three fathom below the top of the quay, out of sight of the world I could see nothing living but a scattered area of sea birds resting on the tide. One of the birds, detached a black-headed gull, was so close that the pencilled lines of his plumage were plain. He cocked an eye at me inquiringly. He came still closer, of his own will or through the will of the tide—there was no telling—and we stared frankly at each other; and I think I may believe he admitted me as a member of whatever society he knows. Not a word was said, nor a sign made, but something passed between us which gave everything a value unfamiliar but, I am confident, more nearly a right value. This made me uncertain as to what might happen next. I felt I was the discoverer of this place. It was doubtful whether it had ever really been seen before. I had accidentally chanced upon its reality. As to those stone steps, I had been up and down them often enough, in other years, but I had the feeling they were new to me this morning, that they turned to me another and an unsuspected face. It was in such a moment that I first saw the crab at my elbow, and when he darted sideways it was as if he were moved by a secret impulse outside himself, the same power which moved the gull towards me, and which pulled the water off the step.

I looked overside to see whether this power were visible, and what it was like. There were six feet of water between me and the wall; and as the sunlight was screened there by the boat's top, but was, at the same time, passing under its keel, I could see to a surprising depth. The steps that were submarine were hung with algae; near the surface of the water their fronds were individual and bright, but they descended and faded into mystery and the half-seen. Some of the larger shapes far below, whatever they were, seemed to be in ambush under the boat, and what they were waiting for in a

world so dim, removed, and strange, I preferred not to consider, on a fine day. Those lurking forms—they might have been no more than nether darkness itself becoming arborescent wherever sunlight could sink down to it and touch its unfashioned murk into what was lifelike—were eternally patient and still, as confident as things may be which wait in the place where we are told all life began. Midway between the keel of the boat and that lower gloom a glittering little cloud was suspensory. East atom of it in turn caught a glint of sunlight, and became for an instant an emerald point, a star in the fathoms. But I was not the first to detect that shoal of embryonic life. A pale arrow shot upwards from the shadows at the cloud, which instantly dispersed. That quick sand-eel missed his shot.

The cloud was alive; the water and the dark forest below were populated. The impulse which kept the water moving on and off the step—by now it was using another step for its play, for the tide was falling—continued to shoot flights of those silver arrows into the upper transparency. They flew out of the shadows into the light and were back again quicker than the eye could follow them; and as casually as though they had known this sort of thing for aeons, the morsels of life suspended in the upper light parted and vanished, to let the arrows through, and then, as by magic, the glittering morsels reformed their company in the same place. No number of darting arrows could destroy their faith in whatever original word they once had been told.

There drifted into the space between the boat and the quay-wall a vitreous hemisphere, a foot across. It had a pattern of violet hieroglyphics in the centre of its body. Its rim was flexible, and in regular spasms contracted and expanded, rolling the medusa along. The creature darkened as it rolled into the shadow of the boat, sank under me, and was suddenly illuminated, like a moon, as it entered the radiance beneath. It was

while watching it that I noticed in the water some tinted sparks which I was ready to believe came of the quality of the sea itself, for I could see the water was charged with a virtue of immense power. When the jellyfish had gone I watched one of those glims, for it was not doused at once, but merely changed its colour. It moved close to the boat. The sparkling came from a globe of pure crystal, which was poised in the current on two filaments. The scintillating globe, no larger than a robin's egg, floated along in abandon in the world below my boat, sometimes bright in elfish emerald, and then changing to shimmering topaz. Scores of these tiny lamps were burning below, now that my eyes were opened and were sensible of them; they had been suddenly filled, I suppose, by the power which pulsed the algae, which had turned the medusa into a bright planet, shot the arrows, opened my own intelligence, and given sentience to the other atoms of drifting life. The water was constellated with these little globes changing their hues, and I remembered then that Barbellion said a ctenophore in sunlight was the most beautiful thing in the world. . . . There was a shout above me. The crew had returned. It demanded to know whether I was tired of waiting.

II.

We pushed out, and the oars shattered the mirror and the revelation. Above the quay the white streets appeared, mounting a quick incline in regular strata. They did not reach the ridge of the hill. That was a wood dark against a cloud. Downstream, at the end of the ridge, our river is met by another, and together they turn to face the sea, a gulf of confused currents and shoals in an exposed region of sandy desert, salting, and marsh, which ends seaward in the usual form of a hooked pebble bank. Beyond the bank is a bay enclosed by two great horns of rock, thirty miles

apart. The next land westward, straight out between the headlands, is Newfoundland. A white stalk of a lighthouse stands amid the dunes, forlorn and fragile in that bright wilderness, a lamp at our door for travellers.

We went upstream. The sea here penetrates into the very hills. The exposed coils of roots and the lower overhanging branches of oaks in precipitous valleys, which in aspect are remote from the coast, are submerged daily, and shelter marine crustacea ; the fox-gloves and ferns are just above the crabs. Where we grounded our boat, six miles from the lighthouse, the western ocean might have been as distant as Siberia. On this still midsummer afternoon our lonely creek was the conventional picture of the tropics, silent, vivid, and far. The creek—or pill, as the natives of the west country call it in their Anglo-Saxon—is, like all the best corners of the Estuary, uninhabited and unvisited. Perhaps the common notion of the tropics, a place of superb colours, with gracious palms, tree-ferns, and vines haunted by the birds of a milliner's dream, originated in the stage scenery of the *Girls from Ko-Ko* and other equatorial musical comedies, to which sailors have always given their hearty assent. That picture has seldom been denied. What traveller would have the heart to do it? The sons of Adam continue to hope that one day they may return to the Garden, and it would be cruel to warn them that this garden cannot be entered either through the Malay Straits or by the Amazon. We ought to be allowed, I think, to keep a few odd illusions in a world grown so inimical to idle dreaming. Let us preserve the picture of the tropics with our portraits of great statesmen and other pleasing contemporary oleographs. The jungle in reality is rather like mid-ocean where there is no help. The sea is monstrously active, but the jungle is no less fearful because it is quiet and still. It is not coloured.

It has no graces. Once within its green wall, that metallic and monotonous wall, the traveller becomes daunted by a foreboding gloom, and a silence older than the memories of Rheims and Canterbury. The picture is not of Paradise, but of eld and ruin. You see no flowers, and hear no nightingales. Sometimes there is a distant cry, prompted, it might be guessed, by one of the miseries which Dante witnessed in a similar place. Yet whatever beings use equatorial forests for their purgatory, they remain discreetly hidden ; Dante there could but peer into the shadows and listen to the agony of creatures unknown. The grotesque shapes about him would mock him with aloof immobility, and Dante presently would (as the soldiers used to say) go potty. He would never write a poem about his experiences. I saw this when reading Bates's *Naturalist* again, while the crew of the *Brunhilda* gathered driftwood in a Devon creek to make a fire for tea. Bates does little to warn a reader that the forest of the Amazon is not a simple exaggeration of Jefferies' *Pageant of Summer*. And what a book, I saw then, a man like Bates could have made of such a varied world as our Estuary ! The range of life in this littoral, from the heather of the moors to the edge of the pelagic shelf where the continental mass of Europe drops to the abyss—a range, in places, of no more than ten miles—has not yet had its explorer and its chronicler. Yet I never saw in days of travel in the tropic forest such a blaze of colour and such variety of form as were held in the vase formed by the steep sides of our little combe ; great willow-herb, loosestrife, tansy, meadowsweet, wormwood, figwort, comfrey, and hemlock, made a cascade of rose, purple, white, and green, held narrowly by those converging slopes of bracken and oak-scrub. That descent of colour was in movement, too, as a tumult would be, with the abrupt and ceaseless leaping and soaring of numberless red admiral, clouded yellow, pea-

cock, and fritillary and white butterflies. On the foreshore, where a tiny stream emerged from this silent riot, a cormorant on a pile was black and sentinel. Kingfishers passed occasionally, streaks of blue light. It was the picture of the tropics, as popularly imaged, but it was what travellers seldom see there.

(*To be concluded.*)

A Distinguished Swede.—At the recent dinner of the international P.E.N. Club a member of the Swedish committee which awards the Nobel prize for literature was placed between two English writers of the younger generation. Perhaps it was the first time a member of the Nobel Committee had been visible to the naked eye in England. Naturally, they seized so rare an opportunity. They pressed the claims of Thomas Hardy on the distinguished Swede; they pointed out that Hardy was acknowledged on every hand as the greatest living poet and novelist of England. The distinguished Swede smiled indulgently. Oh, yes, he knew Thomas Hardy's works—very pleasant little Victorian stories. He had read them all. But a great writer? They would pardon him, but as a distinguished Swede who naturally knew the difference between a European and a national reputation. . . . They did their best to pardon him; they looked at the shape of his distinguished head. Then, moved by a determination to get to the bottom of the mystery, they asked him if he would be so kind as to tell them the name of an English book and an English writer whom he did admire. The distinguished Swede was ready. "There is a very good book," he said, earnestly, "which I have read—the *Sonia* of Mr. Stephen McKenna."

THE WOOD DEMON

By Anton Tchehov

[A letter from Anton Tchehov to A. S. Souvorin, October 18th, 1888, concerning a play which Tchehov intended to write in collaboration with Souvorin. The play was written by Tchehov single-handed, and eventually became "Uncle Vanya."]

I have received the beginning of the play. Thank you. Blagosvietlov will go in whole, just as he is. You have done him admirably; from his very first words he is boring and irritating, and if the public has five consecutive minutes of him, it will get just the impression we want. The spectator will say to himself, "Oh, *do* shut up!" Blagosvietlov must have a double effect on the audience—of an intelligent man with the gout and a grievance, and of a tedious piece of music which has been playing for hours. I think you'll see how far you've succeeded with him when I've sketched out the first act and sent it to you.

Of Anoutchin I shall leave only the name and "all that." His conversation needs greasing. He is a soft, oily, amorous nature, and his talk is soft and oily, too. You've made him abrupt, not genial enough. This godfather must exude old age and indolence. His listening to Blagosvietlov is pure indolence; rather than argue he'd infinitely prefer to have a snooze, or hear stories about Petersburg and the Tsar and literature and science, or feed in pleasant company.

I'll remind you of the plan of our play.

(1) Alexander Platonitch Blagosvietlov, a member of the Privy Council, with the Order of the White Eagle

and a pension of four hundred a year. The son of clergyman and educated for a priest. He has got to hi position by his own personal efforts. Not a blemish i his past. Suffers from gout, rheumatism, insomnia and noises in the ears. His property came with hi wife. Has a positive mind. He can't stand mystics dreamers, cranks, poets, or fanatics. He doesn' believe in God, and looks at the whole world from business point of view. Work, work, work—all th rest is nonsense or humbug.

(2) Boris, his son, a young student, very sensitiv and honest, but utterly ignorant of life. Once h imagined himself to be a Social Revolutionary an arranged to dress like a peasant, but he looked like Turk. Plays the piano admirably, sings with feeling writes plays in secret, is always falling in love, spend a lot of money, and invariably talks nonsense. He doe very little work.

(3) Blagosvietlov's daughter. But don't call he Sasha, please. Since " Ivanov " I'm tired of tha name. If the son is Boris, let the daughter be Nastya (We'll erect an everlasting monument to Boris an Nastya.*) Nastya is twenty-two or twenty-four. She is well educated and can think. She's tired of Petersburg, and of the country, too. She's never been in love. Indolent, fond of philosophising, lies on the sofa to read a book. Wants to marry, but only for the sake of a change and not to be left an old maid. Says she could only fall in love with an interesting man. She'd be pleased to marry Poushkin or Edison, but she'd marry an ordinary decent man only out of boredom. Still, she'll respect her husband and love her children. When she's met and listened to the Wood Demon, she surrenders herself wholly to passion, to the uttermost lengths—hysterics and silly, senseless giggling. The powder, made damp by the Petersburg marshes, dries

* Souvorin's two children were called Boris and Nastya.

in the sun and explodes with terrific force. . . . I've thought out an extraordinary declaration of love for her.

(4) Anoutchin, an old man. He thinks himself the happiest man in the world. His sons have made their careers, his daughters are married, and he's as free as the wind. He has never been to a doctor, never had a lawsuit, never been decorated, forgets to wind up his watch, and is friends with everybody. He eats well, sleeps well, drinks plenty of wine, with no after-effect, doesn't grumble at his age, can't think about death. Once upon a time he used to feel depressed and grumble, to have a bad appetite and be interested in politics, but he was saved by a single incident. One day, about ten years ago, at a meeting of the District Council he had to make a general apology to everybody present. After which he immediately felt jolly, regained his appetite, and, being a subjective nature and social to the marrow of his bones, came to the conclusion that absolute sincerity and something like a public repentance is a remedy for all diseases. He recommends the remedy to everybody, Blagosvietlov included.

(5) Victor Petrovitch Korovin, a young squire of thirty to thirty-three, the Wood Demon. A poet, a landscape painter, extraordinarily responsive to Nature. Once, while he was still a schoolboy, he planted a little birch tree. When it grew green and began to shake in the wind, when it began to whisper and give a little shade, his soul filled with pride. He had helped God to create a new birch tree! Through his act there was one more tree on the earth! This was the beginning of his own peculiar creativeness. He embodies his idea, not on canvas or paper, but in the earth; not with lifeless paint, but with living organisms. . . . The tree is beautiful; but that's not everything; it has its own right to live, it is as necessary as water, the sun, or the stars. Life on earth in inconceivable without trees. Forests

condition the climate, the climate influences the character of man, &c., &c. There can be neither civilization nor happiness if the forests fall under the axe, if the climate is rough and hard and the people, too, are rough and hard. . . . The prospect is terrible! He pleases Nastya not with his idea, which is alien to her, but with his talent, his passion, the wide range of his thought. . . . It pleases her that he has swung his mind over the whole of Russia and across ten centuries of the future. When he comes running up to her father, sobbing and with tears, and implores him not to sell his forest to be cut down, she laughs for ecstasy and happiness : at last she has met the man. She never believed in him before when she saw him in her dreams or read of him in books.

(6) Galahov, of the same age as the Wood Demon, but already a Privy Councillor, a rich man, with a high position in a Government department. A bureaucrat to his marrow, he cannot possibly get rid of the bureaucrat in himself, for it is inherited from his grandfathers and in his flesh and blood. He desires to live from the heart, but he cannot. He tries to appreciate Nature and music, but he does not. He's an honest and sincere man, who realizes that the Wood Demon is superior to him, and frankly admits it. He wants to marry for love, thinks he is in love, tunes himself up to a lyrical key, but nothing comes of it. He likes Nastya as a beautiful, intelligent girl, as a good wife—and nothing more.

(7) Vassily Gavrilovitch Volkov, a brother of Blagosvietlov's late wife. He manages Blagosvietlov's estate. (He ran through his own long ago.) He is sorry that he hasn't embezzled. He didn't expect his Petersburg relatives would be so unappreciative of his virtues. He thinks he is not understood ; they don't want to understand him, and he's sorry that he hasn't embezzled. He drinks Vichy and grumbles. His

deportment is very dignified. He is emphatic that he is not afraid of generals. He shouts.

(8) Lyuba, his daughter. Her mind is set on things of the earth. Chickens, ducks, knives, forks, the cattle-yard, the prize given by the *Neeva* newspaper, which would be put in a frame if she got it, entertaining guests, dinners, suppers, tea—that's her sphere. She takes it as a personal insult if any one wants to pour out tea instead of her, and says to herself, "Ah! I'm no longer needed in this house." She doesn't like people who spend a great deal of money and do no definite work. She worships Galahov for his positiveness. She must come in agitated from the garden and call shrilly, "How was it Mary and Akulina dared to leave the young turkeys out all night in the dew?" or something like that. She is always strict. With people and ducks as well. Really domestic women are never over-pleased with what they've done. On the contrary, they try to make out that their life is slavery. "There's no time, God forgive me, for a moment's rest. Every one sits around with their arms folded." Only she, poor dear, has to wear herself to the bone. She lectures Nastya and Boris for their idleness, and she's afraid of Blagosvietlov.

(9) Semyon, a peasant, the Wood Demon's assistant steward.

(10) Feodossyi, a pilgrim, an old man of eighty, but not yet grey. A soldier under Nicholas I., served in the Caucasus, and speaks the native language. A congenital optimist. He loves anecdote and jolly conversations, bows to the ground in front of every one, kisses their shoulder, and insists on kissing women. A lay brother of the Mount Athos Monastery. During his life he has collected 300,000 roubles, and sent off every farthing of it to the monastery. He himself lives by begging. He'll call a man a fool and a scoundrel without any regard to his rank or position.

That's the whole programme. Not later than Christmas you will receive my material for the first act. I shan't touch Blagosvietlov. He and Galahov belong to you; I renounce them. Most of Nastya is yours, too. I can't cope with her by myself. Boris isn't difficult to manage. Up to Act IV. the Wood Demon is mine, but in Act IV., until his conversation with Blagosvietlov, he is yours. In that conversation I'll have to see that the general tone of the character is kept—a tone that you won't catch.

In Act II. (the guests) you begin again.

Feodossyi is an episodic character, who, I think, will be needed. I don't want the Wood Demon to be left alone on the stage; I want Blagosvietlov to feel that he is surrounded by a lot of cranks. I've left out of the plan Mademoiselle Emily, an old Frenchwoman, also in raptures over the Wood Demon. We must show how Wood Demons affect women. Emily is a nice old woman, a governess, who has not yet lost her electricity. When she gets excited she mixes up French and Russian. She's a patient nurse to Blagosvietlov. She's yours. I'll leave blanks for her in Scene 1.

I see Alexey (Souvorin's son) every day. From being an architect he's turned into an inspector. Bogoliepov has become still more godly. . . . To-day one of the clerks, talking to me, called him " Sunday."

If Jesus Christ had been more radical and said, " Love thy enemy as thyself," he wouldn't have said what he meant. Neighbour is a general conception, and enemy is a particular one. The real misfortune is not that we hate our enemies, who are few, but that we don't sufficiently love our neighbours, who are many—fish enough to fill a pond. Christ might have said, " Love thy enemy as thyself " if he had been a woman. Women like catching up bright, striking, particular applications out of general conceptions. But Christ,

who stood above enemies and did not notice them, a virile, balanced, and wide-thinking nature, hardly attached any significance to the difference that exists between the particular instances of the conception "neighbour." You and I are subjective. For instance, if we are told something about animals in general, we at once call to our minds wolves and crocodiles, or nightingales and deer. But to a zoologist there is no difference between a wolf and a deer; to him the difference is too insignificant. You have gained a wide grasp of the conception of "newspaper business"; particularities in it, which agitate the public, seem to you insignificant. You have mastered the general conception, and therefore you have succeeded in your newspaper business, whereas those who have mastered only particularities have come to grief. It's the same in medicine. The man who cannot think in a medical way, but bases his judgment on particulars, denies medicine. But Botkin, Zaharin, Virchov, and Pirogov (clever and gifted men, of course) believe in medicine as other people believe in God, because they have lived their lives with the general conception of "medicine." It's just the same, too, with literature. This hunting for "tendencies" has its origin precisely in man's incapacity to rise above the particular.

But this makes the third sheet. It is late. Please forgive me. My love to all your family.

I am perfectly well.

Your A. T.

Don't say anything to anybody about the play.

(Translated by S. S. Koteliansky.)

ON BEING ONESELF

By J. W. N. Sullivan

IT often takes a long time for a sensitive, respectful youth to realize that he is one definite person and not an epitome of the human race. We are making no reference here to the entertaining little puzzle propounded by some psychologists as to whether a man can be regarded as a person at all. When we are talking about real human beings, and not about Mr. A. and Mr. B. of the text-books, we know that an analysis which finds that there is no such thing as what we ordinarily mean by a person is merely an analysis that has left something out. We are not referring to a special kind of youth who has been bewildered by the behaviourists, but merely to the youth who has a normal amount of diffidence and modesty.

A young man comes into an intellectual world which he sees, first of all, as a collection of magnificent objects. These objects are all approximately labelled. There is a hierarchy of great names and great achievements—a hierarchy nearly as impersonal, universal, and rigid as a law of Nature. There is something of the museum hush about these exhibits; they are so obviously imperishable; they will be so carefully preserved. And everything conspires to make one just simply accept the persistent suggestion that they constitute a different order of being from the things in the street outside. One's duty, in front of these objects, is to admire them, and the admiration, it is understood, should be proportioned to their merit. The great achievements are associated with the great names, which form, in reality,

nothing but mnemonic helps. This early world is a world which is static and apart.

In some cases this attitude persists. There are quite a number of cultured people whose interest in the arts is not very different from the stamp-collector's interest in his specimens. Such people have made a sort of collection of " the best that has been thought and said " and, at frequent intervals, they spend an hour or two with these treasures. They have their own kind of expertness, also ; a correct taste is quite as technical an accomplishment as is a knowledge of all the varieties of Bermuda stamps. One notices, with such people, a curiously suave impersonality. They are never violent or crude in their judgment ; they suffer from no aberrations. They never change an opinion ; they refine it and make it more expert. And indeed, there is nothing to change in their opinions. It is settled, it is part of the established order of things, that the achievements associated with the great name Dante, for instance, are among the finest objects in the collection. Perhaps an even finer group of objects is in the case labelled Shakespeare. The value of these objects is not a matter dependent upon the caprice of private judgment. They serve, rather, as a test of their critics. Your standing as a cultured person depends upon your reactions before each of these cases. If, for instance, you find Dante dull, you commit a solecism. Even Matthew Arnold laboured to make this point clear. He was irritated by " provincial " judgments in literature. Opinions which did not support the established order he called " saugrenu " and hinted that this was a truly terrible word for anybody to earn. He also recommended, as a protection against this word, that one should carry little chips from the exhibits, as it were, about with one. If you were left alone with some new thing you might incautiously like it. An excellent incantation, in that case, was to repeat two lines from Dante.

Immediately the museum would rise up about you, and that atmosphere of eternal calm and inhuman finality would, nine times out of ten, prove altogether too much for the new thing. That it was not a fit object for the museum would at once become apparent, and you would realize you had had a merciful escape.

Well, the sensitive and modest young man does, to begin with, try to come into line. He realizes that his sympathies ought to be both wide and delicate, and he persuades himself that this is what they are. He accepts the hierarchy without question. Often a considerable amount of discipline is necessary. He discovers that he has unregenerate moods, moods when he much prefers H. G. Wells, for instance, to Dante. He learns to accommodate these moods; he permits himself these moments of relaxation; he feels that he can afford to do this if he continually bears in mind that Dante does, after all, appeal to the highest part of his nature, that when Dante *does* interest him he interests him in so intense and high-class a way that all lapses become excusable. It is like a public servant who, in his private capacity, does not mind the humourous, affectionate assumption by his friends that he is a thief and a liar but who, if accused of the slightest irregularity in his conduct as a public servant, feels that the really serious and holy places of his heart have indeed been outraged. And so our young man begins to develop a sort of private and public capacity in these matters. He opens his Dante, when he does open him, with a kind of solemnity. He knows that what he is going to experience is something of the very highest class. It is nothing very vivid, perhaps, but even if one could call it boredom it is a boredom which is truly august. It is certainly something very different from mere *amusement*. But presently he begins to make his own private distinctions amongst the great names. He finds that some of them, of indisputable magnitude, really interest

him as much as the authors he reads in his laxer moods. Amongst the figures in the hierarchy he finds some whose interest for him is not entirely dependent on their standing. And as he realizes this he gradually comes to see that some great achievements mean very little to him. This is a significant moment. This is the beginning of the young man's discovery that he is not, after all, an epitome of the human race, that he is not really a plastic substance that can be moulded into the most approved form, but that he somehow has a life and needs of his own. A little accession of courage, and he may admit to himself that Dante bores him.

But the next step in self-realization may be delayed if our young man now encounters that very curious modern phenomenon, the intellectual snob. It must be remembered that the hierarchy will still be a tremendous thing in the mind of our young man. He is vaguely aware that he must readjust himself towards it, that he is in process of disturbing the established order in favour of some arrangement of his own, but he is not yet fully conscious of the principle of classification that he is adopting. He is dissatisfied, but self-distrustful, and at this moment, we will suppose, he encounters the intellectual snob. A new world is revealed to him, or rather, he becomes aware that there are worlds within worlds. The hierarchy he had been brought up to revere is not, after all, the last word. The whole thing, he sees, is much more subtle than he had ever supposed. He had believed, for instance, that Dickens was one great author, and Flaubert another, but that sort of ranking, he now learns, is almost ludicrously crude and elementary. There is the *artist*—a conception of the most exquisite subtlety. Flaubert was an artist, while Dickens was merely a genius. The revelation is overwhelming. This is a path which only the privileged may tread. There is nothing static in this world; unlimited progress may be made. By the time our young

man could no more read Dickens than he could eat a haggis he has by no means reached the highest plane possible. The criterion becomes even more subtle and refined. Even Flaubert is seen to be crude. A more exquisite perfection, speaking from the point of view of perfectly pure and, as it were, distilled art, may be found in some early Italian poet or modern South American essayist. To these heights of appreciation few can soar, but to become a member of one of these inner critical rings confers the same kind and intensity of pleasure as to be addressed familiarly by a duchess. If our young man is a sufficiently negative sort of creature he will now become and remain a snob. Or it may be that he will become a snob through sheer lack of interest. If he is one who has no strong reactions in these matters he may find that this particular parlour game, with its concomitants of prestige and that delightful sense of being able to look down on a large number of people, will suffice to fill his vacant hours. He will find that his esoteric allusions, and his assumption that he is one of the elect, enable him to make a large number of more simple people exquisitely uncomfortable and shamefaced. This gives him an agreeable sense of power.

But if our young man has more in him than that he will find, after a time, that the higher snobbishness is merely hampering him. He will revert to his earlier problem with a mind clarified by these exercises. The spell of the traditional hierarchy will be broken. Having been through so much he will no longer shrink from being classed as a man who "knows what he likes." His chief concern will be to find what it is he really does like, to stand by that and never to deny it. He will no longer be afraid of his personal bias. Santayana has said that there comes a time when a man realizes that all life for him has narrowed to one mortal career. A more important moment is when he realizes that he is one particular person. Both moments are realizations

of limitations, but it is only after such moments that the man can achieve anything real. With the realization that one is rot a catholic, receptive agent, with the realization that one is a limited but definite person, comes an entirely different attitude towards people and achievements. They are not now good or bad, judged by some impersonal standard; they are helps or hindrances. The academic classification may still, in a way, be accepted, but it is not a matter of vital interest. Life becomes dynamic, not static. Great names and great achievements become living, moribund, or dead—living or dead, that is to say, in relation to the principle of life that one feels within oneself. And the arts, instead of being collections of objects called works of art, become manifestations of living impulses. We distinguish the friendly, the less friendly, and the inimical in these impulses. Some give a greater momentum and richness to the mode of life we ourselves are fashioned to live by; others pollute life, the life that matters to us; others, again, we are merely indifferent toward. We see the irrelevance of the usual classifications of men, whether they be by nation, class, occupation, or what not. We have been fashioned to work towards a certain goal, to make actual a certain way of living, to hold some things in reverence, and some other things in contempt, to fight for some things and against others. We live in a world where we find hardly anything that is truly indifferent. We can almost say that those who are not with us are against us.

Gorky says of Tolstoy that he took from people and things what added to his own harmony, and neglected the rest. A man does this with everything in life, the arts and sciences, love, citizenship, sport. In all these matters there are certain aspects which are proper and native to him, and others which are not. But to do this he must first become aware of his own harmony; otherwise he is really as undiscriminating as a jackdaw. And

at the present day it is unusually difficult for a man to realize what sort of man he is—to be himself, as they say. There are so many insistent voices, there are so many more or less organized groups, there are so many mere swindlers. There is a vast apparatus of suggestion in the modern world. There is hardly any department of modern life which is not full of thieves who have broken through to steal. To distinguish between the true and false, the emancipated and the corrupted, requires exceptional delicacy and integrity. This almost inextricable blending of the base and the noble is particularly prominent in the arts. It is so easy now, in literature or in music, to be smeared by unclean things. Many a young man and woman has been seduced into sitting at the feet of what they supposed was some modern Voltaire, and found that the wit and the grace covered nothing but a stupid sneer. Or they may have found that the indignant denouncer of the wrongs of suffering Europe was really nothing but a cheap little careerist. There is so much of that sort of thing now, and it is so plausibly done. Perhaps the cleanest thing in the modern world is science. It is a difficult atmosphere for charlatans, the prizes for careerists are very small, and it is not a happy medium in which to express corrupt emotions.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MEN LIKE GODS.—Mr. Wells's novel should convince even a critic as jealous of his criteria as is a patrician of his family code that, so far as Wells is concerned, he had better chuck it. The usual standards will not work. The usual standards are generally wan and helpless when disrespectful genius ought to stand still to be measured, but instead of that prefers to sport about in an inhuman way, enlarging and diminishing and changing shape, which is annoying to those whose habits are settled.

And Wells is the most remarkable phenomenon in English literature since Dickens. Everybody knows his books. Whether we belong to the circle which gravely discusses James Joyce, or whether we read, without subsequent anxiety or discussion, Tarzan and Miss Dell, we know Wells. He is as necessary as the Post Office and as popular as the picture-palace. He is in the nature of things, like Charlie Chaplin and football. He takes us all in. He occupies the blessed planet. He is read in Moscow, Tokio, and Paris. He is only a writer, but his name is as familiar as that of a really great man like Lloyd George.

But then Wells is not merely a teller of tales, any more than was Dickens. He has the power to charge the multitude with new ideas—to make Demos conceive. What the square miles of Rothermere print cannot do, he can, and he does. He pictures dramatically for the crowd its critical perceptions, which are new and unformed, but vaguely trouble it. We hear Wells, and it is as though he had called us to life. We are inarticulate no longer. Our unimportant hopes and doubts and fears cease to be unimportant, lonely, and peculiar, for they are evidently shared by many, and are considered to be deeply significant. What is Wells's place in literature? We don't know, and we don't care,

but we rejoice that he lives in our time; and anyhow, which modern book is likely to last longer than *Mr. Polly?* And how will the folk centuries hence know what we were like unless they read Wells? In what other books of our own time are our surmises, our nascent revolts with traditions, our timid questioning of the future, our secret amusement over much that our fellows appear to accept gravely, so blithely and accurately imaged? Wells, in fact, is us.

So was Dickens. Dickens peopled his books with familiar characters, often—some say too often—with their saliencies hilariously exaggerated. Wells fills his books with our common ideas, with our troubled questioning of life, with our seeing and hearing, with, as it were, examples of the growing buds in the popular consciousness. His *Men Like Gods* is what many people have wanted to say of modern society and its institutions, as that society shows with the war behind it; but modern society was that war, and the war was that society, therefore we could only make a picture of it that was a gloomy, indistinguishable mass. But when genius attempts the impossible, it accomplishes it with such ease and certainty that we are left wondering why it was we had never thought of that way of doing it. The author of *Men Like Gods* takes us, and places us against the background of a merely clean and sensible world—which he calls Utopia—and the result is startling. It is not gloomy. It is disastrously funny.

We have always known that figures like Lord Balfour and Mr. Winston Churchill were essentially comic; that a community in which the light was right would receive their posturings and heroic melodrama with mirth. But the light has never been right for that, for it has been coloured lime-light, worked from the wings for their benefit. When, however, Mr. Wells, with no attempt to disguise them, takes those two admired public figures and several more of their sort

and places them, with their Earthling hats and clothes, ideas, gestures, and speech, in a country that is free from stupidity and dirt, and especially free from ugliness of mind, and where violent behaviour and eloquent oratory are recognized as symptoms of disease, our laughter begins. These Earthling figures, puzzled and angry in Utopia, which they reached by accident, are such speaking likenesses of our public heroes that a reader is, at first, a little shocked by Mr. Wells's audacity. They might have walked out of Whitehall straight into the book, for they live and speak there.

The implication is clear. The art of Mr. Wells is such that we do not recognize it as art at all, but as life itself. After we have come to that conclusion there is no more to be said.—H. M. TOMLINSON.

GUSTAV HOLST'S "THE PERFECT FOOL.—A classic theatre; a beautiful auditorium crowded in every part with people of whom quite a fair proportion know what they are about when they listen to an opera. Royalty in the Royal box, with luscious flowers offered by a management conscious of the occasion. The first night of the British operatic season, and the first performance of a new opera by Gustav Holst, a mature British composer whom we all admire very much, some of us enthusiastically, religiously. Apparition of Eugene Goossens, young, pale (not from fright, but from habit), knowing the whole job, expert, highly gifted, comprehending, self-reliant, inspiring confidence, in a word—our pet. We stand up. *God Save the King*—with some of the instruments decidedly off the beat at first. We sit down. A "Fugal Overture,"—not that the fugality of the thing was very plain to me. A pause. It is nearly as exciting as the start of Beckett *v.* Carpentier. The curtain rises. . . .

Less than an hour and a-half later the matter is over and the auditorium empty. And in the dingy foyer and

on the grand staircase of the vast and historic house, to be kept lighted for another hour so that the initiated may discourse at length to one another upon what they have just witnessed, the quidnuncs, journalistic and others, are pacing up and down chattering tentatively and wondering what in God's name they ought to say; and the knowledgeable, possessing taste, standards, convictions, are moodily silent. For the applause at the end, though generous and prolonged, lacked passion.

However, there was no mystery at all about the affair, except for the quidnuncs, most of whom, playing for safety, rushed off to Fleet Street and wrote high-falutin' laudation as hard as they could for thirty minutes. Holst had had an idea for a musical skit, which skit was to take off all current opera from perhaps Donizetti to perhaps Stravinsky. Yes, it was a most excellent idea, in which around the magic-potion theme circled magicians, troubadours, parsifals, wanderers, erdas, princesses, and spirits. And he had laid out the plan of it pretty well for the stage, displaying a certain scenic sense, which only failed him in one or two not unimportant details of construction. (Nobody, for instance, in the whole auditorium believed for a moment that the magician would really have been such an ass as to recount the powers of his potion to a talkative old woman, or, having done so, to leave the colossal beaker unguarded for about a quarter of an hour.)

But Holst was not well served by his producers. The high moments of the potion-drinking, with superb opportunities for ridiculing the first act of *Tristan*, were ruined by ineffective handling; ditto the nascent love of the princess for the parsifal. The scenery had nothing skittish, and displayed that exasperating admixture of black curtains and crude, oleographic realism which so gravely impaired the production of *Tristan* last year. The costumes were acutely Covent Gardenish, and not a bit skittish. The ballet was conventional and vapid

(to adorable music). The lighting, I admit, was skittish—and I hope intentionally so.

The evening might have safely survived these drawbacks, if Holst had been well served by himself. He was not. I should be buried for ever in ridicule if I announced : " I will write the libretto of an opera, and as I have my notions about music I may as well write the music too." Yet this, *mutatis mutandis,* is almost what Holst did. He has, of course, the general intelligence of a fine creative artist, but when it comes to the point, he is a mere amateur at libretto writing. (He is worse even than the Wagner who committed the libretto of *The Twilight of the Gods.*) He simply does not possess the sense of words. He knows what is funny in life, but he does not know what is funny on the stage. He doubtless feels humorous and means to be humorous, but he cannot " get it over."

Further, all the performers seemed to be puzzled, seemed not quite to know what they were expected to aim at. They were rarely humorous, and never humorous with distinction. I would not blame them. They had an impossible task. If the joke as a whole fell flat, as it did, the reason was that it was bound to fall flat because it was conceived on the wrong scale. Successful skits should not have the scale and apparatus of epics. You cannot in a skit effectively break a leviathan on a titanic, slow-revolving wheel. What you have to do is to make him squirm with a lively hatpin. The tempo was too deliberate, the machinery too enormous, the pother too grandiose. The mountain was there all right, but the mouse was not even ridiculous. Nevertheless, the British National Opera Company did well to produce *The Perfect Fool,* and has thereby acquired merit. *The Perfect Fool* is incomparably the best modern British opera. So there you are, and you are requested to make what you can of the situation.—ARNOLD BENNETT.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE NOVEL OF CONVENTION.—I have read somewhere that Mr. George Moore claims credit for having destroyed the novel of convention. If Mr. Moore, confusing himself with the Time-Spirit, did in fact make this surprising statement, we can easily understand what he meant by the novel of convention; but all the same the story that anybody has killed it is untrue. Directly we begin to write we are forced to accept and to follow a convention of writing. It is impossible by means of words to describe any single object with precision: we have to make a mark and to call it by the name of the object, trusting thereby to rouse in the reader's mind an image of it. And in the case of the novel this necessity for recognized convention is not to be overcome. Even the voluminousness of Mr. Joyce's *Ulysses*, or the interminable floating reflections of Miriam upon the subject of Miss Dorothy Richardson's old friends, are not solutions of the problem, because, with all their skill, their interest and acuteness, they are somehow "off" reality. They occasionally produce the illusion of mood, but they do not produce the illusion of life, in the sense that one does not live in them. In reading these books we experience nothing; we give our attention only to the author's method. We read as we read the dictionary. I take it that no great novelist has ever thought first of technique, although many modern writers have thought much of it; because the great novelist is ready to take any story, any frame or general assumption regarding life, and by ignoring these details and by concentrating upon essentials to create a masterpiece. In England the novels that are perhaps the most highly conventionalized of all—the novels of Jane Austen—are those from which many sensitive persons are nowadays extracting the most intense emotional reality. It comes to this, that if the writer is so self-conscious as to wish to write a particular kind of novel, or to write it in a

particular "form," or in such a way as to attack an accepted convention of novel-writing, he is putting into his technique concentrated energy which ought to be giving warmth to the work of his imagination. It is not in respect of its convention or its defiance of convention that a novel is good or bad; it is solely in respect of the force and colour, the light and candour, of the author's originality; and his power to imagine character or situation. To say, therefore, that the novel of convention has been killed, whether by Mr. George Moore or the Time-Spirit, is to betray misconception of the novelist's art. This is not to destroy a convention, but to create a living thing.—FRANK SWINNERTON.

A BOOK ON BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA.—A very amusing, instructive, and distressing book I have been reading is Mlle. Odette Keun's *My Adventures in Bolshevik Russia.* It is her own translation of her *Sous Lénine,* and no one could have translated her better. "Bolshevik Russia," she writes, "has broken my heart," but a heart so bold and a mind so fresh and vigorous as hers must have immense recuperative powers, and I refrain from any expressions of pity. As a criticism of things Russian her story is as true and devastating as Gerhardi's wonderful first novel *Futility,* and that is saying a very great deal. Her humour never fails. When the dirt and barbarism becomes intolerable she gets out her travelling indiarubber bath and baths herself, publicly and reproachfully. I will attempt no summary of what she has to tell because all intelligent people will soon be reading her. But I will certify that all I saw in Russia in 1920 tallies with her descriptions. And it is not only under Lenin that she has suffered. Her comments on the British military mind in action in Georgia and Constantinople will be wholesome reading for every patriotic Englishman. For many reasons I doubt if there are libraries attached to our officers'

messes. But I wish that in some way this edifying—and quite easily read—little book could be put into the hands of all young officers going abroad to positions of responsibility. I do not think these young men get enough tonic reading nowadays. I suspect them of overmuch dalliance with the novels of women writers of the softer, more admiring school. And then they happen upon a Mlle. Odette Keun and they do not realize how awfully she will tell about it when it is all over.—H. G. WELLS.

BIG BUSINESS AND THE UNIVERSITIES.—The commercialization of our daily life proceeds apace. Where the last age regarded men like Mill and Huxley as its leaders, our own is being taught that the fountains of wisdom are the protagonists of business enterprise. University societies compete for speeches from Lord Riddell and Lord Leverhulme ; they are being made a Marcus Aurelius for the undergraduate. Presently, doubtless, we shall have Sir Eric Geddes as a University Chancellor. Yet as guides to the art of living there is something lacking in these prophets. They speak as descendants of Samuel Smiles. They scatter their little maxims about the glory of private enterprise, the duty of early rising, the folly of altruism in a civilization built upon competition. They exalt the volume of trade without ever looking beyond the scale of living into its substance. They assume that the making of a great fortune is equivalent to the conference of benefit upon the public. They lack all sense of the State. Literature for them is some tag clapped on to a peroration. Knowledge means the amassing of information that can be expressed in terms of increased profits. Of that passionate inquiry into truth for which the university exists they neither know nor care. The professor they regard as an amiable dilettante unrelated to the serious business of life. Research they judge in terms of the

improved industrial process to which it gives rise. The universities will do well to remember that it is better to be poor than cheap. If they look up to the business superman for their endowment or their ideals, there will be an end to their freedom. They will become institutions controlled in their teaching and deprived of their spontaneity. Their students will seek not the discipline of mind but the professional technique. They will be judged not as they serve truth but as they enrich commerce. America has already paid a heavy price for ssuming that business talent is the same thing as ntellectual ability. We should profit, before it is too ate, by her example.

It cannot, indeed, be too often emphasized that it is ot the function of universities to teach that practical uccess in life of which men such as these are illustraions. There will always be a plethora of people to orship their type of solid and tangible eminence and eir useful knowledge. Universities are concerned partly ith teaching the discipline of mind and partly with e great art of discovering and imparting "useless" nowledge. They invoke as their only true goddess passionate curiosity in the face of a mysterious niverse. To satisfy that impulse is not less truly an nd in itself than self-preservation. The justification of ience and philosophy does not lie in better machinery nd greater wealth. It lies in themselves as ends ecessary to the fulfilment of life. The acolytes of ience are those who realize that thoughts are weightier an things. As they preach that faith, so they guard fortress less accessible, perhaps, but ultimately eater than fortune. And by so guarding it, they keep ive the yearning which is the ultimate motive-power civilization. For the increase of civilization comes t when a contract goes to England rather than to ermany, but when, as with Einstein or Darwin, some rk hinterland of science is brought within the range

of human understanding. What the university must seek is the men who will devote themselves to that search. It can promise them no reward save the zest of inquiry; it cannot even proffer the joy of discovery. But by insisting upon the value of impalpable and incommensurate ideas, it more surely hands on the torch of conscious life than when it trains accountants and lawyers and men skilled in the bastard art of salesmanship. The preservation of that unpractical austerity is the more urgent now when things of the mind are asked to justify themselves in terms of a cash return. If the universities yield to that Philistinism they will have surrendered the keystone of the arch of knowledge.

HAROLD LASKI.

THE IRONY OF E. M. FORSTER.—I am not very fond of irony, or of ironists. Too often it conceals not a criticism and an attitude, as it should, but merely a snigger. But there are moments when an ironical sentence completely carries me away, and it seems to me that irony, when practised by a master, is the finest of all critical methods. The implications it can carry! The compression it necessitates! It is like a tiny pebble dropped into the smooth water of one's consciousness. Ripple follows ripple to the extreme verge.

There is a great deal of the most pregnant irony in E. M. Forster's *Pharos and Pharillon* (Hogarth Press, 5s. net)—a little book of essays on Alexandria old and new which is not merely a book of essays but a book. But the irony attains a perfection that is absolute in the account of the miraculous origin of the Septuagint. In Pharos, says Forster, Ptolemy " shut up seventy rabbis in seventy huts, whence in an incredibly short space of time they emerged with seventy identical translations of the Bible. Even when they slipped they made seventy slips, *and Greek literature was enriched by the possession of an inspired book.*"—J. M. MURRY.

MR. JOINER AND THE BIBLE

By The Journeyman

I am not very eloquent in literary (or in any other) discussion. Unless my man knows me and I know him well, my spasmodic irrelevancies slowly sink into utter silence. I can present my case far better to a blank sheet of paper than to the blank visage of a human being. And more often than not I go away to chew the cud of retrospection and to indulge in an orgy of what the best people call *esprit d'escalier.*

The other day I fell into such a debate. "I have now reached a point," said my opponent, "where I am interested only in the literature which aims at exerting power, at influencing men's actions." Since he happened to be a man whose words do directly influence men's actions, I could understand him well. Were I in the same case, I should doubtless be of the same persuasion. But I am not; so I went my way ruminating home.

On my way I remembered that quite recently Mr. H. G. Wells, being asked to name the twelve most important books, deliberately defined them as the twelve books which have had the most powerful and most visible influence on the lives of men. That was wise of him. Those twelve most important books have a way of keeping you awake of nights, unless you hobble the nightmare with a definition. Mr. Wells, having pegged him down, was able to go blithely and

properly on with the making of his list: the Bible, the Koran, the sayings of Confucius, and the rest. At which Mr. W. J. Turner, of the *New Statesman*, was so angry that he forgot he was supposed to be writing musical criticism, and, after quoting a paragraph of Mr. Wells, almost foamed at the mouth. "What indescribable drivel!" he cried. That was rash of him. First, because "indescribable" is a dangerous word for a critic to use. If it *is* drivel, he ought to know how to describe it. That is just his business as a critic. Secondly—and more seriously—because Mr. Wells simply does not write "indescribable drivel." He may have committed many offences, but that is not one of them. To say that anything of his is "indescribable drivel" is to be found guilty of perfectly describable drivel oneself.

Mr. Turner's feelings ran away with him. But why? What was there to be annoyed about? His behaviour might almost have suggested that Mr. Wells's statement was true, and that it had proved too painful to the *amour propre* of a poet and a musician. Poets probably think that poets ought to have power. And yet, though I myself have written poetry, I am not so sure of this. Certainly, if they had, we should have to be a little more drastic with bad poets than we are. Instead of putting them in anthologies, we should be putting them in gaol. At all events, the common opinion of mankind to-day is that poets are pretty harmless people, even when they happen to be musical critics as well.

But that does not dispose of the question. Since Mr. Turner was unfortunately made incoherent by his indignation, we must invent somebody else to take his place. . . . He is invented. His name is Mr. Joiner. He is a quiet little man with a slight stammer when he

is in unfamiliar company ; he wears pince-nez and green Harris tweeds ; and he is a member of the minor Civil Service. He reads THE ADELPHI. THE ADELPHI, in fact, is written for Mr. Joiner, because he is one of the people worth writing for. Mr. Joiner reads Shakespeare ; he also reads Wells ; he goes to the Beethoven Fridays at the Queen's Hall. I have an idea it was he who first lent me Trotter's *Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War.* He has grey eyes, nondescript, non-committal eyes. His favourite books are *The Oxford Book of English Verse* and *David Copperfield,* but he also likes *Tristram Shandy,* the more so, oddly enough, because he reached the age of twenty-six before he knew what the first chapter was really about. But Mr. Joiner has got married himself since then. His wife is still pretty, though she is fatter than you would have expected her to be if you had known her, as I did, when she first met Joiner at the Prom. Her name is Rosie. Mr. Joiner was reading H. G. Wells's article to Rosie after Saturday night supper.

" What I like about Wells," said Mr. Joiner when he had finished, " is, he makes you think."

Rosie tried to assume the look of one who has been made to think. She frowned for a moment, then decided she didn't want to be wrinkled before her time, and began to put the plates together instead.

" Never thought of it that way before," said Mr. Joiner.

" Nor did I," said Rosie, truthfully. " Never ! " And to avert the danger of having to say something that was not so true, she retired with the tray to the scullery. She didn't even ask Joiner to help her with the washing-up.

In fact, she was pleased that Joiner should remain alone, just then.

So Joiner sat in an arm-chair thinking. That red-brick Roman Catholic Church they were building at the end of Edith Road—the Bible did that, he supposed. But did it really? He'd heard that R.C.s didn't give much for the Bible. Neither did anybody else, for the matter of that, as far as he could see. There was that fellow Britwell, who chucked up his job in Somerset House, to go and be a missionary in China. Silly thing to do, seeing that Giles's *Chinese Civilization* made you feel that China didn't need much in the way of missionaries. If Britwell had been a doctor, a medical missionary, there might have been more sense in it. But then he'd got religion. Mr. Joiner never could understand a man getting religion. Hard-faced men most of them were, too, or they had a sort of breezy-sloppiness like that young curate who called from St. Agatha's.

No, he couldn't see that the Bible counted for very much nowadays. In the Middle Ages, though. . . . Mr. Joiner had time to bask in a sudden, splendid, and scarlet vision of himself, with bell, book, and candle, excommunicating M. Poincaré for daring to march into the Ruhr, before he suddenly remembered that in those days no one could read the Bible at all. Jolly good things, translations!

Still, you couldn't get rid of the Bible quite so easily. He'd read somewhere that more copies of the Bible were sold every year than of all the rest of the books put ogether. That was a bit exaggerated : must be. But t must have a tremendous circulation. Queer thing Northcliffe didn't get hold of it. A Bible with ads—pages and pages of ads! Funny Northcliffe never hought of that. Perhaps he did. Perhaps there was . law against it. Blasphemy? *Lèse Majesté?* No, hat wasn't a crime in England. High treason? Mr. oiner vaguely remembered a Royal coat of arms on the

title-page. He hunted among his books to make sure. Not that he really expected to find a Bible among them. But he felt he ought to act as though it might be. They had one somewhere about; he'd seen it somewhere lately. A Sunday School prize it was. He wondered where it could be.

"Rosie!" he called.

Rosie emerged from the kitchen, wiping her hands upon a towel.

"You don't happen to know where the Bible is?"

"The Bible!"

"It's all right, dear, I haven't got religion. I just want to have a look at it—if you know where it is."

"It's in the bedroom."

Mr. Joiner was suspicious.

"Do you read it?" he asked.

"Sometimes," she said, shyly. "When I'm waiting for you. It's a nice book to read in bed. You can begin anywhere. You don't mind, do you, Tom?"

"Good Lord, no! Jolly good book. One of the very best. Didn't you hear Wells saying so?"

Rosie had not heard. She never did hear what Mr. Joiner read to her. Without replying she ran upstairs. While she was gone, Mr. Joiner's thoughts were inquisitive. When she handed him the book,

"What bits do you read most, Rosie?" he asked, gently.

"Oh, all sorts—about Benjamin, and David and Jonathan, and Jesus and the little children, and there's the Prodigal Son. I like that best," she said.

"You don't mind if I borrow it—only for a minute or two?"

At the door of the parlour Mr. Joiner turned. "Rosie!" he called. "You might find me that bit about the Prodigal Son." She found it for him.

Mr. Joiner sat back in his arm-chair. He heard Rosie climb the stairs, and the sound was sweet to him. It always had been, ever since they came to an understanding; but to-night somehow sweeter than before. Then he looked at the title-page. *Cum Privilegio Regis* —By Privilege of the King. That explained it. A jolly good job, too. A Bible with ads didn't bear thinking about, somehow. Then he began to read the Prodigal Son. He read it twice, and a third time. And for the third time there was a great tug at his heart when he reached the words of the elder son :—

> " Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."
>
> And he said unto him, " Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

Queer thing, that. It got you somehow; simply got you.

There had been other things which " got " Mr. Joiner. In Shakespeare, principally. When they " got " him, they stuck in his mind. So now he began to say softly to himself :—

> And whether we shall meet again I know not.
> Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
> For ever and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
> If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
> If not, why then this parting was well made.

Yes, there was the tug at his heart again. Those noble Romans could do it. The thought brought back yet other lines—strangely precious these, a secret treasure of his, about which no one knew, not even Rosie.

Our lamp is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart:
We'll bury him; and then what's brave, what's noble,
We'll do it after the high Roman fashion
And make death proud to take us.

"And make death proud to take us," Mr. Joiner repeated. And, as always before, when he had said it to himself, as he had said it so often, on his way to his chief's room at the office, a sudden thrill shot through his spine. No, he did not care what happened. His very backbone was proud. Let them sack him! He possessed something that could never be taken away.

"The Bible and Shakespeare, Shakespeare and the Bible," he murmured. "It's the same sort of thing."

And then, as he turned out the gas, he felt that it was a wonder and a miracle, no less, that he was going to bed, to sleep with the woman he loved. What more could he ask? Only this, he thought: that they two might also die together.

"And make death proud to take us," he said to himself, as he climbed the stair.

Then when he had got into bed beside Rosie, he took her, half-asleep, into his arms. "That's a wonderful story, darling," he whispered. "That about the Prodigal Son." Then he kissed her as he had not kissed her for years.

MULTUM IN PARVO

DOSTOEVSKY AND DRAPERY.—In the *Nachala* the son of the Russian painter Brullov gives an interesting account of a meeting between his father and Dostoevsky. One day his father called on the Kovalevskys, and found there Dostoevsky and a Hindu who had left India to study European culture. There were no others. Dostoevsky began to expound his ideas concerning the rôles of the European nations.

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The gist of his argument was that only the Latin nations were the creators and discoverers; the Germanic peoples had not created anything original, they had only interpreted and refashioned what the Latins had created. The conversation turned to concrete instances. "With the Greeks," said Dostoevsky, "the whole power of their presentation of the deity in the beautiful human being is expressed in the Venus of Milo; the Italians presented the true Mother of God in the Sistine Madonna. But what is the Madonna of the best Germanic artist—Holbein? Is it a Madonna? It is a washerwoman, a bourgeoise! Nothing more!" Someone said, "What about Goethe's *Faust?* Isn't it the focusing of the deep creative German spirit in an original manifestation?" "Goethe's *Faust?*" replied Dostoevsky. "It's only a re-echo of the Book of Job. Read Job and you will find everything that is of value or interest in *Faust.*" "In that case," said my father, "the Sistine Madonna is also an echo of the ancient world, of the classical conception of beauty." "How? In what respect?" said Dostoevsky. "In every respect," said my father. "In the whole treatment, in every fold of the drapery . . ."

My father had got no farther than this unfortunate word, when Dostoevsky jumped up, seized his head in his hands, and began to pace the room, his face distorted, repeating with indignation and fury, "Drapery! . . . *Drapery!* . . . DRAPERY!" The company held their breath. Dostoevsky sat down in silence, and almost immediately left.

"My father," explains Brullov *fils,* "as a painter, had looked at the picture from the point of view of form. But to Dostoevsky such a point of view, above all in a matter connected with religion, was inadmissible. The Sistine Madonna and drapery! . . . That was why he got into such a frenzy. My father, however, always used to end the story: "But how remarkable

his face was when he kept on repeating ' Drapery! *Drapery!* DRAPERY!' "

ANATOLE FRANCE AND PAUL BOURGET.—It looks indeed as though Thomas Hardy will take as long as Shakespeare to win acknowledgment from Europe as a whole. Anatole France himself confessed to one of our contributors who lately visited him that he had read nothing of Hardy's, and that it was too late for him to begin. Then, to compensate, he let drop a wingèd word on the subject of Paul Bourget. He recalled the great hopes the young Bourget had inspired in him by his *Studies of Contemporary Psychology*, which appeared in the late 'eighties. Alas, the great hopes had not been fulfilled; Bourget had petered out. "For, after all," said Anatole France, "it is impossible to put the Chuch of Rome into a lady's scent-bottle."

HEARD IN A 'BUS: THE ETERNAL FEMININE.—A woman, helped on to the step by the conductor, is angry with him. She claims he has hurt her leg. "I woon' 'ave said nothing if 'e was a young man. 'E's an ole man. 'E ought to 'ave more sense, din' 'e?" Then her sister echoes. "Tain't as if 'e was a young man. 'E's an ole man, an' 'e ought to know things, din' 'e?"

EINSTEIN SOLVED THIS. CAN YOU?—We propose to give our readers every month a small mathematical problem on which they can exercise their ingenuity in the railway-train. The first is one which Herr Moschowski, at the request of an engineer friend who could not solve it, put to Einstein. No sooner was the problem formulated than Einstein produced the solution. Our readers will probably be less fortunate. This is the question:—

How many times during a space of twelve hours will the hands of a clock be in such a position that, when interchanged, they will still mark a possible time?

BOOKS TO BUY

An Autobiography. By Anthony Trollope. (Milford.) 2s. net.

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The Doves' Nest and Other Stories. By Katherine Mansfield. (Constable.) 6s. net.

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How to Make the Best of Life. By Arnold Bennett. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 7s. 6d. net.

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COLOUR VISION. By W. Peddie. (Arnold.) 12s. 6d. net.

ANCIENT MAN IN BRITAIN. By D. A. Mackenzie. (Blackie.) 12s. 6d. net.

"NYET! NYET!"

"Little Uncle, little Uncle, give for the love of Christ, give us bread." One after another they would come, cutting you through like a knife, those voices. We should have liked to fill their arms full of everything we had . . . But after each one came so many others, and the little given in this way is such a temporary help, so we would hand out a scrap of bread . . . or we would say "Nyet!" (There is nothing to give). Then we would pull down the blinds, so that we could not hear. . . .

So writes one of our workers in Russia. In Pugachev there are 20,000 dependent upon our help until the Harvest. Shall we too say "Nyet, Nyet"?

. . . .

Friends are also working in Germany where relief is being given by the Council for International Service.

THE NEED IS URGENT—LET THE RESPONSE BE GENEROUS.

Gifts of Money, earmarked for either country, should be sent to Friends' Relief Committee (Room 73), 10, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

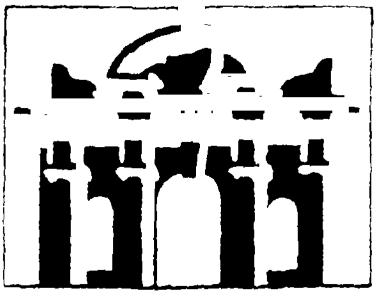
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THE ADELPHI, printed by LOXLEY BROTHERS LIMITED, Whitefriars House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. 4; and published for the Proprietors, by BRITISH PERIODICALS LIMITED, 12, Cursitor Street, London, E.C. 4.

JULY, 1923 MONTHLY VOL. 1. NO. 2

The Adelphi

1/-  1/-

EDITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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¶ *Advertisement copy and all communications relating to the advertisement pages should be sent to the Advertisement Manager,* THE ADELPHI, *British Periodicals Limited, 12, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C. 4, to whom applications for Advertisement Rates should be made.*

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The Adelphi

VOL. I. NO. 2. JULY, 1923

A MONTH AFTER

By John Middleton Murry

IT'S a queer business. A month ago when I sat down to write for THE ADELPHI, I was afraid. And I told you the story. I was afraid that I might be speaking into a void, and that no answer would come save the echo of my own voice. I overcame that fear, and I have told you how—as much, that is, as ever can be told in words. I suddenly knew that what I was doing was worth doing, that it was worth making sacrifices for. What I did not know was that it would succeed. And I had reached a point where I was past caring.

Oh, I wanted THE ADELPHI to succeed, of course. But what I wanted far more was that this one job at least of the many I have attempted in my life should be cleanly done. I must not wobble or waver ; I must not compromise. Not this time. I had so to do the work, so to write, that when I am called to my account I could say : Yes, I have told many lies, yielded to many fears, whispered applause of things I hated, and joined in laughing at things I love. But there came a moment when there was a risk to be taken, and I took it ; when there was something true to be said, and I said it ; when I had to have faith in life, in my fellow-creatures, and in my friends, and I found it. That, and that alone, was what I wanted at the last.

And, desiring that with all my heart, I had no thought of success or failure. When the first number of THE ADELPHI went to press I had reached a point where I did not care what people thought of it. That sounds heroic and exaggerated. I do exaggerate, and I am not a hero. But this is true. I did not care what people thought of it. I had deliberately and once for all given myself away. What I had exposed I could not conceal again. The thing was irrevocable ; it could not be otherwise. This, take it all in all, is what I stand for, what in some way or another I am. It is past change, beyond all remedy. I was not elated. I was not depressed. Something that had to be had been.

And then, after a little space, I was told that THE ADELPHI was selling : that it would have to be reprinted. Then, that it must be reprinted again, and then again, until it had reached a number three times as great as I had thought possible in the days when I still revolved the question of success or failure. "It's gone with a *bang*." The voice of the business manager (there is one now) seemed to explode over the telephone. The explosion shook me. I began to be afraid once more. And I am still afraid.

Afraid of what? Afraid of many things—but of one above all others. Afraid, first and foremost, that I have created an expectation I cannot fulfil. Oh, I am not afraid of the man who writes to me, asking, "What do you mean by life? Define it." I have no definitions to give. I am tired of definitions, tired of the people who define poetry and cannot feel it, truth, and have not a grain of it in their hearts, love, and have never been touched by it. THE ADELPHI is not meant for them. If they really and truly want to know what I mean by life let them read the paper, and read it again, until they catch with their being the tone that will for ever elude their minds. No, I am not afraid of them. But I am afraid of the simple people who write to me—

people to whom a shilling is precious—to express their gratitude. I am afraid of the woman who writes this to me from Plymouth :—

> Dear Sir,—I feel constrained to write you this letter at once, just in order to say " Thank you."
>
> Alone in a strange town, in the throes of a great bereavement, having come straight from the death-bed in the accident ward of a public hospital of a greatly loved friend, smitten down under tragic circumstances in the prime of life, I wandered into a public library and opened *Public Opinion* on the arresting headline of your article in The Adelphi : " This magazine is run by a belief in life." It came to me in my stunned condition like a direct message, and thrilled me. After days and nights of strenuous nursing only ending in defeat, I was overwhelmed with a sense of the uselessness of this terrible battle for a mere existence. The shadow would not lift. Then I read your article and realised that, after all, I do believe in life, though I thought I did not, and that ideals and aspirations are indeed spiritual potencies that here and hereafter demand our loyalty.
>
> This little note is penned in the library, and is not intended for publication unless you should wish to use it, but it comes straight from my heart.

I do not want to *use* that letter. But it helps me to explain my fear. I am afraid lest I should fail such people as she, or such as the man who wrote me this :—

> I do not know whether I should congratulate you or not for The Adelphi. Somehow your advertisement had caught my soul—" Deals with the problems of life in its own way." Well, I was, and am still, troubled by this terrible enigma—life. I had tried in my way to satisfy my soul; but, alas! what is my way? It had made me more miserable and unhappy. On the 28th I wandered the whole afternoon from newsagent to newsagent to get a copy of The Adelphi. No, most of them hadn't heard of it; some yes, they were expecting it. In one little red shop in Charing Cross Road I was told, " It will come to-morrow, not to-day. We have just heard from the publishers." With heavy heart I wandered—wandered aimlessly. Why? I don't know. Somehow or other the ideal of The Adelphi had got hold of me, and I was like a moth, determined to

> whirl round and round the candle till I had either burnt my wings or understood the nature of light.
>
> Yes, I got it to-day afternoon, read it through—from cover to cover, including the advertisements. Deals with problems of life! In its own way! Alas! what about me? No, I was not disillusioned, I did not expect the impossible from THE ADELPHI. It is all right. As good as it can be in its own way. But I? Am I a rap better now? Has it helped me?

The writer bursts into a wail of disappointment and disillusion. Life is meaningless and incomprehensible, he cries, and the words of the wise are empty and unprofitable. Then he breaks off again.

> Sir, pardon me. When I took my pen to write I did not know I should make such a mess of my beautiful ideas—scientifically arranged—for I am a student of science. But, well, life will have what it wants, and we have to pay the price. Here I end. Forgive me if you find me a fool—for I am one, and that with a capital F. And remember that I am only twenty-one—and one who used his lunch money to buy Dostoevsky and Tchehov and Tolstoy and Shaw and Gorky; and when one finds, well—and when one uses one's exam. time to read them, and then to stir the whole soul and to feel wretched and miserable—it is hopeless. I give it up. I shan't copy this, nor shall I type it, because I don't mind if you read it or not. Better throw it in the rubbish-basket.
>
> But send I will—and if you care to tell me anything I shall buy your July issue. Farewell till then, for my head is hot and feverish.

What shall I say? Say something I must. But how to say something that shall convince? Is it strange that I am afraid?

To the science student's question there is no *answer*. Yet it is answered in all the great literature and great music of the world. It *is* great literature and great music because it holds an answer to that question. But to learn to read great literature and to hear great music may be the work of a lifetime. And at twenty-one? Shall I say then, Read *Antony and Cleopatra* till the

bugle-call of that unearthly challenge to human loyalty echoes in the remotest chamber of the soul? Or, Listen to the last piano sonatas of Beethoven, till you feel that in the high B of op. 109 all that human desire can imagine of the crystalline perfection of the ideal is cracked and shattered, *must* be cracked and shattered, with a faint, far-away sound of breaking that stabs the very quick of being ; till you know that Beethoven faced this disaster, pressed its inevitability home against his heart, and saw what lay beyond and triumphed and was free? Or shall I say, Read Tchehov's *The Cherry Orchard*. Read and listen, till you know what secret harmony and high design lies within all human discomfiture, to be discovered only by those who feel, and feeling, do not turn their face away.

These men, and other men like these, knew the secret of life. They fought for it and conquered. Listen to them. Learn to listen to them. Learn to wait for the silence which descends when the importunate mind grows weary of asking its unanswerable questions, and to discern what echoes are awakened in that stillness by the notes which these men plucked out of their souls. Learn to live by that music, earthly and divine, or even learn only to desire to live by it, and you also will triumph and be free.

Ah, but this is hard and obscure. I do not know. Obscure? There are moments, nowadays, when it seems to me the simplest thing of all. Hard? Yes, a knowledge for which you have to pay ; which, when you have paid for it, it is not easy to be true to—but harder still to betray.

But yet, even now, I have not answered my student of science. He is twenty-one. I am thirty-four. Thirteen more years of life. Is that a title to prophesy to him? Have I a secret in my keeping? Again, I do not know. But this I do know. The days when I, too, agonized as he does now are over. I have learned

to accept. But what I mean by acceptance would take me many hours and many pages to make plain. But, chief of all, it means this : that my little personality, which in the old days I so jealously guarded against the menace of the immensities, does not matter any more. I am not a whole ; I am a part—a tiny and insignificant part may be. I shall do my work as a part, and when my work is over, I shall go. And there is no menace in the immensities any more. Somehow, they have me in their keeping, and—stranger still—I them in mine. I bear them up, they me.

One day—or one night rather—I knew this. And I will try to tell you how. Not many months ago I lost someone whom it was impossible for me to lose—the only person on this earth who understood me or whom I understood. This impossible thing happened. Katherine Mansfield died. For a fortnight I lived in a dream. Then I awoke. I was alone. But absolutely alone, as perhaps only a man who has known what it is to be not alone can know loneliness. And suddenly I knew that all the friends whom I loved were nothing to me. If they spoke to me, I watched their lips form words that had no meaning. It was as though an empty shell made signs to an empty shell.

I began to be aware that there was something I must do. At first it was simply that I must go away. Then it hardened and became clearer : I must *be* alone. Not merely have loneliness thrust on me by the high gods, as it had been, but achieve and perfect it in myself and by myself. And then, knowing this, I was terribly afraid. I remember as I rode along in the January twilight to the solitary cottage I had chosen, at every turn in the misty road I felt a new and a greater fear. It was too much : I was not strong enough for this. And only the still greater fear of returning to the horror of that meaningless converse with my friends kept me from turning back.

Then in the dark, in the dead, still house, I sat at the table facing the fire. I sat there motionless for hours, while I tried to face the truth that I was alone. As I had wanted to turn back, so now I longed to turn away. There was in me something that simply would not look, and, again and again, as it turned its eyes away, I took its head in my two hands and held its face towards what I had to see. Slowly and with an effort I made myself conscious that I was physically alone. Prompted by some instinct, I tried to force this consciousness into every part of my body. Slowly I succeeded. At last I had the sensation that I *was* in my hands and feet, that where they ended I also ended, as at a frontier of my being, and beyond that frontier stretched out the vast immensities, of space, of the universe, of the illimitable something that was other than I. Where I ended, it began—other, strange, terrible, menacing. It did not know me, would never acknowledge me, denied me utterly. Yet out upon this, from the fragile rampart of my own body, I found the courage to peer, to glance, at last to gaze steadily. And I became aware of myself as a little island against whose slender shores a cold, dark, boundless ocean lapped devouring. Somehow, in that moment, I knew I had reached a pinnacle of personal being. I was I, as I had never been before—and never should be again.

It was strange that I should have known that. But then I did know it, and it was not strange.

What happened then? Ah, if I could tell you that, I should tell you a secret indeed. But a moment came when the darkness of that ocean changed to light, the cold to warmth; when it swept in one great wave over the shores and frontiers of my self; when it bathed me and I was renewed; when the room was filled with a presence, and I knew I was not alone—that I never could be alone any more, that the universe beyond held no menace, for I was part of it, that in some way

for which I had sought in vain so many years, I *belonged,* and because I belonged, I was no longer I, but something different, which could never be afraid in the old ways, or cowardly with the old cowardice. And the love I had lost was still mine, but now more durable, being knit into the very substance of the universe I had feared. And the friends whose words had been so meaningless were bound to me, and I to them, for ever. And if it should prove that I had a work to do, or a part to play, I should no longer draw back at the last.

Oh, I am very much the same sort of person to look at. I carry the same little bag; I always leave my razor-strop behind; I am always in terror of losing trains, and always catch them breathless with a minute and a half to spare; I am just as hopeless in dealing with the mechanism of life as ever I was, just as tongue-tied at dinner-parties; I have the same odd dreams of happiness. I don't suppose that even my friends notice any difference. Nevertheless, the difference is there. It is that which enables me to write things like this—which six months ago I could not have written at all. And perhaps—I do not know—it may be something of this which has helped to bring THE ADELPHI four readers for every one I bargained for. Certainly it is this which made me feel that, no matter what should come of it, I must give the student of science the truest reply I had in me to give. This I have done.

I have already told you how THE ADELPHI is doing. Magnificently. So magnificently that I am filled with ambition. I can see now, what I could not even have dreamed before, that THE ADELPHI may easily have a steady circulation of—I dare not say it aloud. To this end you must help. If every three readers of the paper get one new one between them, the thing is done,

more than done. We are not asking much—nothing like so much as we ask of ourselves. The editor of this paper at present receives nothing a month ; the assistant editor is paid on the same scale. So we are not asking you to get more shillings for us in order that we may go more often to Romano's over the way. One of these days we shall go there. We shall go there in a body, editor, assistant editor, contributors, and all, to eat and drink to the success of THE ADELPHI. And on that day each one of us will write his separate account of it for the Contributors' Club. But that must wait. In the meantime we ask you to bring the day nearer. Also that any reader who persuades a friend of his to take in THE ADELPHI should send us his name and his friend's name on a penny postcard in order that he may have his place in our—card-index.

Now I reply to criticisms. Of criticisms of the contents of the paper I have received but two. The rest of the hundred odd letters have been enthusiastic, many of them even wildly so. But one gentleman writes : "The first number of THE ADELPHI magazine somewhat disappoints ; a great deal of the contents seem lower grade than the ordinary periodical instead of being elevating in substance as well as in the lesser sphere of style." Well, I'm afraid I can't do anything about that. I can't ask my contributors to go to school again and learn to write. The less so, because I asked them chiefly because I thought they could write—that is, of course, as I understand writing : the gift of having something to say and the art of knowing how to say it. I wonder whether this critic is a Manxman. For there is another (or can it be the same?) gentleman on *The Isle of Man Times* who regrets that certain of the contributions "verge upon the vulgar." It would be very meet and right that the embattled residence of Sir Hall Caine should be the last stronghold of literary elevation, refinement, and style. Anyhow, we must

put up with this disapprobation. The contents of THE ADELPHI will always be " lower-grade " to those who found the contents of the first number " lower-grade." We were born like that.

The second critic is a gentleman who, while pleased with the magazine as a whole, disapproves of the anecdote about the distinguished Swede. He has travelled a good deal in Sweden and he has " found the general standard of intelligence there, especially in the matter of foreign literature, very considerably higher than our own." Very likely. But what has that to do with it? The whole point of the story was that the distinguished Swede was a member of the Nobel Prize Committee. As such it was his plain duty to have some knowledge of the standing of the English writer who is universally acknowledged by English opinion to be our greatest. We did not publish the story in order to sneer at a Swedish guest, but in order to demonstrate the manifest incompetence of at least one member of the Nobel Prize Committee, and to suggest to our readers some explanation why, on the occasion of the last award, Thomas Hardy was passed over for a second-rate Swiss poet.

But there is a criticism of a different kind which has been made, if by one, by half a hundred people. Why, oh why, they cry, do you disfigure your cover with an advertisement? And why do you interlard your text with advertisements " facing matter "?

First of all, I ask them to do me the honour of assuming that I have not done these things for fun, or because I like them in themselves. Then to go one further and suppose that I had some good and compelling reason for doing violence to my own inclination. Surely they can guess what it is. It is because it is far more important that THE ADELPHI should pay its way quickly than that it should be beautiful to look at. And if, by spoiling the cover and mixing the text with

advertisements I can hasten the day when THE ADELPHI is entirely self-supporting, I shall spoil the cover and interlard the text with a good conscience.

Then there is yet another, and a subtler criticism. There are people who have discovered a certain discrepancy between the editorial and the contents that follow. No doubt they will find the same discrepancy in this number also. It is not really there, I believe. It is felt, if indeed it is felt, only by those who mistake the nature of these editorials.

In the first place, they are not "editorials" at all. I happen to be editing the paper, it is true. And I put my article at the head of the magazine, because I think that those who read it will expect to find it there. But what I write in this article is personal to me. In order to make this plain it is signed with my own name. I neither expect my colleagues to agree with me, nor expect to agree with them. But nothing shall enter this paper that does not appear to me to be sincere and significant. And it seems to me that by declaring myself as truly as I can I give my readers the chance of deciding, with knowledge of the facts, how far they can trust me and my judgment.

Secondly, and in consequence of this, it is not to be expected that the "editorial" and the rest of the magazine should be in unison. We are not singing the same tune: each is singing his own tune. But they are all people in whom I believe, or in whose work I believe. Therefore, though I should be disappointed if you found a unison, I should be yet more disappointed if you failed to find a harmony. But you must listen for it. It is not, in the nature of things it cannot be, on the surface.

THE ESTUARY

By H. M. Tomlinson

III.

If there is a better window in the world than my portlight in Burra I do not know it. I look out on space from that opening in the topworks of a village which at night is amid the stars and in daylight is at sea. My cubicle is shady, but the light outside may be bright enough to be startling when of a morning it wakes me. I sit up in bed wondering whether our ship is safe. The portlight seems too high and bright. The eyes are dazzled by the very chariot-spokes of Apollo, and ocean can be heard beneath me, vast and sonorous. The senses shrink, for they feel exposed and in danger. But all is well. Our ship that is between the sky and the deep has weathered more than two thousand years; and nothing has happened to it beyond having reached another fine day. Burra has not run into the sun.

From my bed to-day, the first thing I saw was a meteor flaming alongside us. But my window kept pace with it. The speed of the streaming meteor was terrific, but it could not pass us. Soon the meteor was resolved into the gilded vane of a topmast; I understood that a strange ship had come in. Nothing but time was passing my window. Yet still I had no doubt that the light in the east beyond the ship's vane, ascending splendid terraces of cloud to a choir which, if empty, was so monitory that one felt trivial and unprepared beneath it for any announcement by an awful clarion, was a light to test the worth of a dark and ancient craft like Burra. I listened for sounds of

my fellow-travellers. They were silent. There was an ominous quiet, as if I were the first to know of this new day.

Then I just heard some subdued talk below, and the sounds of a boat moving away. As the speakers drew apart they called aloud. Yeo was off to the Middle Ridge, fishing. The shipyard began its monody. One hears the shipyard only when its work begins. That means we are all awake. Those distant mallets continue in a level, confident chant, the recognized voice of our village. But by the time breakfast is over the fact that Burra is still building ships is no more remarkable than the other features of the Estuary. The ears forget the sound. Only if it ceased should we know that anything was wrong. For a minute or two, no doubt, we should wonder what part of our life had stopped. But the hammering has not ceased here since the first galley was built, which was before even the Danes began to raid us. The Danes found here, we have been told, seafarers as stout as themselves, with ships as good as their own, and got the lesson that, if quiet folk always acted with such fierce promptitude and resolution when interfered with, then this would be an unlucky world for pirates.

Yet have no fear. I am not going to write a history of Burra. There was a time when I would have begun that history with no more dubiety than would a man an exposition of true morality. But the more we learn of a place the less our confidence in what we know of it. We learn at last that the very stones mock our knowledge. They have been there much longer. I do feel fairly certain, however, that truth is not at the bottom of any particular well of ours. This village, which stands round the foot of the ridge where the moors decline to the sea, and two rivers form a gulf of light, is one I used to think was easily charted. But what do I know of it? The only certainty about it to-day is that

it has a window which saves the trouble of searching for a better. Beyond that window the clouds are over the sea. The clouds are on their way. The waters are passing us. So, when I go to my portlight to find where we are, I can see for myself there may be something in that old legend of a great stone ship on an endless voyage. I think I may be one of its passengers. For where is Burra? I never know. The world I see beyond the window is always different. We reach every hour a region of the sky where man has never been before, so the astronomers tell us, and my window confirms it. Ours is a celestial voyage, and God knows where. I dare not assume that I have the knowledge to write up the logbook of Burra. I should very much like to meet the man who could do it. We certainly have latitude and longitude for the aid of commercial travellers and navigators who want our address, and it is clear that they, too, as they seem able to find us so easily, must be keeping pace with us, on the same journey as ourselves, to the same distant and unknown star; but when I ventured to hint this surmise one night to an experienced sailor who came in for a pipe with me, he said he had never heard of that particular star; all the stars he knew were named. He said it was easy for him to lay a course for Burra, anyhow, and to keep it, just by dead reckoning. Besides—he pointed out—how could a man take a bearing from a star he didn't know and couldn't see? And certainly it is not sense. But it is no joke. That old mariner had never heard of the perilous barque which some men have to keep pumped watertight, and to steer in seas beyond all soundings by a star whose right ascension can be judged only by inference, and a faith not always as steady as could be wished.

When taking bearings from my window, merely to get the time of day, I can see the edge of the quay below and a short length of it. That gives promise enough

that Burra is of stout substance, and rides well. A landing-stage, a sort of stone gangway, is immediately under the window. Whoever comes aboard or leaves us, I can see them. At low tide these stone stairs go down to a shingle beach where ketches and schooners rest on their bilges, their masts at all angles. Corroded anchors and chains lie about down there. In summer-time I smell tar and marine dissolution. Morning and those stairs connect us with the fine things that the important people are doing everywhere. Open boats with lug sails bring gossips and the news from the other side of the water, and on market-day bring farmers and their wives with baskets of eggs, chickens, butter, and vegetables, and perhaps a party of tourists to gaze at us curiously and sometimes with disparagement. Few objects look so pleasant as one of our market-baskets of apples with some eggs on top. Yet it is as well to admit here that there are visitors who call Burra " a dull and dirty little hole."

Indeed, there is no telling how even my window in it will take a man. Once I brought a friend to sit with me, so that he could watch the ferry and the boats, the dunes on the far side, and the clouds. I thought, with him as look-out astern, he could tell me when a ship came down river, and I could warn him when I saw a vessel appear at the headland (out of nowhere, apparently), and stand in for the anchorage. What more could he want? But he said the place was dead. He complained that nothing happened there.

I don't know what he wanted to happen there. It gives me enough to think about. I always feel that plenty is happening to me as I watch those open boats. When a Greek vase is the equal of one of them in grace it is the treasure of a national museum. But our men can build such craft in their spare hours. The human mind, confused still and thick with the dregs of the original mud, has clarified itself to that extent. It would

not be easy to prove that man has made anything more beautiful than one of our boats. Its lines are as delicate and tense as a dove's, but it is quick and strong, and it is so poised that it will change, when going about, as though taken by a sudden temerarious thought, and then in confidence will lift off undulating on a new flight. The balance and proportions of its body accord with all one desires greatly to express, but cannot. In that it is something like music. The deep satisfaction to be got from watching a huddle of these common craft, all alive but with wings folded, and tethered by their heads to the landing-stairs, each as though eagerly looking for the man it knows, will send me to sleep in a profound assurance that everything is well. For they seem proper in that world beyond my window, where there is the light and space of freedom. The tide is bright with its own virtue. The range of sandhills across the Estuary is not land, nothing that could be called soil, but is a promise, faint but golden, far in the future. You know that some day you will land there. But there is plenty of time for that. There is no need to hurry. It is certain the promise is for you.

After dark, like a fabulous creature, Burra vanishes. There is little here then, except an occasional and melancholy sound. I have for companionship at the window at night only a delicate star-cluster, low in the sky, which is another village on the opposite shore. Maybe Burra, too, is a star-cluster, when seen from the other stars, and from that distance perhaps appears so delicate as to make its indomitable twinkling wonderful on a windy night. There are a few yellow panes here after sunset, and they project beams across the quay, one to make a hovering ghost of a ship's figure-head, and another to fix a lonely bollard—the last relic of the quay—and another to touch a tiny patch of water which is lively, but never flows away, perhaps because the Estuary has vanished and it has nowhere to go. It

prefers to stay in the security of the beam till morning.

Now it is curious, but it is after dark, when our place has disappeared except for such chance fragments, and whe. to others we can be but a few unrelated glints among the other stars, that Burra is most populous, warm, and intimate. I see it then for what it is, a vantage for a few of us, who know each other, and who are isolated but feel secure in the unseen and hitherto untravelled region of space where the sun has abandoned us. All around us is bottomless night. Our nearest neighbour is another constellation.

IV.

The rain had ceased, but the quay offered no other benefit. I was there before dawn. Morning had not come, but I suppose the downpour had washed some of the dark out of the night, for all the quay was plain. It was not the quay I knew, but only its wan wraith, and the vessels moored to it were ghosts, the dim impress of perished ships on a world that now just retained a memory of them. There was no sound. There were only phantoms in a pallor. Perhaps it had ceased to rain because rain would be too substantial for a bodiless world. The irregular pools on the quay were not water, but descents to the profound. Rain would at once enlarge them till the quay dissolved and became as the Estuary, and as the sky, for both sea and sky were but the neutral apparition of nothing.

I felt I ought not to be there. There was no telling whether I was too soon or too late, whether I was the first man, or the last. I doubted that hush, and that dim appearance about me. When the air did stir, it was as if it were the breath of death, and the earth were the body of death. Then I made up my mind. It was no use going to sea, as I had intended. I would go back to bed. At that moment there were footsteps, and the quay at once became solid. Two black figures

approached, the size of men. One of them put his foot into a vacuity of the quay, and did not vanish instantly, but made a splash and an exclamation. That voice certainly was something I knew. The other man laughed quietly, the familiar satiric comment which comes of resignation to fate. We were all going to sea, as far as the Foreland.

That cape is the western horn to the bay, where nobody goes except sailors who die there because they see the loom of it, or hear its warning, too late. The Foreland to the people of Burra is like the clouds, part of their own place, but unapproachable. At times it is missing. In some winds it will evaporate, though usually at sunset it shapes again, high, black, and fantastic, the end of the land to the west, and as distant and sombre as the world of the sagas. Is it likely, then, that one would ever think of a voyage to it? That cape, which one sees either because the light is at the right incidence or one's mood allows it, might be only a thought turned backwards to dark antiquity, Ultima Thule, where the sun never rises now, but only sets. It would have no trees. It would be a desolation of granite crags, with mosses and lichens, and the seas below it would be sounding doom, knowing that even the old gods were dead. It was not likely that we could credit such a voyage, though we had assembled for it. What is a light resolution made suddenly with an old sailor in a tavern on a sultry afternoon? As intangible as was our quay when I first saw it that morning, and no more matter than the Foreland itself, which is always distant, and is sometimes missing. Yet here we had met before dawn, for that very voyage, because of a careless word spoken yesterday. The bar, too, would have to be crossed. Besides, we were getting most unreasonably hungry, and so could not smoke; and this induced the early morning temper, which is vile, and would be worse than the early morning courage

but for the fact that that sort of courage is unknown in man, never rising to more than a bleak and miserable fortitude.

Charon hailed us from below. He had with him a nondescript attendant. We embarked for his craft, which he said was anchored in midstream. We recognized him as our sailor of yesterday, though now there was something glum and ominous about him. He had no other word for us, but rowed steadily, and looked down his beard. His bark was like himself when, still in resignation to what we had asked for, we boarded her. She was flush-decked, her freeboard was about eighteen inches, she had no bulwarks—to tell the truth, she was but a barge, with that look of stricken poverty which is the sure mark of the usefulness of the merely industrious. She would float, I guessed, if not kept too long in seas that washed her imperfect hatch-covers. She would sail her distance, if the wind did not force her over till the water reached the rent in her deck. She could carry thirty tons of stone; and, in fair weather, with reckless men, thirty-five tons. She had a freeboard, I repeat, of one foot six inches, now she was light, and peering through the interstices of her hatchboards I could see her kelson, and note that though she did not leak like a basket she was doing her best. We were going to the Foreland to gather stones for ballast. We could hear faint moaning, when attentive. That was the voice of the bar, three miles away.

The skipper and his man hoisted the mainsail, and we three manned the windlass, winding in link by link a cable without end, till we were automata going up and down indifferent to both this life and the life to come. The barge gave a little leap as the anchor cleared.

The foresail was set. We drifted sideways round the hill. The silent houses, with white faces, looked at us one by one. We found a little wind, and the

barge walked off past the lighthouse, which was still winking. There came a weighty gust; the gear shook and banged, but held taut. Off she went.

Burra was behind us. Before us was a morose, grey emptiness—the bay was apparently the beginning of formless space; though in the neighbourhood of our barge we noticed there was the beginning of form in that neutral and unlighted world. Long leaden mounds of water out of nowhere moved inwards past us, slow and heavy, lifting the barge and dropping her into hollows where her sails shook, and spilled their draught. We three grasped stays, and peered outwards into the icy vacancy, wondering whether this was the free life, whether we were enjoying it, whether we wanted to go to the Foreland, and how long this would last. In the east was a low illuminated stratum of gold. Some of the leaden mounds were now burnished, or glinted with brass. When the brightness came it seemed to grow colder, as though the light sharpened the arrows of the wind.

The hollow murmur from the bar increased to an intermittent plunging roar, and presently we fell into that noise. The smother stood the barge up, and stood her down, and drenched the mainsail to the peak. But it was only in play. We were worth nothing worse. We were allowed to go by, and one of us pumped the wash out of her, for the play had been somewhat rough.

In the long swell of the bay our movements became rhythmic, and we settled down quietly in a long reach. A vault of turquoise had shaped over us. The Foreland, looking towards the new day, was of amber, but over the moors to the north-east the rain-clouds, rolling along at a great pace like the gathering of sullen battalions, challenged the dawn with an entrenched region of gloom. Yet when the sun appeared and looked at them, they went. It was a good morning.

Now we could see all the bay, coloured and defined in every hanging field, steep, and combe. The waters danced. The head of the skipper appeared at the scuttle—only one at a time could get into our cabin—and he had a large communal basin of tea, and a loaf speared on a long knife.

The Foreland, to which for hours we seemed to get no nearer, which had been mocking the efforts to approach it of an obstinate little ship with a crew too stupid to realize that efforts to reach an enchanted coast were futile, suddenly relented. It grew higher and tangible. At last we felt it draw us in, rather too intimately, towards its overshadowing eminence. The nearer it got, the more keen grew my surprise that in a time long past man had found the heart to put off in a galley, to leave what he knew, and to stand in to an unknown shore, if it was as ominous as our cape. The apparition of the Foreland was as awful as the abiding shadow in man's heart. It appeared to have some affinity with that shadow. Though monstrous and towering, it seemed buoyant and without gravity, an image of immense and sombre wrath. Above our mast, when I looked up, earthquakes and landslides were impending, arrested in collapse. But I thought they were quivering, as though the arrest were momentary. That vast mass seemed based on rumblings, shouts, and vast hollow shadows. Our craft still moved in, projected forward on vehement billows, past black jags set in blusters of foam. We anchored, with calamity suspended above. Our ship heaved and fell on submarine displacements. The skipper and his man went below.

They reappeared stark naked. It was a good and even necessary hint. We got into the boat, and pulled towards a beach which was a narrow shelf at the base of a drenched wall. The rocks which flanked that little beach were festooned with weeds, and sea growths

hung like curtains before the gloom of caves. Within a nook there the water was stilled, and all but one of us leaped into it. One man remained in the boat.

The ocean was exploding on steeples and tables of rock. It formed glittering green domes over submerged crags. The midday sun gave the foam the brilliance of an unearthly light. The shore looked timeless, but it smelt young. The sun was new in the heaven. And who were those white figures leaping and shouting in the surf? As I watched them in that light a doubt shook me. I began to wonder whether I knew that little ship, and those laughing figures, and that sea. Who were they? Where was it? When was it?

(*The End.*)

MORE RECOLLECTIONS OF TOLSTOY

By Maxim Gorki

One hot day he overtook me on the lower road. He was riding on horseback towards Livadia. He was mounted on a quiet Tartar pony. His grey hair loose under a light, mushroom-shaped, white felt hat, he looked like a gnome.

He reined in his horse and began to talk to me. I walked beside him, at his stirrup. Among other things I told him I had had a letter from Korolenko. Tolstoy shook his head angrily.

" Does he believe in God? "

" I don't know."

" Then you don't know the principal thing. He does believe; only he's ashamed to confess it in front of the atheists."

He spoke grumblingly, capriciously, angrily screwing up his eyes. It was clear I was in the way, but when I made as if to depart, he stopped me.

" Where are you off to? I'm riding slowly enough."

And then he grumbled again:

" Your Andreyev—he's also afraid of the atheists, but he also believes in God, and God seems terrible to him."

At the boundary of the estate of the Grand Duke, three members of the Romanov family were standing close together in the road, talking: tall, soldierly men, all of them. The road was blocked by their dog-carts, and a riding-horse also stood across the road. Leo

Nicolaievich could not pass. He fixed a stern, imperative glance on the Romanovs. But they had already turned away. *For a moment the riding-horse fidgeted where it stood; then it turned aside, letting Tolstoy's horse pass.*

He rode in silence for a minute or two. Then he said :—

" They recognized me—the fools ! "

And a minute later.

" The horse understood that it had to make way for Tolstoy."

" Take care of yourself, for your own sake; then much of you will be left for others."

" What does it mean—to know? I know I am Tolstoy, a writer, I have a wife, children, grey hair, a plain face, a beard—all that is written down in my passport. But they don't write about the soul in passports. Of the soul I know this ; the soul wants to be close to God. And what is God? That of which my soul is a part. That is all. It is hard for the man who has learned to think to believe ; but one can only live in God by faith. Tertullian said, ' Thought is evil.' "

In spite of the monotony of his preaching, Tolstoy, that unearthly man, is infinitely varied.

To-day in the park, talking with the Mullah (Mohammedan priest) of Gaspra, he behaved like a trustful simpleton of a peasant, for whom the moment has come when he must think of the end of his days on earth. Small, as though shrunken on purpose, beside the robust and solid Tartar, he seemed like an old man who has reflected in his soul on the meaning of life, and is afraid of the questions that have arisen. He raised his shaggy brows in wonderment, and timidly winking his sharp eyes, he quenched their intolerable, pene-

trating fire. His motionless glance pierced the Mullah's broad face, and his pupils lost that sharpness which disturbs. He asked the Mullah childish questions about the meaning of life, of the soul, and of God, always skilfully substituting verses of the Gospels for the verses of the Koran. Essentially, he was acting, acting with an amazing art that is innate only in the great artist and seer.

And a few days ago, when talking to Taneyev and Sulerzhitzky about music, he was in childish raptures over the beauty of music, and one could see that he was enjoying his raptures, or rather his capacity for being in raptures. He said that Schopenhauer had said the best and profoundest things about music. Incidentally, he told an amusing story about Fet, and he called music "the dumb prayer of the soul."

"Why dumb?" asked Sulerzhitzky.

"Because it is without words. In sound there is more soul than in thought. Thought is a purse containing coppers; but sound is not dirtied, it is inwardly pure."

He spoke, with obvious enjoyment, in lovely, childish words, suddenly remembering the words that were best and tenderest. And unexpectedly, smiling into his beard, he said softly, like a caress:—

"All musicians are silly people; and the more talented a musician is, the more limited he is. It's odd, that nearly all of them are religious."

To Tchehov he said over the telephone:—

"I've had such a good day to-day; it's brought such joy to my soul that I want you to be joyful, too. You, especially. You are very nice, very!"

He does not listen and does not believe when people are saying things which are not necessary to him. Essentially, he does not ask, he cross-examines. Like

a collector of rarities, he accepts only that which cannot disturb the harmony of his collection.

Looking through his post.

"They make a noise, and write, but when I die—in a year's time—they will say: 'Tolstoy? Ah, that Count who tried to make boots, and something happened to him. Is that the man?'"

Several times I saw in his face, in his eyes, the rather sly and contented smile of a man who has unexpectedly found something he once hid. He put something away and forgot about it. Where did he put it? For long days he has lived in secret anxiety, thinking all the while: Where did I put the thing I need? And—he was afraid that people might notice his anxiety, his loss. They will notice it and do something unpleasant, something bad to him. Suddenly, he remembered, he found it. He was filled with joy. And no longer caring to hide it, he looks at everybody a little slily, as if to say,

"You can't do anything to me."

But what he has found and where he found it—about this he is silent.

One is never tired of wondering at him. But it is trying, to see him often. I could not live in the same house with him, much less in the same room. It would be as it is in the desert, where everything is burnt by the sun, and the sun itself is burning out, threatening a dark and endless night.

(*Authorised translation by S. S. Koteliansky.*)

THE PRESSGOAT

have a specific reason for writing this article, as will)resently be seen, quite apart from any monetary eward or personal kudos in showing up a present-day —well, scandal, for that is a point of view, though as a iewspaperman I would hesitate to call it that, for I can ee the other side, and I wouldn't care twopence /hether it were shown up or not. I must admit that I m surprised that the *Times* has not drawn a dignified ttention to an abuse of newspaper practice, or that the *Ierald* has not seized this as a glorious weapon with 'hich to belabour the System. Indeed, I have been icking my brain to recollect if I have ever seen in print ny reference to Pressgoats, and I cannot recall that I ave. Of course there are many sides of newspaper 'ork that are considered of no interest to the public— ut remembering the competition of the daily Press, the agerness to be first with news, to originate new stunts,) score over rivals, to boost net sales, I think it is othing short of marvellous that it should have been ft to a new monthly review to make public a matter e the deliberate manufacture of day-to-day, human- terest, throbbing, crimson, palpitating news, such as the common practice in Fleet Street to-day—and, as say, it would not be mentioned here but for the fact at I need the protection of publicity.

I had heard all about Pressgoats in a vague way in y dusty corner in the office of a quiet trade monthly, it it had never been my lot to venture into the hurried iters of the Street, so I was interested when I met a ecimen only recently, and heard from him some first- nd information about their work.

We drifted into conversation at the Press Club and exchanged reminiscences. He had the usual starvation-in-a-garret stories of the older generation, in which they actually glory. They sneer at us younger men because we have used trade union methods to stabilize ourselves, and talk about destroying all the Bohemianism of the profession.

I soon found that Smithson's hard-luck experiences were entirely his own fault, for he was one of those men quite unsuited to journalism—he had silly, petty prejudices—principles, he called them—and allowed them to interfere with his bread and butter. If that's Bohemianism, you can have it. He had given up a good job on the *Dictator* because he refused to spell licence with an S, or to write " the committee have " when his conscience told him it ought to be " the committee has." I am as jealous as anyone for the privileges of the individual, but I recognize the chaos there would be if every journalist tried to dictate policy to his employer. A fine thing it would be if compositors refused to set anything with which they did not agree! In that connection I remember the trouble we had on the *Broadacres General Advertiser, Bugborough Free Press and Witterlow Record*, on which I served my apprenticeship, with a compositor who had an ancient dictionary and insisted upon spelling portray and humorous with a U.

The story of Smithson's stubbornness went round the Street, and all doors were closed to him. He was told by several chiefs that they daren't take him on because they could never be sure of him; he might want to correct the split infinitives in the articles of the proprietor, or something equally absurd. Eventually he was so reduced that he even asked for a job on the *Morning Advertiser*, but the word licence comes on every line there, so he must have been mad to think of it. At last he was down and out, so decided to have

one last fling. He went to X—— and offered himself as a Pressgoat.

The Pressgoat system was originated at the end of the war by a syndicate of the most powerful newspaper owners. It was thought that after the mad days of the war, when people were willing to buy a special edition every time a balloon went up, that peace-time news would fall rather flat and that circulations would drop with a slump. Then X—— had a brilliant idea. The Street will know quite well whom I am referring to, but there is no need to drag him before the public. He persuaded the proprietors to establish a common fund to pay grants to approved persons who, in return, contracted to commit murders or other specified crimes within a given period, and give the first news of them to the syndicate. Thus for £1,000 a man could live luxuriously for a year or less, and then, when news was scarce, would be called upon for a murder. Extraordinary measures were taken for ensuring completeness of detail, and in the time at his disposal the Goat had to build up an interesting story and background for himself. Sometimes his victim was provided for him in another Goat (perhaps one who was shirking the fulfilment of his obligations); sometimes he had to find his own. The syndicate employed X—— as Goat Editor at £2,000 a year to think out startling stories, and when one thinks of the murder mysteries of the ante-war period, one must admit he has thoroughly justified his appointment.

Smithson was entered for a first-class murder with mystery—that meant he had to get away for a hue and cry, and keep up the interest by sending derisive postcards to Scotland Yard with duplicates to the syndicate in case the officials tried to hush them up; he received £500 and twelve months' grace. When I met him he was feeling a little depressed, for he has only a few months to run. Naturally, I wanted to know why he

did not leave the country, but he said the syndicate took damn good care of that; the police were warned to watch him, and he could not possibly get away until after the murder.

He told me some capital yarns about Goats which would make a fascinating book. The Bournemouth murder by Allaway was suggested as a model for his own. The Armstrong poisoning case, he said, was expensive, for Armstrong was a cut above the ordinary Goat, and as he nearly liked his wife it took a good offer to tempt him. The Goat Editor had been negotiating with Lord Z——, who is prominent in society but is well known to be penniless; however, he had an exaggerated idea of his own value, for he wanted £20,000 and five years' grace, which was preposterous, of course.

Smithson was envying a man called Bjorkinson, a small Goat; that is, he never contracts for murders, only for lesser crimes at small figures, but he has shown himself such an adept at this new branch of the profession—which is yet in its infancy, so that it has no literature, statistics or precedents behind it—and so clever at escaping, that he is making an excellent income. This he owes to a vivid imagination and daring to carry out his ideas: for instance, it was he who robbed the lost property office at Scotland Yard, put an old bomb in the dust-bin at Buckingham Palace, and burgled the house of one of the Big Four. He really enjoys himself when writing up his own cases and jibing at the inefficiency of the Force. It has been rumoured that he intends to retire and open a school for postal tuition.

What was called the Ilford Murder was one of the most successful Goat cases, for it ended with the hanging of a woman—the first for many years. It was costly, but it filled the papers for months, there were special advertising rates while it ran, and Smithson

heard that one of the papers, which handled the case particularly well, more than recovered the whole of its capital outlay during that time. In fact this case was so good that its end was like the collapse of the war, and in order to let the public down to normal times of second-rate murders gradually, the Maltby case was marked for immediate release. This was not so expensive, Maltby having stipulated for suicide, and the grant was not so large for a man who had not the courage to go to the scaffold and round the story off scientifically. This may be readily understood because the agitation for a reprieve is generally the most exhilarating part of the case so far as the papers' circulations are concerned; while the autobiography of a man who has been tried and acquitted or reprieved is priceless for Sunday publication. In the Ilford case, absolutely no aspect of the story was neglected, and even when crowds were waiting outside the gaols for news that the principals had been executed, employees of the syndicate patrolled the roadway with posters to the effect that if Mrs. Thompson were hanged the judge and jury were murderers also, which I think was a smart follow-up.

I remarked to Smithson that I did not think the Press of this or any other country had ever before risen to the same standard of exploitation of news, and I took it that he agreed with me.

When I asked him if he had any ideas for his own murder he looked gloomy. He had had a good one, but it was stolen by a friend of his, Lindsey Lindsay, a clerk in a West End bank. I tried to think out some ideas for him—for there is a freemasonry in journalism; we are always ready to help each other, and if I help him to-day he may be able to help me to-morrow.

Suddenly I hit upon a wonderful inspiration.

"*Why not stab Poincaré?*" I cried.

"What! For a paltry £500?"

" But you needn't *kill* him." I urged.

" No damned fear. That's worth £30,000 if it's worth a penny. Poincaré himself would need a pretty stiff commission, and the world's Press ought to pay for a thing like that, and so far they haven't got all the papers in. It's rather a joke, you know ! the papers that refuse to join the syndicate on conscientious grounds use the news as if it were ordinary stuff. And the syndicate can take no action because the others would have a first-class scandal which would be worth thousands in itself. I suppose it is bound to come out some day, and then they'll have to fall back upon natural murders, which are pretty tame, I can tell you. It's always the way, though—how these people spoil things by their petty squabbles. Here they've got a first-class scheme, an absolute certainty, and they'll wreck it by their jealousies and selfishness. If only they'd exercise a little Christian forbearance and pull together for the common good—but there, that would be expecting too much in these commercialized days. I think some of the papers are anticipating the end, for they are plotting a civil war between a sort of Fascisti and the unemployed. And, of course, in the confusion this Pressgoat business will die down unnoticed."

" That's a good idea."

" Not bad. But I tell you, there's one thing I still marvel at—what a fool Bottomley made of himself. He was a clever man if ever there was one—I wrote his articles for him, so I know—but he had his smash-up too soon, and didn't get a cent from the syndicate. It was the biggest piece of news of the year. Worth as much as he defaulted for. That's what he meant when he said he would pay back every penny, but he played his hand badly and the syndicate let him down. Although, mind you, I can understand the refusal to pay for the fruit which fell into its lap——

" I've got a vague idea for my case, but I haven't worked it out yet. I think I'll kill a journalist."

" Baralonga ? " I cried.

" Oh, I don't mean a well-known journalist, because his puffed-up fame might overshadow the ability with which the crime was committed. No, I'll have a quite unknown man, and work out a really artistic murder. That will be such an abominable thing, and apparently so senseless, that it is sure to go down well. At any rate, leave it to the syndicate to blow the horrid deed in every eye. I'm already preparing papers to be found on my arrest, and I assure you they will be stunning reading. I must get the other man to do the same, papers that will fit with mine, supply the missing links in the mystery ; but for which detectives will have to " Chase Over Three Continents "—for we must think of the headings, you know.

" The difficulty is to find the right man, one with sympathy for the plot, who will throw himself into it heart and soul and not be satisfied with anything short of a masterpiece. So many men nowadays are content with second-rate stuff. I suppose you don't know of anyone ? Why, of course, how silly I am ! Now there's a *Daily Mail* article in that."

" In what ? " I asked with trepidation.

" How people sit opposite the thing they're looking for without recognizing it. You're the *very* man. I know *you'll* never be satisfied with second-rate stuff. Now let's think out something good. I want people to remember my last piece of journalism."

When I considered his proposal dispassionately, I felt it was not ideal : somehow, I could not guarantee to throw myself into it so wholeheartedly as he desired, and, as my editor said to me when I was writing a puff for a canned meat firm, the man whose heart is not in his work does not produce his best. I thanked him for the offer but declined. He pressed me to give it

maturer consideration, and said he would not take No for an answer. The more I have thought of it the less I am inclined to have anything to do with it. In fact, I even doubt the morality and strict honesty of manufacturing news. Perhaps I am old-fashioned.

Smithson is an obstinate fellow, and in order to convince him that I am *not* the very man I have decided to become a famous journalist, and that quickly too. So I have written this article for THE ADELPHI. Of course I know it is hardly fair to Smithson to give his idea away, and that the Institute of Journalists will probably look with disfavour upon this breach of professional etiquette; yet considering all the circumstances, I am willing to face the reproaches of my fellows and stand or fall by their judgment. For obvious reasons I will not sign my name but will give the number I understand Smithson has entered me under in the syndicate's confidential ledger, just to let him know that I have spoilt the cooking of this little goose.

M. Z. 4,796.

EDUCATION AND SEX

By D. H. Lawrence

The one thing we have to avoid even while we carry on our own old process of education, is the development of the powers of so-called self-expression in a child. Let us beware of artificially stimulating his self-consciousness and his so-called imagination. All that we do is to pervert the child into a ghastly state of self-consciousness, making him affectedly try to show off as we wish him to show off. The moment the least little trace of self-consciousness enters in a child, good-bye to everything except falsity.

Much better just pound away at the A B C and simple arithmetic and so on. The modern methods do make children sharp, give them a sort of slick finesse, but it is the beginning of the mischief. It ends in the great "unrest" of a nervous, hysterical proletariat. Begin to teach a child of five to "understand." To understand the sun and moon and daisy and the secrets of procreation, bless your soul. Understanding all the way.—And when the child is twenty he'll have a hysterical understanding of his own invented grievance, and there's an end of him. Understanding is the devil.

A child mustn't understand things. He must have them his own way. His vision isn't ours. When a boy of eight sees a horse, he doesn't see the correct biological object we intend him to see. He sees a big living presence of no particular shape with hair dangling from its neck, and four legs. If he puts two

eyes in the profile, he is quite right. Because he does *not* see with optical, photographic vision. The image on his retina is *not* the image of his consciousness. The image on his retina just does not go into him. His unconsciousness is filled with a strong, dark, vague prescience of a powerful presence, a two-eyed, four-legged, long-maned presence looming imminent.

And to *force* the boy to see a correct one-eyed horse-profile is just like pasting a placard in front of his vision. It simply kills his inward seeing. We don't *want* him to see a proper horse. The child is *not* a little camera. He is a small vital organism which has direct dynamic *rapport* with the objects of the outer universe. He perceives from his breast and his abdomen, with deep-sunken realism, the elemental nature of the creature. So that to this day a Noah's Ark tree is more real than a Corot tree or a Constable tree : and a flat Noah's Ark cow has a deeper vital reality than even a Cuyp cow.

The mode of vision is not one and final. The mode of vision is manifold. And the optical image is a mere vibrating blur to a child—and, indeed, to a passionate adult. In this vibrating blur the soul sees its own true correspondent. It sees, in a cow, horns and squareness, and a long tail. It sees, for a horse, a mane, and a long face, round nose, and four legs. And in each case a darkly vital presence. Now horns and squareness and a long, thin ox-tail, these are the fearful and wonderful elements of the cow-form, which the dynamic soul perfectly perceives. The ideal-image is just outside Nature, for a child—something false. In a picture, a child wants elemental recognition, and not correctness or expression, or, least of all, what we call understanding. The child distorts inevitably and dynamically. But the dynamic abstraction is more than mental. If a huge eye sits in the middle of the cheek, in a child's drawing, this shows that the deep dynamic

consciousness of the eye, its relative exaggeration, is the life-truth, even if it is a scientific falsehood.

On the other hand, what on earth is the good of saying to a child, " The world is a flattened sphere, like an orange " ? It is simply pernicious. You had much better say the world is a poached egg in a frying-pan. *That* might have some dynamic meaning. The only thing about the flattened orange is that the child just sees this orange disporting itself in blue air, and never bothers to associate it with the earth he treads on. And yet it would be so much better for the mass of mankind if they never heard of the flattened sphere. They should never be told that the earth is round. It only makes everything unreal to them. They are balked in their impression of the flat good earth, they can't get over this sphere business, they live in a fog of abstraction, and nothing is anything. Save for purposes of abstraction, the earth is a great plain, with hills and valleys. Why force abstractions and kill the reality, when there's no need?

As for children, will we never realize that their abstractions are never based on observations, but on subjective exaggerations? If there is an eye in the face, the face is all eye. It is the child-soul which cannot get over the mystery of the eye. If there is a tree in a landscape, the landscape is all tree. Always this partial focus. The attempt to make a child focus for a whole view—which is really a generalization and an adult abstraction—is simply wicked. Yet the first thing we do is to set a child making relief-maps in clay, for example, of his own district. Imbecility! He has not even the faintest impression of the total hill on which his home stands. A steepness going up to a door—and front garden railings—and perhaps windows. That's the lot.

The top and bottom of it is, that it is a crime to teach a child anything at all, school-wise. It is just evil to

collect children together and teach them through the head. It causes absolute starvation in the dynamic centres, and sterile substitute of brain knowledge is all the gain. The children of the middle classes are so vitally impoverished, that the miracle is they continue to exist at all. The children of the lower classes do better, because they escape into the streets. But even the children of the proletariat are now infected.

And, of course, as my critics point out, under all the school-smarm and newspaper-cant, man is to-day as savage as a cannibal, and more dangerous. The living dynamic self is denaturalized instead of being educated.

We talk about education—leading forth the natural intelligence of a child. But ours is just the opposite of leading forth. It is a ramming in of brain facts through the head, and a consequent distortion, suffocation, and starvation of the primary centres of consciousness. A nice day of reckoning we've got in front of us.

Let us lead forth, by all means. But let us not have mental knowledge before us as the goal of the leading. Much less let us make of it a vicious circle in which we lead the unhappy child-mind, like a cow in a ring at a fair. We don't want to educate children so that they may understand. Understanding is a fallacy and a vice in most people. I don't even want my child to know, much less to understand. *I* don't want my child to know that five fives are twenty-five, any more than I want my child to wear my hat or my boots. I *don't* want my child to *know*. If he wants five fives let him count them on his fingers. As for his little mind, give it a rest, and let his dynamic self be alert. He will ask "why" often enough. But he more often asks why the sun shines, or why men have moustaches, or why grass is green, than anything sensible. Most of a child's questions are, and should be, unanswerable. They are not questions at all. They are exclamations of wonder, they are *remarks* half-sceptically addressed.

When a child says, "Why is grass green?" he half implies: "Is it really green, or is it just taking me in?" And we solemnly begin to prate about chlorophyll. Oh, imbeciles, idiots, inexcusable owls!

The whole of a child's development goes on from the great dynamic centres, and is basically non-mental. To introduce mental activity is to arrest the dynamic activity, and stultify true dynamic development. By the age of twenty-one our young people are helpless, hopeless, selfless, floundering mental entities, with nothing in front of them, because they have been starved from the roots, systematically, for twenty-one years, and fed through the head. They have had all their mental excitements, sex and everything, all through the head, and when it comes to the actual thing, why, there's nothing in it. *Blasé*. The affective centres have been exhausted from the head.

Before the age of fourteen, children should be taught only to move, to act, to *do*. And they should be taught as little as possible even of this. Adults simply cannot and do not know any more what the mode of childish intelligence is. Adults *always* interfere. They *always* force the adult mental mode. Therefore children must be preserved from adult instructions.

Make a child work—yes. Make it do little jobs. Keep a fine and delicate and fierce discipline, so that the little jobs are performed as perfectly as is consistent with the child's nature. Make the child alert, proud, and becoming in its movements. Make it know very definitely that it shall not and must not trespass on other people's privacy or patience. Teach it songs, tell it tales. But *never* instruct it school-wise. And mostly, leave it alone, send it away to be with other children and to get in and out of mischief, and in and out of danger. Forget your child altogether as much as possible.

All this is the active and strenuous business of parents, and must not shelved off on to strangers. It is

the business of parents *mentally* to forget but dynamically never to forsake their children.

It is no use expecting parents to know *why* schools are closed, and *why* they, the parents, must be quite responsible for their own children during the first ten years. If it is quite useless to expect parents to understand a theory of relativity, much less will they understand the development of the dynamic consciousness. But why should they understand? It is the business of very few to understand, and for the mass, it is their business to believe and not to bother, but to be honourable and humanly to fulfil their human responsibilities. To give active obedience to their leaders, and to possess their own souls in natural pride.

Some must understand why a child is not to be mentally educated. Some must have a faint inkling of the processes of consciousness during the first fourteen years. Some must know what a child beholds, when it looks at a horse, and what it means when it says, "Why is grass green?" The answer to this question, by the way, is "Because it is."

The interplay of the four dynamic centres follows no one conceivable law. Mental activity continues according to a law of co-relation. But there is no logical or rational co-relation in the dynamic consciousness. It pulses on inconsequential, and it would be impossible to determine any sequence. Out of the very lack of wequence in dynamic consciousness does the individual comself develop. The dynamic abstraction of a child's a reepts follows no mental law, and even no law which " whyer be mentally propounded. And this is why it the suly pernicious to set a child making a clay relief-grass is ts own district, or to ask a child to draw con-child's , from given observations. Dynamically, a child They, no conclusions. All things still remain of vamically possible. A conclusion drawn is a nail in I- coffin of a child's developing being. Let a child

make a clay landscape, if it likes. But entirely according to its own fancy, and without conclusions drawn. Only, let the landscape be vividly made—always the discipline of the soul's full attention. "Oh, but where are the factory chimneys?"—or else: "Why have you left out the gas-works?"; or "Do you call that sloppy thing a church?" The particular focus should be vivid, and the record in some way true. The soul must give earnest attention, that is all.

And so actively disciplined, the child develops for the first ten years. We need not be afraid of letting children see the passions and reactions of adult life. Only we must not strain the *sympathies* of a child, in *any* direction, particularly the direction of love and pity. Nor must we introduce the fallacy of right and wrong. Spontaneous distaste should take the place of right and wrong. And least of all must there be a cry: "You see, dear, you don't understand. When you are older——" A child's sagacity is better than an adult understanding anyhow.

Of course, it is ten times criminal to tell young children facts about sex, or to implicate them in adult relationships. A child has a strong evanescent sex consciousness. It instinctively writes impossible words on back walls. But this is not a fully conscious mental act. It is a kind of dream act—quite natural. The child's curious, shadowy, indecent sex-knowledge is quite in the course of Nature. And does nobody any harm at all. Adults had far better not notice it. But if a child sees a cockerel tread a hen, or two dogs coupling, well and good. It *should* see these things. Only, without comment. Let nothing be exaggeratedly hidden. By instinct, let us preserve the decent privacies. But if a child occasionally sees its parent nude, taking a bath, all the better. Or even sitting in the W.C. Exaggerated secrecy is bad. But indecent exposure is also very bad. But worst of all is the

dragging into the *mental* consciousness of these shadowy dynamic realities.

In the same way, to talk to a child about an adult is vile. Let adults keep their adult feelings and communications for people of their own age. But if a child sees its parents violently quarrel, all the better. There must be storms. And a child's dynamic understanding is far deeper and more penetrating than our sophisticated interpretation. But *never* make a child a party to adult affairs. Never drag the child in. Refuse its sympathy on such occasions. Always treat it as if it had *no* business to hear, even if it is present and *must* hear. Truly, it has no business mentally to hear. And the dynamic soul will always weigh things up and dispose of them properly, if there be no interference of adult comment or adult desire for sympathy. It is despicable for any one parent to accept a child's sympathy against the other parent. And the one who *received* the sympathy is always more contemptible than the one who is hated.

Of course, so many children are born to-day unnaturally mentally awake and alive to adult affairs, that there is nothing left but to tell them everything, crudely : or else, much better, to say : "Ah, get out, you know too much, you make me sick."

To return to the question of sex. A child is born sexed. A child is either male or female, in the whole of its psyche and physique is either male or female. Every single living cell is either male or female, and will remain either male or female as long as life lasts. And every single cell in every male child is male, and every cell in every female child is female. The talk about a third sex, or about the indeterminate sex, is just to pervert the issue.

Biologically, it is true, the rudimentary formation of both sexes is found in every individual. That doesn't mean that every individual is a bit of both, or either,

ad lib. After a sufficient period of idealism, men become hopelessly self-conscious. That is, the great affective centres no longer act spontaneously, but always wait for control from the head. This always breeds a great fluster in the psyche, and the poor self-conscious individual cannot help posing and posturing. Our ideal has taught us to be gentle and wistful : rather girlish and yielding, and *very* yielding in our sympathies. In fact, many young men feel so very like what they imagine a girl must feel, that hence they draw the conclusion that they must have a large share of female sex inside them. False conclusion.

These girlish men have often, to-day, the finest maleness, once it is put to the test. How is it, then, that they feel, and look, so girlish? It is largely a question of the direction of the polarized flow. Our ideal has taught us to be *so* loving and *so* submissive and *so* yielding in our sympathy, that the mode has become automatic in many men. Now in what we will call the "natural" mode, man has his positivity in the volitional centres, and woman in the sympathetic. In fulfilling the Christian love ideal, however, men have reversed this. Man has assumed the gentle, all-sympathetic rôle, and woman has become the energetic party, with the authority in her hands. The male is the sensitive, sympathetic nature, the woman the active, effective, authoritative. So that the male acts as the passive, or recipient, pole of attraction, the female as the active, positive, exertive pole, in human relations. Which is a reversal of the old flow. The woman is now the initiator, man the responder. They seem to play each other's parts. But man is purely male, playing woman's part, and woman is purely female, however manly. The gulf between Heliogabalus, or the most womanly man on earth, and the most manly woman, is just the same as ever : just the same old gulf between the sexes. The man is male, the woman is female.

Only they are playing one another's parts, as they must at certain periods. The dynamic polarity has swung around.

If we look a little closer, we can define this positive and negative business better. As a matter of fact, positive and negative, passive and active, cuts both ways. If the man, as thinker and doer, is active, or positive, and the woman negative, then, on the other hand, as the initiator of emotion, of feeling, and of sympathetic understanding the woman is positive, the man negative. The man may be the initiator in action, but the woman is initiator in emotion. The man has the initiative as far as voluntary activity goes, and the woman the initiative as far as sympathetic activity goes. In love, it is the woman naturally who loves, the man who is loved. In love, woman is the positive, man the negative. It is woman who asks, in love, and the man who answers. In life, the reverse is the case. In knowing and in doing, man is positive and woman negative : man initiates, and woman lives up to it.

Naturally this nicely arranged order of things may be reversed. Action and utterance, which are male, are polarized against feeling, emotion, which are female. And which is positive, which negative? Was man, the eternal protagonist, born of woman, from her womb of fathomless emotion? Or was woman, with her deep womb of emotion, born from the rib of active man, the first created? Man, the doer, the knower, the original in *being,* is he lord of life? Or is woman, the great Mother, who bore us from the womb of love, is she the supreme Goddess?

This is the question of all time. And as long as man and woman endure, so will the answer be given, first one way, then the other. Man, as the utterer, usually claims that Eve was created out of his spare rib : from the field of the creative, upper dynamic consciousness, that is. But woman, as soon as she gets a word in,

points to the fact that man inevitably, poor darling, is the issue of his mother's womb. So the battle rages.

But some men always agree with the woman. Some men always yield to woman the creative positivity. And in certain periods, such as the present, the majority of men concur in regarding woman as the source of life, the first term in creation: woman, the mother, the prime being.

And then, the whole polarity shifts over. Man still remains the doer and thinker. But he is so only in the service of emotional and procreative woman. His highest moment is now the emotional moment when he gives himself up to the woman, when he forms the perfect answer for her great emotional and procreative asking. All his thinking, all his activity in the world only contributes to this great moment, when he is fulfilled in the emotional passion of the woman, the birth of rebirth, as Whitman calls it. In his consummation in the emotional passion of a woman, man is reborn, which is quite true.

And there is the point at which we all now stick. Life, thought, and activity, all are devoted truly to the great end of Woman, wife and mother.

Man has now entered on to his negative mode. Now, his consummation is in feeling, not in action. Now, his activity is all of the domestic order and all his thought goes to proving that nothing matters except that birth shall continue and woman shall rock in the nest of this globe like a bird who covers her eggs in some tall tree. Man is the fetcher, the carrier, the sacrifice, the crucified, and the reborn of woman.

This being so, the whole tendency of his nature changes. Instead of being assertive and rather insentient, he becomes wavering and sensitive. He begins to have as many feelings—nay, more than a woman. His heroism is all in altruistic endurance. He worships pity and tenderness and weakness, even in

himself. In short, he takes on very largely the original rôle of woman. Woman, meanwhile, becomes the fearless, inwardly relentless, determined, positive party. She grips the responsibility. The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. Nay, she makes man discover that cradles should not be rocked, in order that her hands may be left free. She is now a queen of the earth, and inwardly a fearsome tyrant. She keeps pity and tenderness emblazoned on her banners. But God help the man whom she pities. Ultimately she tears him to bits.

Therefore we see the reversal of the old poles. Man becomes the emotional party, woman the positive and active. Man begins to show strong signs of the peculiarly strong passive sex desire, the desire to be taken, which is considered characteristic of woman. Man begins to have all the feelings of woman—or the feelings which he attributed to woman. He becomes more feminine than woman ever was, and worships his own femininity, calling it the highest. In short, he begins to exhibit all signs of sexual complexity. He begins to imagine he really is half-female. And certainly woman seems very male. So the hermaphrodite fallacy revives again.

But it is all a fallacy. Man, in the midst of all his effeminacy, is still male and nothing but male. And woman, though she harangue in Parliament or patrol the streets with a helmet on her head, is still completely female. They are only playing each other's rôles, because the poles have swung into reversion. The compass is reversed. But that doesn't mean that the North Pole has become the South Pole, or that each is a bit of both.

Of course, a woman should stick to her own natural emotional positivity. But then man must stick to his own positivity of *being*, of action, *disinterested, non-domestic, male* action, which is not devoted to the

increase of the female. Once man vacates his camp of sincere, passionate positivity in disinterested being, his supreme responsibility to fulfil his own profoundest impulses, with reference to none but God or his own soul, not taking woman into count at all, in this primary responsibility to his own deepest soul; once man vacates this strong citadel of his own genuine, not spurious, divinity; then in comes woman, picks up the sceptre, and begins to conduct a rag-time band.

Man remains man, however he may put on wistfulness and tenderness like petticoats, and sensibilities like pearl ornaments. Your sensitive little big-eyed boy, so much more gentle and loving than his harder sister, is male for all that, believe me. Perhaps evilly male, so mothers may learn to their cost: and wives still more.

Of course, there should be a great balance between the sexes. Man, in the daytime, must follow his own soul's greatest impulse, and give himself to life-work and risk himself to death. It is not woman who claims the highest in man. It is a man's own religious soul that drives him on beyond woman, to his supreme activity. For his highest, man is responsible to God alone. He may not pause to remember that he has a life to lose, or a wife and children to leave. He must carry forward the banner of life, though seven worlds perish, with all the wives and mothers and children in them. Hence Jesus, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" Every man that lives has to say it again to his wife or mother, once he has any work or mission in hand, that comes from his soul.

But again, no man is a blooming marvel for twenty-four hours a day. Jesus or Napoleon or any other of them ought to have been man enough to be able to come home at tea-time and put his slippers on and sit under the spell of his wife. For there you are, the woman has her world, her positivity: the world of love, of emotion, of sympathy. And it behoves every man in

his hour to take off his shoes and relax and give himself up to his woman and her world. Not to give up his purpose. But to give up himself for a time to her who is his mate.—And so it is one detests the clockwork Kant, and the petit-bourgeois Napoleon divorcing his Josephine for a Hapsburg—or even Jesus, with his "Woman, what have I to do with thee?"—He might have added, "just now."—They were all failures.

TO L. H. B. (1894-1915)

LAST night for the first time since you were dead
I walked with you, my brother, in a dream.
We were at home again beside the stream
Fringed with tall berry bushes, white and red.
"Don't touch them: they are poisonous," I said.
But your hand hovered, and I saw a beam
Of strange, bright laughter flying round your head;
And as you stooped I saw the berries gleam.
"Don't you remember? We called them Dead Man's
Bread."
I woke and heard the wind moan and the roar
Of the dark water tumbling on the shore.
Where—where is the path of my dream for my eager
feet?
By the remembered stream my brother stands
Waiting for me with berries in his hands.
"These are my body. Sister, take and eat."

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL

By Katherine Mansfield

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[THE majority of the following passages of Katherine Mansfield's Journal are contained in one of the little exercise-books in which she did most of her writing. This one is a French exercise-book, for the passages belong to the winter of 1915-16, when she was living at Bandol, a little watering-place on the Mediterranean. The conventional spaces on the sky-blue cover have been filled up by her thus :—

Appartenant à	Katherine Mansfield
Commencé le	toujoursième
Fini le	jamaisième.

One of the most potent reasons for her leaving England at this time—for her health was then excellent—was the death of her passionately loved younger brother, Leslie Heron Beauchamp, who was killed in France in October, 1915, at the age of twenty-one, barely a week after leaving England for the front. He had come from New Zealand to take a commission in an English regiment. Just before he left England for France with his regiment, he had spent a few days with his sister at her house, No. 5 Acacia Road, St. John's Wood. They talked together for hours of the things that were in New Zealand ; and they talked of them not only in "the little top-room" which was Katherine Mansfield's workroom, but in every corner of the house and at every moment. The book which Katherine Mansfield promised her brother she would write is *Prelude*. It was originally called *The Aloe*. The

passages of her journal given here explain the mood in which that acknowledged masterpiece was conceived and written. The title-page of the first edition was finally inscribed : " To L. H. B. and J. M. M."

The poem " To L. H. B.," which is printed elsewhere in this number, was written in January, 1916, at the same period as these passages from the journal.]

October 29th, 1915 [5, Acacia Road].

Awake, awake ! my little boy.

A misty, misty evening. I want to write down the fact that not only am I not afraid of death—I welcome the idea of death. I believe in immortality because he is not here, and I long to join him. First, my darling, I've got things to do for both of us, and then I will come as quickly as I can. Dearest heart, I know you are there, and I live with you, and I will write for you. Other people are near, but they are not close to me. To you only do I belong, just as *you* belong to me. Nobody knows how often I am with you. Indeed, I am always with you, and I begin to feel that you know—that when I leave this house and this place it will be with you, and I will never even for the shortest space of time be away from you. You have me. You're in my flesh as well as in my soul. I give others my " surplus " love, but to you I hold and to you I give my deepest love.

[November, 1915. Bandol.]

Brother. I think I have known for a long time that life was over for me, but I never realised it or acknowledged it until my brother died. Yes, though he is lying in the middle of a little wood in France and I am still walking upright and feeling the sun and the wind from the sea, I am just as much dead as he is. The present and the future mean nothing to me. I am no longer " curious " about people ; I do not wish to go any-

where; and the only possible value that anything can have for me is that it should put me in mind of something that happened or was when we were alive. "Do you remember, Katie?" I hear his voice in trees and flowers, in scents and light and shadow. Have people, apart from these faraway people, ever existed for me? Or have they always failed me and faded because I denied them reality? Supposing I were to die as I sit at this table, playing with my Indian paper-knife, what would the difference be? No difference at all. Then why don't I commit suicide? Because I feel I have a duty to perform to the lovely time when we were both alive. I want to write about it, and he wanted me to. We talked it over in my little top room in London. I said: I will just put on the front page: To my brother, Leslie Heron Beauchamp. Very well: it shall be done.

The wind died down at sunset. Half a ring of moon hangs in the hollow air. It is very quiet. Somewhere I can hear a woman crooning a song. Perhaps she is crouched before the stove in the corridor, for it is the kind of song that a woman sings before a fire—brooding, warm, sleepy, and safe. I see a little house with flower patches under the windows and the soft mass of a haystack at the back. The fowls have all gone to roost—they are woolly blurs on the perches. The pony is in the stable with a cloth on. The dog lies in the kennel, his head on his forepaws. The cat sits. . . . [*The rest of the page is missing.*]

[December, 1915.]

This afternoon I did not go for a walk. There is a long stone embankment that goes out to the sea. Huge stones on either side and a little rough goat path in the centre. When I came to the end the sun was going down. So, feeling extremely solitary and romantic, I sat me down on a stone and watched the red sun, which

looked horribly like a morsel of tinned apricot, sink into a sea like a huge junket. I began, feebly but certainly perceptibly, to harp " Alone between sea and sky, &c." But suddenly I saw a minute speck on the bar coming towards me. It grew. It turned into a young officer in dark blue, slim, with an olive skin, fine eyebrows, long, black eyes, a fine silky moustache.

You are alone, Madame?

Alone, Monsieur.

You are living at the hotel, Madame?

At the hotel, Monsieur.

Ah, I have noticed you walking alone several times, Madame.

It is possible, Monsieur.

He blushed and put his hand to his cap.

I am very indiscreet, Madame.

Very indiscreet, Monsieur.

[January 22nd, 1916.]

Now, really, what is it that I do want to write? I ask myself, Am I less of a writer than I used to be? Is the need to write less urgent? Does it still seem as natural to me to seek that form of expression? Has speech fulfilled it? Do I ask anything more than to relate, to remember, to assure myself? There are times when these thoughts half-frighten me and very nearly convince. I say, You are now so fulfilled in your own being, in being alive, in loving, in aspiring towards a greater sense of life and a deeper loving, the other thing has gone out of you. But no, at bottom I am not convinced, for at bottom never has my desire been so ardent. Only the form that I would choose has changed utterly. I feel no longer concerned with the same appearance of things. The people who lived or whom I wished to bring into my stories don't interest me any more. The plots of my stories leave me perfectly cold. Granted that these people exist and all the differences,

complexities, and resolutions are true to them—why should *I* write about them? They are not near me. All the false threads that bound me to them are cut away quite.

Now—now I want to write recollections of my own country. Yes, I want to write about my own country till I simply exhaust my store. Not only because it is a "sacred debt" that I pay to my country because my brother and I were born there, but also because in my thoughts I range with him over all the remembered places. I am never far away from them. I long to renew them in writing.

Ah, the people—the people we loved there—of them, too, I want to write. Another "debt of love." Oh, I want for one moment to make our undiscovered country leap into the eyes of the Old World. It must be mysterious, as though floating. It must take the breath. It must be "one of those islands" . . . I shall tell everything, even of how the laundry-basket squeaked at "75." But all must be told with a sense of mystery, a radiance, an afterglow, because you, my little sun of it, are set. You have dropped over the dazzling brim of the world. Now I must play my part.

Then I want to write poetry. I feel always trembling on the brink of poetry. The almond tree, the birds, the little wood where you are, the flowers you do not see, the open window out of which I lean and dream that you are against my shoulder, and the times that your photograph "looks sad." But especially I want to write a kind of long elegy to you . . . perhaps not in poetry. Nor perhaps in prose. Almost certainly in a kind of special *prose*.

And, lastly, I want to keep a kind of *minute notebook*, to be published some day. That's all. No novels, no problem stories, nothing that is not simple, open.

K. M.

February 13th [1916].

I have written practically nothing yet, and now again the time is getting short. There is nothing done. I am no nearer my achievement than I was two months ago, and I keep half-doubting my will to perform anything. Each time I make a move my demon says at almost the same moment : " Oh, yes, we've heard that before ! " And then I hear R. B. in the Café Royal, " Do you still write ? " If I went back to England without a book *finished* I should give myself up. I should know that, whatever I said, I was not really a writer and had no claim to " a table in my room." But if I go back with a book finished it will be a *profession de foi pour toujours*. Why do I hesitate so long? Is it just idleness? Lack of will-power? Yes, I feel that's what it is, and that's why it's so immensely important that I should assert myself. I have put a table to-day in my room, facing a corner, but from where I sit I can see some top shoots of the almond-tree, and the sea sounds loud. There is a vase of beautiful geraniums on the table. Nothing could be nicer than this spot, and it's so quiet and so high, like sitting up in a tree. I feel I shall be able to write here, especially towards twilight.

Ah, once fairly alight—how I'd blaze and burn! Here is a new fact. When I am not writing I feel my brother calling me, and he is not happy. Only when I write or am in a state of writing—a state of " inspiration "—do I feel that he is calm. . . . Last night I dreamed of him and Father Zossima. Father Zossima said : " Do not let the new man die." My brother was certainly there. But last evening he called me while I sat down by the fire. At last I obeyed and came upstairs. I stayed in the dark and waited. The moon got very bright. There were stars outside, very bright twinkling stars, that seemed to move as I watched them. The moon shone. I could see the curve of the sea and the curve of the

land embracing, and above in the sky there was a round sweep of cloud. Perhaps those three half-circles were very magic. But then, when I leaned out of the window I seemed to see my brother dotted all over the field—now on his back, now on his face, now huddled up, now half-pressed into the earth. Wherever I looked, there he lay. I felt that God showed him to me like that for some express purpose, and I knelt down by the bed. But I could not pray. I had done no work. I was not in an active state of grace. So I got up finally and went downstairs again. But I was terribly sad. . . . The night before, when I lay in bed, I felt suddenly passionate. I wanted J. to embrace me. But as I turned to speak to him or to kiss him I saw my brother lying fast asleep, and I got cold. That happens nearly always. Perhaps because I went to sleep thinking of him, I woke and was he, for quite a long time. I felt my face was his serious, sleepy face. I felt that the lines of my mouth were changed, and I blinked like he did on waking.

This year I have to make money and get known. I want to make enough money to be able to give L. M. some. In fact, I want to provide for her. That's my idea, and to make enough so that J. and I shall be able to pay our debts and live honourably. I should like to have a book published and *numbers* of short stories ready. Ah, even as I write, the smoke of a cigarette seems to mount in a reflective way, and I feel nearer that kind of silent, crystallised being that used to be almost me.

[February] 14th [1916].

I begin to think of an unfinished memory which has been with me for years. It is a very good story if only I can tell it right, and is called " Lena." It plays in New Zealand and would go in the book. If only I can get right down to it.

Dear brother, as I jot these notes, I am speaking to you. To whom did I always write when I kept those huge complaining diaries? Was it to myself? But now as I write these words and talk of getting down to the New Zealand atmosphere, I see you opposite to me, I see your thoughtful, seeing eyes. Yes, it is to you. We were travelling—sitting opposite to each other and moving very fast. Ah, my darling, how have I kept away from this tremendous joy? Each time I take up my pen *you* are with me. You are mine. You are my playfellow, my brother, and we shall range all over our country together. It is with you that I see, and that is why I see so clearly. That is a great mystery. My brother, I have doubted these last few days. I have been in dreadful places. I have felt that I could not *come* through to you. But now, quite suddenly, the mists are rising, and I see and I know you are near me. You are more vividly with me now this moment than if you were alive and I were writing to you from a short distance away. As you speak my name, the name you call me by that I love so—Katie—your lip lifts in a smile—you believe in me, you know I am here. Oh, Chummie! put your arms round me. I was going to write: Let us shut out everybody. But no, it is not that. Only we shall look on at them together. My brother, you know, with all my desire, my will is weak. To do things—even to write absolutely for myself and by myself—is awfully hard for me. God knows why, when my desire is so strong. But just as it was always our delight to sit together—you remember?—and to talk of the old days, down to the last detail—the last feeling—looking at each other and by our eyes expressing when speech ended how intimately we understood each other—so now, my dear one, we shall do that again. You know how unhappy I have been lately. I almost felt: Perhaps "the new man" will not live. Perhaps I am not yet risen. . . But now I do not

doubt. It is the idea (it has always been there, but never as it is with me to-night) that I do not write alone. That in every word I write and every place I visit I carry you with me. Indeed, that might be the motto of my book. There are daisies on the table and a red flower, like a poppy, shines through. Of daisies I will write. Of the dark. Of the wind—and the sun and the mists. Of the shadows. Ah ! of all that you loved and that I too love and feel. To-night it is made plain. However often I write and rewrite I shall not really falter, dearest, and the book shall be written and ready.

[February] 15th [1916].

I have broken the silence. It took long. Did I fail you when I sat reading? Oh, bear with me a little. I will be better. I will do *all*, all that we would wish. Love, I will not fail. To-night it is very wild. Do you hear? It is all wind and sea. You feel that the world is blowing like a feather, springing and rocking in the air like a balloon from Lindsay's. I seem to hear a piano sometimes, but that's fancy. How loud the wind sounds ! If I write every day faithfully a little record of how I have kept faith with you—that is what I must do. Now you are back with me. You are stepping forward, one hand in your pocket. My brother, my little boy brother ! Your thoughtful eyes ! I see you always as you left me. I saw you a moment alone—by yourself—and quite lost, I felt. My heart yearned over you then. Oh, it yearns over you to-night and now ! Did you cry? I always felt : He never, never must be unhappy. Now I will come quite close to you, take your hand, and we shall tell this story to each other.

[February] 16th [1916].

I *found The Aloe* this morning. And when I had reread it I knew that I was not quite " right " yesterday. No, dearest, it was not just the spirit. *The Aloe*

is right. *The Aloe* is lovely. It simply fascinates me, and I know that it is what you would wish me to write. And now I know what the last chapter is. It is your birth—your coming in the autumn. You in Grandmother's arms under the tree, your solemnity, your wonderful beauty. Your hands, your head—your helplessness, lying on the earth, and, above all, your tremendous solemnity. That chapter will end the book. The next book will be yours and mine. And you must mean the world to Linda; and before ever you are born Kezia must play with you—her little Bogey. Oh, Bogey—I must hurry. All of them must have this book. It is good, my treasure! My little brother, it is good, and it is what we really meant.

[February] 17th [1916].

I am sad to-night. Perhaps it is the old forlorn wind. And the thought of you *spiritually* is not enough to-night. I want you by me. I must get deep down into my book, for then I shall be happy. Lose myself, lose myself to find you, dearest. Oh, I want this book to be written. It MUST be done. It must be bound and wrapped and sent to New Zealand. I feel that with all my soul. It will be.

[On the next page is a drawing which Katherine Mansfield made at this time of the little house in which she was to live "for ever and ever." The writing beneath reads thus :—

"This is the kind of place that would be so nice, Bogey. You observe we are driving *from* the sea; and I am sitting with my *back* to you and the horse to watch the waves."

TIG.]



This is the kind of place that would be so nice, Dolly. You observe we are driving from the sea; and I am sitting with my back to you and the horse to watch the waves. Tg.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

R. U. R.—I have been twice to this amazingly impressive play at the St. Martin's. Not mine to indulge in examination of how its wheels go round or appraise my fellow craftsmen—the subject of this note is not the play, but its message and the audience to which it is delivered. Possibly the authors have a little mixed the babies by satirizing both the domination of men's lives by the machines they make, and capitalism menaced by a proletariat deprived of soul through too mechanical usage. But it doesn't matter—the general target is the trend of Western " Progress," based on machinery and maximum production at the mercy of demand. The vicious circle run by that " Progress " is made quite clear in the third act when the four men are awaiting their destruction by the Robots—machine-men invented by their scientific itch, their commercial greed, and their longing to deliver real men from manual labour and make them masters of their fate. We listen with a grin to the reasons why it was impossible for them to stop making Robots, in spite of the danger when Governments began turning them into soldiers.

Governments were ordering Robots, shareholders were insisting on dividends—how then could they possibly stop making them? In a word, demand, however shortsighted, causes supply. Take, for instance, what is happening to-day with flying machines. The demand for them, no matter to what destructive uses they may be put, is causing a supply that nobody dreams of stopping. And when the manager relates how he personally *had* to go on making the fatal Robots because he was urged by his unconquerable soul to remove the ills of mankind, our grin would become pitying, if pity were permissible nowadays.

The invincible human spirit conquered by its own shortsighted invincibility, is shortly—not sweetly—the message of the play. Or, put in medical terms: Western civilization has outgrown its power of balance, has lost spinal control. It is a frightfully true message, applicable spiritually to all Western countries; concretely applicable to most Western countries, and *especially to this country.*

How does the audience take it? With a mixture of thrills and giggles. To the great majority of us the play is just a melodrama, which makes us creep here, and cackle there, as all good melodrama should. All that an intelligent woman could say about it was: "Glad I'm not a Robot!" One reads in the theatre-programme that others take the play as an attack on the working class, or on capitalists, or on religion; or simply ask: "What's it all about?" One even sees that there will have been a public debate about its meaning before these words appear in print. If the object-lesson of this play has not leapt to our eyes, what earthly chance have we as a people of arresting our decline or averting the peril of our position? Owing to the machines we invented and the trade they fostered, seven-eighths of us now live in towns on food that is more than half imported. Year by year we have to buy more food with the proceeds of manufactures, and a carrying trade diminished, and likely for a long time to remain diminished. With light hearts we reached this bloated condition before the war, trusting to Sea-Power, which vanished, so far as Europe is concerned, as it were in a night, when machines climbed into the air. In the laboratories of chemists and in aeroplane factories are growing the means of ruining, in a week, nations of townsmen fed from overseas. We have it all set before us on a vigorous stage—an allegory of the way machines have lured us on to an utterly disproportionate condition, and are waiting at the first chance to

do us in, and we greet it with: "Glad I'm not a Robot!'"

The liquid, the spirituous element of the allegory—entrusted to Alquist in the play—can be left till we have digested the solid.—John Galsworthy.

Modern Reviewing.—How many people have read *Lady into Fox* by David Garnett? Most of us round and about the professional literary world have done so, but has it got through yet to the large public of intelligent readers beyond? I very much doubt it. Our critical reviewing people are cursed by a sort of gentility that makes them mumble the news they have to tell; busy doctors, teachers, business men, and so forth, have not the time to attend to these undertones. No doubt *Lady into Fox* has been praised a good deal in this mumbling, ineffective way. But has it got through? In the newspapers we ought to have more news about books and less hasty essay writing by way of reviewing. A book, bad or good, gets its two or three or four or five inches of "review" in the papers and then no more about it. You cannot tell from most book reviews whether the book matters in the slightest degree, whether it has any significant freshness in it at all. The good things are hustled past public attention in a crowd of weary notices, weak blame, weak praise, and vague comment. Newspapers don't treat tennis or golf in that fashion. A new golfer is shouted about. Why was there no shouting about Stella Benson's *The Poor Man* or Gerhardi's *Futility*—shouting to reach the suburbs and country towns? Both these are wonderful books and only quite a few people seem to have heard of them yet. *Lady into Fox* is the most amazingly good story I have read for a long time. I don't propose to offer criticisms. I accept a book like this; I don't criticize it. I have nothing to say about how it is done, because I think it is perfectly done and could not have

been done in any other way. It is a quite fresh thing. It is as astonishing and it is as entirely right and consistent as a new creation, a new sort of animal, let us say, suddenly running about in the world. It is like a small, queer, furry animal I admit, but as alive, as whimsically inevitable as a very healthy kitten. It shows up most other stories, all these trade stories that fill the booksellers' shops, for the clockwork beasts they are.—H. G. WELLS.

CHAUCER'S "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA."—It is a thousand pities that Chaucer should be a sealed book to the vast majority of modern readers. A few thousands read the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales at school; a few hundreds read a little more of the body of his work at the university—and that is all. And of these last few hundreds how many really appreciate the astonishing beauty and truth of *Troilus and Cressida?* There is, I firmly believe, no love-story like it in the English language. *Romeo and Juliet* appears romantic by its side; *Antony and Cleopatra* is something greater, but something different. But *Troilus and Cressida* is a story of the love that may happen every day to a man and a woman; it has its feet on earth and its head in the clouds; it is impassioned and actual, exquisite and real, imaginative and humorous, the work of a man who understood the souls of human beings as clearly as he saw their bodies.

When one has read *Troilus and Cressida,* everything else that has been written on this everlasting theme of love seems exaggerated, except perhaps in Shakespeare's romantic comedies. It is either too bodily or too spiritual; the flame is either gross or impalpable. But in Chaucer's story love has at once the substance, the roots, and the beauty of a flower. It is there, it exists on earth, it is part of the earth, and it is a miracle. And the tragedy is that the finest and most human love-

story we English possess should be as effectually concealed from 999 in a 1,000 Englishmen as it would be were it written in Chinese. Not that the language *is* very difficult ; but it looks difficult. It is alarming. But, just for one moment, let us see.

The most surprising chapters of a story which is a surprise from the first page to the last, are the third and fourth books. The third tells of the meeting of Troilus and Cressida and of the consummation of their love in Pandar's house, the fourth of their enforced parting. Pandar (how unlike the Pandar of legend, or Shakespeare's half-creation !—a picture of Chaucer himself, without a shadow of doubt) has arranged that Cressida shall stay the night with him. When the lights are out and the house is asleep Pandar comes in to tell her his made-up story that Troilus, distraught by jealousy, has forced his way in. Cressida is distressed : she will give Troilus a precious blue ring to reassure him. A ring ! cries Pandar. Then it must be set with a stone with power to make a dead man live. She must see him. See him at last she does ; and while she tells him he has no cause for jealousy, he is pale and speechless. " Forgive me," she whispers, " if I have caused you pain."

Then they clasp each other.

> And as about a tree, with a many a twist,
> Is fast enlaced and wreathed the sweet woodbind,
> Gan each of them in arms the other wind.
>
> And as the new-abashèd nightingale
> That stinteth first when she beginneth sing
> When that she heareth any shepherd tale (talk)
> Or in the hedges any wight stirring,
> And after certain doth her voice out-ring,
> Right so Criseyde, when her fears were still,
> Open her heart and told him what she will.

I am ashamed of what I have done to that extraordinary verse ; but even now it seems to me supremely beautiful —" the native music of achievèd love."

And the simple clarity with which the subtleties of Cressida's psychology are presented in the next book is no less astonishing. She becomes wholly fascinating, and absolutely convincing, in her long talks with Troilus. All her reasons for going over to the Greeks and not running away to live on love in a garret are perfectly natural. Her life and his honour would be risked. If there were peace—it's sure, quite sure, to come soon—he couldn't go back to Troy, having run away. And, anyhow, isn't she coming back in ten days? Yet, by some queer masterpiece of suggestion you feel that the real reason is that Cressida doesn't want any bother, that she is, as Chaucer finally describes her, "tender-hearted but sliding of courage"; she loves Troilus truly, but she shrinks away from difficulties. Don't let's have any fuss. She is ready to swear anything and to *believe* anything. You feel that she has quite convinced herself that she will be back in ten days. She has the true faculty of believing in the pleasant thing. But Troilus has not. For a moment he is half-persuaded; then his fears return again. His final reply, for those who know anything about love, is as deeply pathetic as it is true:—

> And now, so this be sooth, quoth Troilus,
> I shall well suffer unto the tenth day
> Since that I see that needs it must be thus,
> But for the love of God, if be it may,
> So let us two steal privily away,
> For ever in one so as to live at rest,
> My heart says to me this will be the best.

She replies, "You don't trust me"; then, "It's sure to be all right"; then, "Please be cheerful, you make one so sad"; then, "I must see you looking happy before I go"; and then—masterstroke of feminity—"Be faithful to me!"

But, although, or perhaps because, Chaucer knows her so well, and defends her at every turn, he cannot

reconcile himself to her taking up with Diomed so soon. His heart is no longer in the business. He apologizes : the man from whom he had the tale is responsible, not he. He quite understands why she should have done it ; but still—" Men say, I not, that she gave him her heart."—J. M. MURRY.

A NOTE ON MICHEL ANGELO.—What impressed me most when I first saw Michel Angelo's work in Florence was the astonishing grasp of his conception, even to its last significant detail—and all Michel Angelo's detail is significant—that he must have had before he began work. Take, for instance, the *David*. Every lock of hair has its meaning ; there is the vein on the back of the hand. The block of marble before Michel Angelo must have measured 30 feet high by 8 feet broad. Yet when he began to cut that block he must have known *exactly* where the topmost surface of the vein and the ends of the hair would be. Not merely the general relation of masses but the precise position of every point on the surface of the finished statue. For you cannot make mistakes in cutting marble. A painter can scrape out ; a writer can rewrite. But with a sculptor of stone one cut too deep and the whole is ruined beyond remedy. And Michel Angelo, hacking furiously at his colossal block of marble, made no mistake at all. I am left wondering by what miraculous capacity he was able to conceive and hold clear in his mind the last perfected detail of his superb creation.

Michel Angelo was the greatest of them all. None before, and none after, has achieved such harmony of plastic form and spiritual significance, to the point at which the one *is* the other, and the mere idea of separating them seems fantastic. And Michel Angelo said the profoundest thing about painting—" Good painting is a music and a melody which can be

appreciated by the intellect alone, and then only with difficulty. This kind of painting is so rare that few are able to attain to it." Only I am puzzled here by the word "intellect." I do not know what the original Italian word is, nor should I be any the wiser if I did; but I feel it must contain the meaning "pictorial sense" or "pictorial understanding"—a specific aptitude of mind, rather than general intellectual ability. —MARK GERTLER.

IRRELEVANT PARAGRAPHS.—It is time some energetic protest was made against the extremely low standard of reporting which is tolerated by some of our newspapers. In my *Daily Mail* of this morning, for instance, I am informed that a young woman of twenty-seven has had removed from her stomach seventeen keys, two coins, three safety-pins, one button, one engineer's split pin, and one pencil sharpener. As a result of the removal of this mass of metal she is recovering, the paragraph informs me, from her abdominal troubles. That is all: the writer tells me nothing else. There is no hint that this diet is unusual; nothing is said to explain this appetite for keys and safety-pins. None of the questions that flash into my horrified and bewildered mind are allowed for in this execrably unintelligent paragraph. I don't know whether Schools of Journalism include courses in précis-writing, but they certainly ought to. As another instance, the remarks of Affable Hawk in a recent number of the *New Statesman*, dealing with my article "On Being Oneself," would certainly be different if Affable Hawk were a practised précis-writer. My argument was perfectly simple, and to the effect that a man should be honest with himself about his literary tastes. It is not a very easy thing to be, and it has important consequences for the individual. But Affable Hawk imagines that I am asserting that every young man's likes and dislikes are important to the world at

large, and that I am urging him to communicate them to the world at large. This is very bad précis-writing, more particularly as Affable Hawk quotes a passage from my article which is inconsistent with his version of it. Although the *Daily Mail* case is, of course, much the more glaring instance of the two, both cases are examples of a failure to realize obvious implications. Each of these instances may be considered trifling in itself; each one of them, like a blind alley that one discovers to be blind after a few yards, wastes but little of one's time. But cases, like these, of intellectual slovenliness, may be found in every issue of every paper, and the total wastage of energy and time caused by them must mount up, like the wastage of mustard, to considerable quantities. For this sort of litter there can be no extenuating circumstances; it is a gratuitous addition to the untidiness of the world.—J. W. N. SULLIVAN.

A BOOK TO REMEMBER.—If I may draw the attention of readers of THE ADELPHI to books printed long ago, I should like to emphasise the interest and virtues of M. Roustan's *Les Philosophes et La Société Française au XVIIIme. Siècle* (Paris 1906). I know no book which, with so much charm and learning, paints so exquisite a picture of the society which rushed to the catastrophe of 1789 as this. The French historians make a speciality of depicting manners, and M. Roustan is peculiarly exquisite in the practice of his art. He is learned and witty, careful and combative, full of ideas, and with that *fond* of purpose which makes Tocqueville so attractive. If someone would do for the English eighteenth century what this book accomplishes for France, the understanding of a misunderstood generation would be an easier task. I envy anyone who reads Roustan for the first time; even the third reading is a joyous adventure.—H. J. LASKI.

GOING OUT AND GOING IN

By The Journeyman

I seldom go out to the theatre. Indeed, when I come to think of it, I seldom go *out* at all. I much prefer to go in. And when I do go out, I think I have wasted my time unless it has given me the chance of going in, of fetching out from its dim hiding place something precious that I have forgotten or never knew I had. The converse of friends can do this for me, or rather can help me to do this. They give me a kind of courage of discovery ; they ask me a question in a voice which says, "Yes, you have the answer," so quietly, with such certainty, that I too begin to believe I may have it somewhere. So I take my candle down, light it in the fire of their confidence, and set off boldly into the disused rooms. And the marvel is that I do find something. I bring it out into the light of day. I blink, I rub it gingerly upon my sleeve. "Can that be mine?" I wonder. Indeed, I never cease from wondering this, even when my friends have accepted it and I have put it in my pocket for my own. But mine or not, I am the richer for it.

A going out, for me, must have a going in for its reward. Perhaps it is because I am afraid of being disappointed that I so seldom go out to the theatre. Yet I have been very fortunate. Of the four plays I have been out to see in the last three years, two were miraculous and one made me laugh as I laugh at Pickwick or at the opening of Bealby. That was *Le Médecin malgré lui* at the Odéon last spring. The

other two were Tchehov's *The Cherry Orchard,* not very well played by the Stage Society, and a matinée production of *Othello* by Matheson Lang and Arthur Bourchier. This sounds, I fear, as though I were very cultured. I cannot help it. Those are the facts. Another fact is that I wept warm tears when both those plays were ended. Here was my allegiance; this my loyalty. This vision of life was true. There was no more room for regret or sorrow.

> Come, come no time for lamentation now,
> Nor much more cause.

No cause, no cause at all. In this enchantment, I also had my place; for this moment I too could look on the created world and see that it was good. And when the great Othello turned—

> And say besides that in Aleppo once,
> Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
> Beat a Venetian and traduced the State,
> I took by the throat the circumcised dog
> And smote his *thus*—

then I discovered in myself a spirit equal to his own and knew what high descent was in my blood.

And when I laughed at *Le Médecin malgré lui,* again I entered into possession of something in myself I had forgotten. Once more, *I did not care.* I was not a hero, I was not wise perhaps as I was wise when I listened to Carlotta's falsetto "I don't even know whether I *had* a father" on the garden seat, but likewise I did not care. The world was full of foolishness and I could laugh; of beauty and I could weep; of greatness and I could breathe. And this time with no penny candle from my own cupboard, but with a great lamp lit by genius, I entered into possession of my own forgotten aptitudes. My going-out had been the prelude to a triumphant going-in. "We be three Calendars, the sons of kings."

I suppose it is because I have tasted these things and cannot lightly risk a disappointment that I so seldom go out to the theatre. But the other night I did. I had been told, told many times, that I must see *At Mrs. Beam's,* and since I was told it by one who shares my conviction that Charlie Chaplin is the greatest actor in the world, I inclined my ear. He did not say that *At Mrs. Beam's* was as good as *The Immigrant* or *Easy Street,* for he has a sense of values and knows that such a statement would be incredible. But the mere fact that he could mention a modern English comedy within a breath or two of Chaplin's masterpieces was enough. On the first opportunity I would go.

I went. I paid eight and sixpence. I laughed. I could not see what the second act was for. At the rest I laughed. Once, at the scene over the card-table, I laughed a great deal. But never for a single moment did I forget that I had paid eight-and-six for the opportunity. I imagine that I got for my money one sixpenny laugh, two twopenny ones, and about a dozen penny and halfpenny ones mixed. One and sevenpence. And it cost me eightpence to get there, and two and ninepence for my dinner out. Debit : one and tenpence and an evening. Credit : one little problem. After all, I did laugh. Probably, if they were measured by the cachinnometer, my laughs were as many as *Le Médecin malgré lui* or *Pay Day* had compelled from me. But those laughs have nothing whatever to do with each other ; they would not recognize each other in the street. One bubbles up from my vitals, takes hold of me like an atavism, and I am possessed. The other is just a trick of my physical body. It laughs, and I—I am thinking that a writer is expected to give a great deal better value for eight-and-six than the author of a modern play.

Now those two laughs begin to worry me. I have not settled with them; and I love, above all else, to have settled with things—even with bills, when I can afford it. What is it that makes the difference? What *is* it?

Then I begin to grope for the truth with vague phrases. The true comic attitude is adequate to life; it is comprehensive, it is profound. Very likely. But it will not do. I must find out more. When Aristophanes guys Socrates, when Falstaff pulls the leg of the world, when the long gamekeeper muses over Mr. Winkle's marksmanship, when Charlie Chaplin converted takes the offertory-box out of his trousers at the beginning of *Easy Street,* when Gogol's Tchitchikov appears, entering the provincial town of N.

> In the chaise sat a gentleman, not handsome but not bad-looking, not too stout and not too thin; it could not be said that he was old, neither could he be described as extremely young. His arrival in the town created no sensation whatever, and was not accompanied by anything remarkable—

when things like this begin to happen, something begins to happen to me. I feel that through these spectacles I could look at the world for ever: by their queer magic all the pain and cruelty of things would be blotted out.

And yet, I wonder. Is that really what I feel? No, it is something subtler. Before many moments are gone, I find myself, even while I laugh, feeling sorry for Mr. Winkle, terrified lest Charlie Chaplin should not escape from the hooligan, full of fears lest the rogue Tchitchikov should be publicly disgraced, and—strangest of all, perhaps—really apprehensive for Sir John Falstaff. He is running it too fine with the Lord Chief Justice; he will be shut up in the Tower; he will have his head cut off. And when people say, "What an artistic blunder to make Falstaff a pathetic figure at

the last ! " I feel that Shakespeare knew precisely what he was about. I suspect that Falstaff is supremely comic because the possibility of disaster is always hanging about him. He is rollicking along a tight-rope. So it is with Tchitchikov ; so with Charlie Chaplin, so with Bealby, so with Sganarelle. We are on their side. They are playing single-handed against the machine, against that order to which we have succumbed. They represent all that is rebellious and untamed and living in ourselves. They lie, they cheat, they steal, they do everything except inflict pain, and we applaud them from our hearts. We know that they have need of every pebble they can lay their hands on to sling against their Goliath. They have not the remotest chance of killing him. The most they can hope to do is throw a handful of dust in his eyes, or trip him up with a string, while they run for their little lives. Is a man to stick to Queensberry rules when he is fighting the scheme of things? The truly comic character cannot be a man of honour ; he would merely be a fool.

Is not this perhaps the clue to the mystery? The secret of comic laughter is the liberation of some vital spontaneity of act and word from all the mechanisms of control. We give, we long to give, the comic genius and his characters a licence to kick this prim and boring universe about, to put carpet-tacks in the seat of authority, and banana-skins in the paths of the planets —and we rush, when once it is started, to join in the game. And that anguished fear that the universe, tne authorities, and the planets may get their own back— is not that an essential part of the fascination and of the cause why we surrender ourselves with such hysterical abandon to comic laughter when the chance of it comes our way. We snatch at this chance of freedom. And the comic genius himself seems to snatch at it. He feels, perhaps more than we do, that the

shades of the prison-house are closing fast. Few comic geniuses have remained comic for long. Shakespeare dropped it suddenly; so did Dickens; Gogol could not keep it up even through a single book—he took a fright that carried him eventually to his death-bed. Perhaps Charlie Chaplin—— But no, the thought is too appalling. In a generation which has been brought up in the war as within the walls of a gaol, he alone has been able to escape and throw stones at the windows. There have been months, I verily believe, when he has done more than any living man to keep the soul of humanity alive. If he were to succumb, those many tiny ones who do not read Shakespeare or Dickens or Gogol, but who sit on the threepenny benches and jump in their seats and shriek "Good old Charlie!" the moment the hat and the trousers and the stick and the moustache wobble into sight, might never learn to laugh at all. But there is no cause for alarm. A new Chaplin film is promised for August. Then, sure that the dormant rebel against the whole silly scheme of things will be waked in me, sure, that is to say, of my reward of going-in—then, and not till then, I shall go out again.

MULTUM IN PARVO

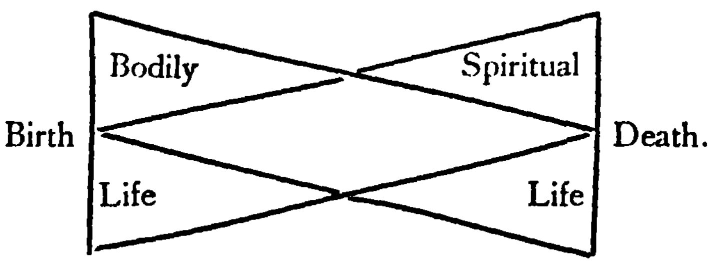
What Mr. Polly Might Have Been.—The devoted admirers of H. G. Wells's *Mr. Polly*—as innumerable, surely, as the laughter of the sea, and as distinguished as it is possible for a host to be (are we not all reckoned among them?)—will take a melancholy interest in learning that there might easily have been ten times as much of Mr. Polly as there actually is. When Wells was writing Mr. Polly's adventures, he felt—to use his own words—that "he could have gone on for ever." And not only did he feel that he could, but he wanted to. He had only to imagine new situations for his character—"which was easy"—and to describe Mr. Polly's reactions to them. Accordingly, he proposed to the publishers that they should issue *The Adventures of Mr. Polly* in parts, and that he should go on writing them until he was tired of his own creation. But the publishers were afraid; they had the fixed idea that Mr. Polly must be of a certain size to fit a certain series. And so we owe it to them that we have four hundred instead of four thousand pages of that delectable man.

Moreover, there is an odd element of coincidence in this sad story. For many of us *The Adventures of Mr. Polly* is the only thing in English literature to be compared with the Adventures of Mr. Pickwick. They are quite different; but they satisfy the same demands in our natures. They belong to the handful of masterpieces of the pure comic. *Pickwick* was published in parts, and by that device he conquered England and won a new audience for literature. Mr. Polly would certainly have reconquered it by the same means. Again, it stands on record that Dickens felt about Mr. Pickwick precisely what Wells felt about Mr. Polly—that he could go on with him for ever. It looks as

though this consciousness of inexhaustible fertility is essential to the finest comic writing. Yet I wonder whether Shakespeare felt the same about Falstaff. I have my doubts; or certainly I had them when last I made inquiry. I must look into it again. If the results are interesting, they shall be set out in these pages.

Tolstoy on the Meaning of Life.—In his book *Near Tolstoy*, recently published in Russian, A. B. Goldenweiser reports Tolstoy as saying in 1904:—

"When we look at our life in time as past and future we involuntarily link it into a chain of causes and effects; and from this point of view we are certainly not free. But in the actual present, which is out of time and beyond cause, the question does not and cannot arise. Man's life is a gradual liberation of the spiritual 'I' from the bodily envelope. To me the whole course of man's life appears like this drawing:



"At birth the bodily element is at its maximum. Spiritually we are infinitely small. Our subsequent life is a gradual process of bodily decay and spiritual growth and liberation. The life of the body, diminishing infinitely in death reaches zero. Spiritual life grows and finally liberates itself in death. Anyone who is at a certain point of spiritual growth, cannot be at the highest point at the same time, and therefore is not liable to judgment.

" When one comes to this conclusion, one begins to feel easy and free, knowing that there is not in men good and evil for which they can be condemned. Man cannot stand higher than his own conception of life. We must not condemn him, but try to liberate his spiritual ' I ' from its bodily fetters. And in this infinite liberation of the spiritual ' I ' is the meaning of life. It *is* ife."

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE RIVIERA.—The more you ook at the mountains there, the more you grow used o feeling that they are the bodies of huge animals. The backbone shows so plain against the sky, like that of a starved Behemoth ; his fur is mangy, the grey skin beneath shows through everywhere. Poor old Behemoth ! And then you begin to wonder why he is so patient, why he kneels there like a faithful camel. What if one day he stretched himself and yawned and shook his sides, gave them one weary little twitch, and all the stucco villas, and the roads, and the packthread of the telegraph wires, and the human vermin crawling everywhere—just tumbled off into the sea.

ANATOLE FRANCE ON RELATIVITY.—" Things in hemselves are neither large nor small, and when we say he universe is vast, it is an altogether human notion. f it were suddenly reduced to the size of a nut, with everything in proportion, we could not possibly perceive he change at all. The Pole star, enclosed in the nut ogether with ourselves, would still, as in the past, take ifty years to send us its light. And the earth, become ess than an atom, would be watered with the same amount of tears and blood with which it is watered o-day. What is wonderful, is not that the starry universe should be so vast, but that man should have neasured it.—*The Garden of Epicurus.*

A LOVELY THING.—The old cart-horses, who had dragged the caravans up to Hampstead Heath for the bank-holiday fair, were let loose in the evening to graze. Very slowly and ponderously, rather like elephants, they lowered themselves to the ground, forelegs first, and then rolled on their backs on the grass. It only lasted a few seconds, and it was done most solemnly. Then they got up again.

SHAKESPEARIAN ELOQUENCE.—" The world is struggling painfully towards the goal of a lasting peace. The road seems full of pitfalls. It may be visionary to suggest that the path would be straightened if the wayfarers would quaff more liberally that milk of human kindness with which Shakespeare's pages teem " (Sir Sidney Lee). Before we could decide we should require to know what they had been drinking before.

IN THE KREMLIN.—An aged Jew is trying to enter the Kremlin; but the guards refuse to let him pass. He insists. At least, if he can't be permitted to enter, let him be allowed to see Trotsky. Finally, Trotsky comes out to him and asks him why he is so anxious to get inside the Kremlin.

The aged Jew replies: " I feel death coming on, and I should like to die among my own people."

ENGLISH POETRY.—" La poésie anglaise qui est en somme la poésie " (René Boylesve). It is generous in a Frenchman to recognize the fact.

THE DEATH OF A HANDEL LEGEND.—There are many legends of Handel. A dozen years ago Mr. R. A. Streatfeild demolished some of them. Now Mr. Newman Flower, in his book *Handel: His Personality and Times* (Cassell, 21s.), seems finally to have disposed of one of the most attractive, one that makes a

pleasant reappearance on the programme every time there is a performance of the lovely *Water Music* at the Queen's Hall. The story, as everyone knows, is that Handel, fallen out of favour with George I., composed the *Water Music* and had it played from a boat which followed the Royal barge. The king was charmed—as well he might be—and Handel restored to favour and a pension. It was a pretty story, and one that did unexpected credit to the king who did not know how the apple got into the dumpling. But, alas! Mr. Flower has found a report of the Prussian Envoy in London which says that the music was composed in 1717—two years too late for the story.

Seen in Passing.—Over the window of a squalid rag-and-bone shop near the Theobald's Road: "The Granville Exchange and Commission Agency."

In an advertisement of the Palladium in a Tube lift: "Tubby Edlin: The Man who made H.M. the Queen laugh."

Did the Disciples know Shorthand? By John Robert Clegg. (From an advertisement of *The Woman's Magazine*.)

This Month's Problem.—The following question requires no mathematics. No calculations are necessary, merely clear-headedness.

A vessel A contains milk. A vessel B contains water. A spoonful of milk is taken from A and put into B and thoroughly mixed with the water. A spoonful of the mixture is put into A. What is the ratio of the volume of water in A to the volume of milk in B?

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ADVENTURES IN THE NEAR EAST. By Lt.-Col. and Commander A. Rawlin son. (Melrose.) 25s. net.

THE ADELPHI, printed by LOXLEY BROTHERS LIMITED, Whitefriars House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. 4; and published for the Proprietors, by BRITISH PERIODICALS LIMITED, 12, Cursitor Street, London, E.C. 4.

The Adelphi

1/- 1/-

EDITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURR'

CONTENTS

The Editor of THE ADELPHI *will be pleased at all times to consider MSS. if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility, however, is accepted for MSS. submitted. Communications for the Editor and MSS. should be addressed to The Editor,* THE ADELPHI, 18, *York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C. 2.*

The Subscrption Rate for THE ADELPHI *is* 13/6 *per annum post free to any address. Subscriptions should be addressed to The Publisher,* THE ADELPHI, *British Periodicals Limited,* 12, *Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C. 4.*

Advertisement copy and all communications relating to the advertisement pages should be sent to the Advertisement Manager, THE ADELPHI, *British Periodicals Limited,* 12, *Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C. 4, to whom applications for Advertisement Rates should be made.*

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The Adelphi

VOL. I. NO. 3. AUGUST, 1923

RELIGION AND FAITH

By John Middleton Murry

WE live in worlds of our own. For long times—days, weeks, months—we may believe that our world is shared by others; that others judge as we judge, imagine as we imagine, respond as we respond, that the same things jar and the same things delight their hearts as ours. We are inveterate optimists—or is it that we have an invincible fear of ultimate loneliness?—and we make haste towards the comfort of believing that truth is as universally current as a Treasury Note, and sincerity as apparent to all men as the Pole Star.

Of course, it is a foolish way of going on; there is no excuse for it, unless as an expression of our invincible faith in a millennium. Experience—wise old nurse to whom we never listen—is quite positive about its foolishness. She tells us we are heading for the crash. Our ears are deaf to her warnings; we go blindly on. The lover still persuades himself that the thought of the beloved is as his own, until one day she utters, in the voice of intimate comprehension that is itself the evidence that no misunderstanding between *them* could ever be, an enormity the more enormous because she does not know it is one. Baudelaire, Tchehov, Katherine Mansfield—each has written an immortal story upon this theme. It is quintessential; that is why they chose it.

> "Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
> Doch bleibt sie immer neu."

And it came, with all the shock of novelty, though I have been through it a thousand times in a thousand disguises, to me the other day. It began by my receiving a letter from the Westminster Catholic Association protesting against the essay by Mr. D. H. Lawrence on "Education and Sex." The conclusion of the essay, said the letter, was a studied insult to the Christian religion; it passed the comprehension of the Association how the editor of a responsible review could have allowed it to appear. As Shakespeare said—and nobody quite knows what he meant—it was a cooling card. It would have been positively glacial had it not come from an Association. But for some odd reason I can never take associations, federations, leagues, committees, societies, academies, and other bodies corporate quite seriously. They are so depersonalized that they seem to lose half the quality of real existence. So that I had some difficulty in restraining myself from replying simply that THE ADELPHI was not a responsible review. For indeed it is not, if that upholstered phrase means what it seems in practice to mean. A "responsible review"—as far as my experience goes—is one that takes care not to offend anybody; and the only way to offend nobody is to be nothing and to say nothing. In which the "responsible review" is generally successful.

However, I did not make this reply to the Association. I simply said that if I had thought Mr. Lawrence's article contained a studied insult to Christianity I would not have printed it. No sooner had I sent the answer than I received another letter which affected me very differently. Here it is:—

> "May I, at the risk of being thought very old-fashioned and narrow, protest against your admitting into your most delightful magazine sneers at the Founder of the Christian

> religion such as Mr. D. H. Lawrence's remark on p. 136? I don't think you can really want to drive out from the circle of your readers the thousands of people who are alienated by this sort of thing. I suppose that every one of us has at some time or another rebelled against or even blasphemed God, but the average Christian is not much perturbed by that. It is like men throwing stones at a star. But if the star comes down to earth—if, as we Christians believe, God delivered himself into our hands, then it does send cold shivers down the spine to find such an attitude among those from whom we were hoping to receive a new gleam of light upon our difficult path. . . . Criticize Christians as much as you like, and also—but in a more reverent spirit—the Christian religion, but don't let your contributors spit in the face of Jesus Christ."

That letter moves me; there is a simple sincerity about it that is exquisite. To alienate such a reader would be for me a personal disaster. I can do no less than try to explain.

It seems to me that the essence of the truly religious attitude is to be serious about life. (Let me say, once for all, that to be serious is not to be solemn.) The man who seeks, with the whole force of his being, a way of life which shall be in harmony with his own deepest experience, is the religious man. It does not matter whether he finds a way of life that is in accord with any known religion. There are two things, and two things alone, which distinguish the truly religious man—the passionate search for a way of life, or the truth, as some may prefer to call it; and the loyalty to his own experience by which that search is governed. The religious man—and perhaps this distinction has become obscured in these Laodicean days—takes nothing on trust; he abides by his own experience, and by his own instinctive knowledge of what is truest and most profound in that experience. The religious man lives, or tries to live, not by faith, but by knowledge. But what he knows he does not learn by his intellect alone. If you desire to call his knowledge faith, you

may ; but it is better not to. It is much better to face the fact that the highest, the truest, the most permanent kind of knowledge is not rational—neither is it irrational—it is just knowledge.

Faith, as I understand it, is a different thing altogether. Faith is the attitude of mind of the man who can accept such knowledge only when it is formulated. But the essence of this knowledge is that it is not formulable ; it can be conveyed, it can be presented, but it cannot be formulated. The dogma of the Trinity, for example, is an attempted formulation of man's knowledge of God. I do not believe that anyone who has known God has ever needed it. Whether it has ever helped anyone to know God, I cannot say : but I wonder. The attitude of mind of the man who can believe in God only by believing in the Trinity is what I call faith. For me, personally, faith (as I have tried to define it) is of little account. I believe that it has fettered humanity ; it has hampered the advance of true knowledge and sanctified all manner of evil and cruel things. It can easily become a blasphemy against the human spirit which can only truly live by loyalty to its own experience.

Nothing, it seems to me, can be more irreligious than faith. It was faith that moved Mr. G. K. Chesterton to make the most profoundly irreligious criticism that has been made in my time : when he wrote of Thomas Hardy's work that it reminded him of "the village atheist brooding over the village idiot." It is one of those things that cannot be forgiven. We do not, thank heaven, get much of it in England ; but in France and those countries where Catholic polemists flourish, where it is a mark of intellectual high spirits to go to Mass on Sunday and behave like a Yahoo for the rest of the week, remarks of this kind are frequently thought witty. If such a thing were to creep into this paper, it would be better to close it down the day after.

For Thomas Hardy and Anton Tchehov are the two truly religious writers of our time. Both of them are called pessimistic, simply because the kind of people who can conceive religion only in terms of dogmatic formulae can see in a great writer's work only the mechanism of revelation; they are blind to the thing revealed. But the man who can read Hardy without being exalted by the courage and steadfastness of his vision, or Tchehov without being thrilled by the beauty of all earthly things which his delicate fingers discover, has very little of true religion in him, though he may be crammed to the bursting-point with faith. Like turns to like; and the man who has come to hate the lie in his own soul and to make what war on it he can, is bound to respond to the work of men, like Hardy and Tchehov, who have killed the lie in themselves, if indeed it ever existed in them. There is no falseness in their souls or in their writings, but only purity. Even though they may never have known it, they themselves are an answer to the question which troubled them. In the very manner of *their* asking: Does God exist? God is manifest.

I use the word God and tremble. I cannot for ever be defining what I mean. As it is I fill up far too much room in this small magazine. I am not a Christian, I am not anything, but I have been forced to the conclusion that I am religious. I would gladly leave it at that. But (let us assume it is simply because I am religious) I am frightened of being misunderstood. To step an inch beyond my own knowledge is intolerable to me. I don't mind in the least when clever people say I have been converted, or as one did the other day, that I was running a Salvation Army and that he knew all about it; he had seen that kind of thing happen before. If he really did know all about it, I think he would write rather differently—for he is a writer. He would probably find it a little harder to say the irresponsible things

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RELIGION AND FAITH

For Thomas Hardy and Anton Tchehov are the two truly religious writers of our time. Both of them are called pessimistic, simply because the kind of people who can conceive religion only in terms of dogmatic formulae can see in a great writer's work only the mechanism of revelation; they are blind to the thing revealed. But the man who can read Hardy without being exalted by the courage and steadfastness of his vision, or Tchehov without being thrilled by the beauty of all earthly things which his delicate fingers discover, has very little of true religion in him, though he may be crammed to the bursting-point with faith. Like turns to like; and the man who has come to hate the lie in his own soul and to make what war on it he can, is bound to respond to the work of men, like Hardy and Tchehov, who have killed the lie in themselves, if indeed it ever existed in them. There is no falseness in their souls or in their writings, but only purity. Even though they may never have known it, they themselves are an answer to the question which troubled them. In the very manner of *their* asking: Does God exist? God is manifest.

I use the word God and tremble. I cannot for ever be defining what I mean. As it is I fill up far too much room in this small magazine. I am not a Christian, I am not anything, but I have been forced to the conclusion that I am religious. I would gladly leave it at that. But (let us assume it is simply because I am religious) I am frightened of being misunderstood. To step an inch beyond my own knowledge is intolerable to me. I don't mind in the least when clever people say I have been converted, or as one did the other day, that I was running a Salvation Army and that he knew all about it; he had seen that kind of thing happen before. If he really did know all about it, I think he would write rather differently—for he is a writer. He would probably find it a little harder to say the irresponsible things

may; but it is better not to. It is much better to face the fact that the highest, the truest, the most permanent kind of knowledge is not rational—neither is it irrational—it is just knowledge.

Faith, as I understand it, is a different thing altogether. Faith is the attitude of mind of the man who can accept such knowledge only when it is formulated. But the essence of this knowledge is that it is not formulable; it can be conveyed, it can be presented, but it cannot be formulated. The dogma of the Trinity, for example, is an attempted formulation of man's knowledge of God. I do not believe that anyone who has known God has ever needed it. Whether it has ever helped anyone to know God, I cannot say: but I wonder. The attitude of mind of the man who can believe in God only by believing in the Trinity is what I call faith. For me, personally, faith (as I have tried to define it) is of little account. I believe that it has fettered humanity; it has hampered the advance of true knowledge and sanctified all manner of evil and cruel things. It can easily become a blasphemy against the human spirit which can only truly live by loyalty to its own experience.

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he does say, so charming and so untrue; he would be a little more certain than he actually is about the difference between a big writer and a little one; he would know, in short, a little more about his own job, for he is a literary critic. It does not matter in the least that he should be content to dismiss me as the founder of a new Salvation Army—it does not matter, that is, so far as I am concerned. But I think it matters a good deal to him; for it is a minor test of his own discrimination. I hope he is satisfied with the result; I am.

I am not afraid of using the word God because of him or those he represents; but I am nervous of misrepresenting myself to those to whom the word is part of a scheme. What I mean by God is not the God of those who have what I mean by faith. When I say that God is manifest in the tone and manner in which a Hardy or a Tchehov asks "Does God exist?" I mean that the very impulse which drives such men to that utter honesty we feel in their work, is mysterious. Why is it that they *cannot* tell lies? Why is it that they *must* be loyal to their experience, and therefore to humanity? Why is it that their metal is so fine and sensitive that they instinctively obey the monition of John Donne:

> Let falsehood like a discord anger you?

And the only answer I can give that satisfies me is that they acknowledge, somewhere, somehow, an allegiance to the hidden universe, therefore they command our own allegiance; they are governed by a reality which is beyond reality, therefore we are governed by them.

There is more, much more, to be said about this matter; but there is no room to say it. I must return to the question of Mr. Lawrence's article, with the faint hope that what I have said may be enough to make clear what I am going to say now. Whether the statement that Christ was "a failure" is a sneer at Christianity or not depends wholly on how it is said, in the last resort upon who says it. If it is said by a man

who is engaged, with all the force of his being, in the search for a way of life, it becomes not merely not a sneer but a word of import, to be understood. Mr. Lawrence is such a man. It is, to my mind, impossible to read either of the essays we have published, without realizing this. Their validity, the quality of being which produced them, is writ large in their substance. They are alive, not with the spurious vitality of modern journalism, but with an enduring spirit; it is the voice of a real person we hear in them. Mr. Lawrence is seeking a way of life; he began the search when he began to write: he has never paused. That is why he is become, since Katherine Mansfield's death, incomparably the most important English writer of his generation.

And precisely because of this what he writes must be read not with the mind of faith but in the spirit of religion. In spite of (more truly, because of) its gaiety it is extremely serious. He says, in fact, that Christ, in so far as He offered humanity a way of life, was a failure. Where is the sneer in this; where the irreverence? Is it not even true? What had Christ to tell us of that tremendous problem—the relation between a man and a woman? Is it the less real to us because Christ did not face it, any more than Dostoevsky's recreation of Christ in Myshkin could face it? I myself believe (though possibly Mr. Lawrence does not) that Christ was the greatest human being of whom record remains; and that of all men whom we know He had most of the divine in Him, as I have tried to describe this mysterious element. But to say that He supplied an answer to all the questions we in our living lives have to solve is to say the thing which is not.

But, just because He did supply the answer to many questions, and revealed many mysteries, anyone who takes life seriously is bound to take Him seriously also. He returns again and again to command our hearts. And to take Him seriously, for some of us, means to

decide as honestly as we can between that part of His message which is of eternal validity and that part which is mortal as He was.

In saying that I have perhaps again offended. I cannot help it. I do not think it is possible for those who believe that Christ was a man of like passions with themselves to avoid offending those who believe He was wholly divine. But I do not believe that those to whom "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" is the most poignant cry in history, a confession of final failure wrung from the lips of the rarest spirit that ever inhabited a human body—are less reverent to religion than those to whom such words are blasphemy. There is more than one way of making Christ real to oneself; and I think that Mr. Lawrence's is a necessary way at this point of time.

When, therefore, Mr. Lawrence insists that Christ was a failure and that His words tell us nothing on a question of such vital concern to us as the relation between a man and a woman, he is doing no less than his plain duty. He is not sneering at Christ; he is regarding Christ as a present reality; it is faith that he offends, not religion. I shall be accused of paradox if I say that his two essays are the most profoundly religious contributions that have been made to this magazine; but since I believe it, I will say it. Moreover, I will say this: I believe that faith must be offended if we are to have any real religion in this generation. Nevertheless, although I believe all these things, I am sorry that anything in this magazine should have given pain to one who has both religion and faith. I am sorry, too, that I cannot promise it shall never happen again. I also have my religion and my loyalty; it includes a conviction of Mr. Lawrence's sincerity and significance. It must be left to the future to decide whether I shall live for ever wholly in a world of my own.

A DISTINGUISHED SWEDE

A Distinguished Swede : An Apology.—I have received a letter from Mr. Tor Hedberg, one of the Swedish delegates at the P.E.N. Club dinner, in which, while accepting the reference of the story to himself made apparently by the Swedish Press, he denies absolutely that he made the remark concerning Mr. Hardy attributed to him (though not by name) in the June number of this magazine. I accept his disclaimer without any reserve, and offer him my sincere apology.

I am also assured on good authority that I am wrong in saying, as I said in the July number, that Mr. Hedberg is a member of the Nobel Prize Committee. Mr. Hedberg is a member of the Swedish Academy, but not of that committee of its members which awards the Nobel Prize. Had I not believed that he was, I should never have published the original paragraph. It is clear to me that some remark of Mr. Hedberg's was, in all good faith, misinterpreted by his listeners. And I regret exceedingly that I should have been instrumental in turning a meeting of a club devoted to international amity into an occasion of international dissension.

Since I wrote the above, a letter from Mr. Hedberg's fellow-delegate, Mr. Grunius, has been published in the *Times,* which introduces a new and undesirable element into an incident that had far better be closed. In his letter, Mr. Grunius very plainly suggests that the story was *invented* by Mr. Hedberg's listeners in order to punish Mr. Hedberg for not sufficiently admiring some other writer, who was not Mr. Hardy. Such a suggestion is absolutely without foundation, and I can only say that Mr. Grunius has most indiscreetly gone beyond his brief on his friend's behalf in making it.

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD

By Katherine Mansfield

Butterfly Laughter

In the middle of our porridge plates
There was a blue butterfly painted,
And each morning we tried who could reach the butterfly first.
Then the Grandmother said "Do not eat the poor butterfly."
That made us laugh.
Always she said it and always it started us laughing.
It seemed such a sweet little joke.
I was certain that one fine morning
The butterfly would fly out of the plates,
Laughing the teeniest laugh in the world,
And perch on the Grandmother's lap.

Little Brother's Secret

When my birthday was coming
Little Brother had a secret.
He kept it for days and days
And just hummed a little tune when I asked him.
But one night it rained
And I woke up and heard him crying;
Then he told me.
"I planted two lumps of sugar in your garden
Because you love it so frightfully.
I thought there would be a whole sugar tree for your birthday.
And now it will be all melted."
Oh, the darling!

The Candle

By my bed, on a little round table
The Grandmother placed a candle.
She gave me three kisses saying they were three dreams
And tucked me in just where I loved being tucked.
Then she went out of the room and the door was shut.
I lay still, waiting for my three dreams to talk;
But they were silent.
Suddenly I remembered giving her three kisses back.
Perhaps, by mistake, I had given my three little dreams.
I sat up in bed.
The room grew big, oh, bigger far than a church;
The wardrobe, quite by itself, as big as a house,
And the jug on the washstand smiled at me.
It was not a friendly smile.
I looked at the basket-chair where my clothes lay folded:
The chair gave a creak as though it were listening for something.
Perhaps it was coming alive and going to dress in my clothes.
But the awful thing was the window:
I could not think what was outside.
No tree to be seen, I was sure,
No nice little plant or friendly pebbly path.
Why did she pull the blind down every night?
It was better to know.
I crunched my teeth and crept out of bed,
I peeped through a slit of the blind.
There was nothing at all to be seen
But hundreds of friendly candles all over the sky
In remembrance of frightened children.
I went back to bed. . . .
The three dreams started singing a little song.

Little Brother's Story

We sat in front of the fire;
Grandmother was in the rocking-chair doing her knitting
And Little Brother and I were lying down flat.
" Please tell us a story, Grandmother," we said.
But she put her head on one side and began counting the stitches.
" *Suppose you tell me one instead.*"
I made up one about a spotted tiger
That had a knot in his tail;
But though *I* liked this about the knot
I did not know why it was put there.
So I said: " Little Brother's turn."
" *I know a perfect story,*" *he cried, waving his hands.*
Grandmother laid down her knitting.
" Do tell us, dear."
" Once upon a time there was a bad little girl,
And her Mummy gave her the slipper, and that's all."
It was not a very special story.
But we pretended to be very pleased
And Grandmother gave him jumps on her lap.

When I was a Bird

I climbed up the karaka tree
Into a nest all made of leaves
But soft as feathers.
I made up a song that went on singing all by itself
And hadn't any words, but got sad at the end.
There were daisies in the grass under the tree.
I said just to try them:
" I'll bite off your heads and give them to my little children to eat."

But they didn't believe I was a bird;
They stayed quite open.
The sky was like a blue nest with white feathers
And the sun was like a mother bird keeping it warm.
That's what my song said, though it hadn't any words.
Little Brother came up the path, wheeling his barrow.
I made my dress into wings and kept very quiet.
When he was quite near, I said: "Sweet, sweet!"
For a moment he looked quite startled;
Then he said: "Pooh, you're not a bird; I can see your legs."
But the daisies didn't really matter,
And Little Brother didn't really matter;
I felt *just* like a bird.

The Man with a Wooden Leg

There was a man lived quite near us;
He had a wooden leg and a goldfinch in a green cage.
His name was Farkey Anderson,
And he'd been in a war to get his leg.
We were very sad about him,
Because he had such a beautiful smile
And was such a big man to live in a very small house.
When he walked on the road his leg did not matter so much;
But when he walked in his little house
It made an ugly noise.
Little Brother said his goldfinch sang the loudest of all birds
So that he should not hear his poor leg
And feel too sorry about it.

THE PAIN

By Pauline Smith

ALL their married, childless life of nearly fifty years Juriaan van Royen and his wife Deltje had lived in the Aangenaam valley in lands that he hired from Mijnheer van der Wenter of Vergelegen.

His lands lay an hour by foot from the Vergelegen homestead, on a little plateau on the mountain side facing the north and the sun. The soil was poor and thin, and of all the poor men working hired lands in the Aangenaam valley Juriaan was one of the poorest. He was a tall, thin, loosely built man, slow and quiet in his speech, and slow and quiet in his movements. His lanky dust-coloured hair, fading with age instead of turning grey, and worn long like a Tak-Haar Boer's from the Transvaal, gave him a wild and unkempt look that seemed but to accentuate his gentleness of heart. For his wife Deltje his tenderness had increased with age, and lately, with her pain. The little old woman, plump and round, with skin as soft and smooth as a child's, and a quiet never-failing cheerfulness of spirit in spite of her pain, was dearer to him now than she had been as his bride. As his bride she had come to him up in the mountains from the harsh service of Mevrouw du Toit of Leeuw Kraal with but the clothes she wore and her Bible tied up in a red and white handkerchief. Mevrouw's eyes had been weak, and to save her Mistress's eyes Deltje as a bond-child had been taught to read. Juriaan could neither read nor write, and when on their marriage night Deltje had opened her Bible and read to him it had seemed to him that no music in all the

world could be so beautiful as this. In old age her voice had become thin as a bird's, but her reading was still beautiful to him. Their years of poverty, which might have embittered them, their childlessness, which might have driven them apart, had but drawn them closer together, and it was together that they now faced Deltje's pain. And to them both, because all their lives they had been healthy, Deltje's pain was like a thing apart : a mysterious and powerful third person who for incomprehensible reasons clutched at Deltje's side and forced her to lie helpless for hours on the low wooden bedstead in the little bedroom.

The three-roomed mud-walled house in which the old couple lived stood close to a small stream behind a row of peach-trees. Every year from these trees they took a thank-offering of dried fruit to the Thanksgiving at Harmonie, and year by year they had beaten the stones of the peaches into the earthen floor of the living-room. Every morning Deltje sprinkled this floor with clear water from the stream and swept it with a stiff besom. The floors of the kitchen and bedroom she smeared regularly with a mixture of cow-dung and ashes called *mist*. The little house smelt always of *mist*, of strong black coffee, the beans of which were ground with peas to make it go further, and of griddle cakes baked in the ashes of the open fire in the kitchen.

The living-room, with its three chairs strung with thongs of leather, its table scrubbed a bright yellow with the yellow-bush that grew on the mountain side, and its gaily painted waggon-box, was a small square room with a half-door opening on to the yard behind the peach-trees. This was the only door the house possessed, for the doorways between the living-room and the kitchen and the living-room and the bedroom were empty. The partition wall, like the outer walls built of mud, did not go up to the reed-and-thatch roof, but ended, within reach, in a flat ledge on which pumpkins, twisted rolls

of tobacco, little bags of seed, bars of home-made soap and water-candles, and various odds and ends were stored. From the rafters hung cobs of dried mealies, and just outside the door was the worn mealie-stamper, cut out of a tree-trunk and shaped like an hour-glass in which the mealies were pounded into meal. There was one window, in the wall opposite the half-door. It had no glass, and was closed by an unpainted wooden shutter. Built into the wall between the living-room and the bedroom were three small shelves, and here Deltje kept their few treasures: her Bible, two cups and saucers, thick and heavy, with roses like red cabbages around them, a little pink mug, with "A Present for a Good Girl" in letters of gold on one side of the handle, and a golden Crystal Palace on the other, a green and red-crocheted wool mat, a black-bordered funeral card in memory of Mijnheer van der Wenter's mother, an ostrich egg, and a small box, lined with blue satin and covered with rows of little shells round an inch-square mirror. This was the pride of their simple hearts, and these, after fifty years of life together, were their treasures.

It was on the upper shelf of the window-cupboard that for over a year now Deltje had kept the little bottles of "Grandmother's Drops" which, from time to time, Juriaan had got for her from the Jew-woman's store at Harmonie, for the pain in her side. At first the drops had seemed definitely to relieve Deltje's pain, to baffle the mysterious third person who caused it, and even when the attacks became more frequent and more violent the faith of both Deltje and Juriaan had persisted because of the printed word on the wrapper. But in the month of January Juriaan's faith at last was shaken. In that month of long hot days there came a succession of attacks which exhausted all the remaining drops and left Deltje weak and helpless as an infant on the low wooden bed. And leaving her there Juriaan

went down in haste to the Jew-woman's store at Harmonie.

When Juriaan reached the little white-washed store, with the sign " Winkel " printed crookedly with a blue-bag over its door, he found there Piet Deiselmann, the transport-rider between Platkops dorp and Princestown village. Piet Deiselmann, eager, impetuous, a Platkops man who was full of pride for Dutch Platkops and contempt for English Princestown, was speaking to the old Jew-woman and her grandson of the new hospital which had lately been opened in Platkops dorp, and of which Juriaan up in the mountains had never heard before. The hospital was the first to be built in the Little Karroo, and it was Dutch Platkops that had built it. In Princestown, said Piet Deiselmann contemptuously, men might still die by hundreds for want of a hospital, but in Platkops there was now no need to suffer pain. One went to the Platkops hospital so ill that one had to be carried there, and one left it leaping and praising the Lord.

All that Piet Deiselmann said of the hospital filled Juriaan, with Deltje's damp twisted face always before him, with a strange agitation of hope, wonder, and fear. For long he dared not speak. But at last, in a voice that quavered and broke, he asked :

" And must a man then be rich to go to the hospital in Platkops dorp ? "

" Rich ! " cried Piet Deiselmann. " Rich ? Let a man be so poor as he can be to live and at the hospital they will take him in."

" Our Father ! " said Juriaan in wonder. " Our Father ! " And it was as if, staring at the transport-rider, he already saw Deltje, her round, soft, childish face alight with joy, leaping and praising the Lord on the hospital *stoep*.

Juriaan went back to the mountains and found Deltje as he had left her on the feather bed. He poured out

ome drops for her, made some strong black coffee and ›rought it to her with a little black bread, and then itting down on a low stool by her side spoke of the ıospital in Platkops dorp. All that Piet Deiselmann ıad said he repeated, and in his slow quiet speech everyhing Piet Deiselmann had said seemed to gain a greater ignificance. And holding Deltje's hand in his, he told er how he would put the feather bed in the ox-cart, and is reed and canvas tent over the cart, and his love, his eart, the joy of his life, would lie there like a bird in s nest; and so carefully as if it were the very Ark of ıe Lord that he were driving he would take her in to ıe hospital in Platkops dorp and her pain would be ured. . . He spoke as Piet Deiselmann had done of ıen leaping and praising the Lord, and so great was ow their faith in everything that Piet Deiselmann had aid that it was as if within their old and worn bodies ıeir hearts were already leaping and praising Him.

Early the next morning the old man began his prearations for the journey. He went first up to the kraal n the mountain side where Jafta Nicodemus, the 'ergelegen shepherd, kept his master's flocks, and it 'as settled that for some rolls of tobacco Jafta would ıke charge of his goats and his hens. His lands he ıust leave to God. He went back to the house, and retching an old sail-cloth across a bamboo frame fixed ıis tent to his ox-cart. Under the cart he tied the big lack kettle and the three-legged pot which were their ıly cooking utensils. He filled a small water-cask om the stream and tied that also below the cart. He rought out the painted waggon-box and fixed it in front f the cart for a seat. In the box was their small store f provisions: biltong, a small bag of coffee, a kid-skin ıll of dried rusks, meal for griddle cakes, and the salted bs of a goat recently killed. Behind the cart he tied ›me bundles of forage, and below the forage dangled a ›lding stool. On the floor of the cart he spread the

feather bed, pillows and blankets for Deltje's nest.

When all was ready, and the two plough-oxen were inspanned, Deltje came out to the cart. She wore her black calico Sacrament gown and sunbonnet, and on her stockingless feet were veldschoen which Juriaan himself had made for her. She carried in her hand a red cotton handkerchief, sprinkled with white moons, in which were her Bible, the Present for a Good Girl, and the little satin-lined shell-covered box. Excitement, or the drops, had eased for the time her pain, and her round, smooth, innocent face was alight with her faith in the Almighty, her faith in the hospital, and her faith in Juriaan. And as Juriaan helped her into the cart he called her again by those tender, beautiful, and endearing names which were the natural expression of his love.

The journey to Platkops dorp by ox-cart from Vergelegen took three nights and the greater part of three days. They travelled slowly because of Deltje's pain, and with frequent outspans to rest their oxen. From Vergelegen to Harmonie all was familiar to them, but not for many years had they been further afield than Harmonie, and even in the blazing January heat the straight grey road through the brown parched veld, with far-lying homesteads in bare parched lands, was full of interest to them. At night, when the oxen moved steadily forward with a rhythm that the darkness accented, or when they outspanned and the flames of Juriaan's fire danced to the stars above them, their hearts were filled with a quiet content. And before them, day and night, they saw not the grey stone building which Piet Deiselmann had described, but a golden wonder like the Crystal Palace on Deltje's mug. And to this golden wonder, this haven of refuge for the sick and suffering, they clung with unwavering faith through those desperate hours when Deltje, like some gentle dumb animal, lay damp and twisted in the sweat and agony of her pain.

It was towards midday on the fourth day of their journey that they reached Platkops dorp, a long straggling village on the east bank of the Ghamka River. Its low, whitewashed thatched houses stood back from the wide Hoeg Straat in gardens or green lands sloping down to the river. The street was lined with poplars, willows, and giant eucalyptus trees, and one looked up this green avenue to the Zwartkops Mountains or down it to the Teniquotas. North, south, east and west the Platkops plain was bounded by mountain ranges, and the village lay in the heart of the plain. The hospital was the only building on the west bank of the river, and was one of the few houses built of stone. It had as yet no trees, no garden, and no green lands around it, but stood, grey and new, with even its yard unenclosed, in the open veld. It did not look in the least like the Crystal Palace on Deltje's mug, but faith, hope, and the tears which dimmed their eyes as they came within sight of it made that bare building, surrounded by a wide *stoep*, beautiful to the old couple. They crossed the river by the nearest drift and drove slowly across the veld towards it.

When Juriaan and Deltje reached the hospital steps the building was already closed and shuttered for the midday heat, and beyond the creaking of the ox-cart, and the slow "Our Father! Our Father!" breathed by the old man as he gazed around him, all was silence. The closed doors and shutters, the empty *stoep*, upon which they had expected to see men and women, cured of their pain, leaping and praising God, did not shake their faith, as the faith of others might have been shaken, in Piet Deiselmann's report. That burning midday silence was for them but the Peace of God, and with the unquestioning patience of poverty and old age they awaited in it whatever was to befall them.

It was the Matron who, half an hour later, found the ox-cart at the *stoep* steps. The Matron was a kindly,

capable, middle-aged woman who spoke both English and Dutch. Juriaan, holding his soft, wide-brimmed hat in his hand, answered her questions humbly. He was Juriaan van Royen, seventy-five years old, working lands on Mijnheer van der Wenter's farm of Vergelegen in the Aangenaam valley, and in the cart there, in a nest that he had made for her of the feather bed and pillows, was his wife Deltje, seventy years, come to be cured of the pain in her side. . .

The Matron turned from the old man, so wild and unkempt, so humble and so gentle, to the patient suffering little old woman seated with her bundle on the feather bed. With Juriaan's help she lifted Deltje out of the cart, and together the old couple followed her up the steps to her office. Here she left them, and in that quiet darkened room they sat on a couch together like children, hand in hand. They did not speak, but now and then the old man, drawing his wife towards him, would whisper that she was his dove, his pearl, his rose of the mountains, and the light of his eyes.

When the Matron returned she brought with her a young pleasant-faced nurse. Nurse Robert, she explained, would take Deltje to the women's ward, and here, on his afternoon round, the Doctor would examine her. Juriaan, she said, must await the Doctor's report, and had better drive his cart round to the side of the hospital and outspan. Afterwards he might go back to his lands in the Aangenaam valley, or across the river to his friends in Platkops dorp. . . It was now that for the first time the old couple realised that the hospital was to part them, and that Deltje's cure was not to be immediate. God knows what the little old woman thought as, clinging to the red and white handkerchief which held her Bible, her mug, and her shell-covered box, she was led meekly away by the nurse; but for Juriaan it was as if the end of the world had come. Stunned and shaken, groping his way like a man sud-

denly blinded in paths that are strange to him, he went out into the dazzling sunshine and outspanned.

It was not until after coffee-time—but the old man had had no heart for coffee-making—that Juriaan was sent for to the Matron's office, where the Doctor was waiting for him. The Doctor was an Englishman, and that he had settled in Dutch Platkops when he might have settled in English Princestown was a fact never forgotten by Platkops and never forgiven by Princestown. With the old man standing humbly before him he explained now, in slow careful Dutch, the nature of Deltje's pain. It was a bad pain. Such a pain in a younger woman might perhaps be cured, but for an old woman there was no cure, only a treatment that for a time might ease it. If Juriaan would leave his wife for some weeks in the hospital all that could be done for her the Doctor would do, and it might be that after some weeks she would be well enough to go back again to the Aangenaam valley. It was for Juriaan himself to say whether she should stay, and it was for Juriaan to say whether, in the meantime, he would go back to his lands on the mountain side or to his friends in Platkops dorp.

The old man thanked the Doctor, and in the quiet measured speech which gave weight and dignity to all he said, answered that if it was in the hospital that the Doctor could ease Deltje's pain it was in the hospital that she must stay. As for himself, he could not go back to the Aangenaam valley without his love, his life, his dear one. Nor could he go to his friends in Platkops dorp, for he had none there. He was a stranger to Platkops dorp. All his life had he lived on the mountain side in the Aangenaam valley, and fifty years had his little dove lived with him. If it was not the will of the Lord that she should be cured of her pain, let the Doctor do what he could to ease it, and let him, of his goodness and mercy, give Juriaan leave to camp out in the veld by

the hospital to be near her until he could take her home. . .

The Doctor turned to the Matron and said briefly: "Let him stay. Take him to her."

Juriaan followed the Matron out of the office down a long bare passage, which ended in a long, bare, bright room. In this room were six narrow white beds. By the side of each bed was a well-scrubbed locker, and above each bed hung a plain white card. The floor was as white as were the lockers, and this bright, bare cleanliness was all that at first the old man could grasp. Presently he saw that in three of the beds were women, wearing little white frilled caps that made them look like babies. And slowly it dawned upon him that one of these women, one of these babies, was Deltje.

At the sight of Deltje's smooth, round, innocent face set off so oddly by the little frilled cap, Juriaan forgot the strangeness of that strange room, forgot the white-capped heads in the other beds, forgot the Matron standing by his side. He saw only his love, his joy, his treasure. And kneeling down by her side he drew her two brown hands into his and held them close against his breast.

That night, for the first time since their marriage, Juriaan and Deltje lay apart. For the old man there was neither rest nor sleep. For long he watched the lights in Platkops dorp twinkling across the river, and for long after those lights died out he watched the stars above him. He lay now on the feather bed in the cart, and now on the hard ground beneath it. He wandered like a ghost round the silent hospital buildings and came back to the ox-cart with a pain that brought tears to his eyes, though he could trace it to no definite part of his body whatever. He did not now cry "Our Father! Our Father!" for help. The silence of the night, the silence of the grey stone building which held his little dove, his pearl, was still for him the silence of the Peace

of God. But it was of a God withdrawn as if for ever from his reach.

For Deltje, too, the night was endless. For the first time in her life she lay, not in her shift and petticoats on a feather bed, but in a cotton nightgown on a narrow mattress. The unaccustomed freedom of her limbs made that narrow bed wide and empty as a desert to her. And when she slept, in short broken snatches between attacks of pain, it was to dream that Juriaan lay dead by her side and that she pressed against his cold body for comfort and warmth in vain. When morning came it was not the pain in Deltje's side that made life a mystery to the old couple. It was the pain in both their hearts.

Through the long hot days, and the hot, still, moonlit nights that followed, the loneliness of the old people, and, for Juriaan the sense of a God withdrawn, steadily increased. The ways of the hospital, the order and routine necessary for the running of it, remained to the end incomprehensible to them both. For fifty years on their mountain side in the Aangenaam valley life had been for them as simple as were their daily needs, as humble as were their hearts. In this new and bewildering world the kindness of the English Doctor, of the Matron, and of the nurse reached them only as the kindness of human beings reaches the suffering of dumb animals. On neither side was there, nor could there be, complete understanding. The Doctor and the Matron might know all that was to be known about the pain in Deltje's side. About the pain in her heart and in Juriaan's they knew nothing. And from the inquisitiveness of the other patients in the ward the little old woman shrank with a gentle timidity which increased her isolation.

Alone among strangers in that bright, bare room Deltje would lie, quiet and uncomplaining, thinking of her house on the mountain side: of the warmth and comfort of the feather bed in the little bedroom that

smelt so pleasantly of *mist*: of the wooden shutter, held by a leather thong, which creaked with the lightest of mountain breezes: of the peach-stone floor, with patches of sunlight crossing it from the open half-door: of the peach-trees by the little stream that never once in fifty years had failed them: of fruit-drying for the Thanksgiving: of the Thanksgiving service in front of the church door at Harmonie, when Juriaan, bareheaded among the men, would smile across to her among the women: of the journey home again and the first glimpse that came to one down in the valley road of the little brown-walled house perched high up on the mountain side by the peach-trees and the stream. . .

With his own hands had Juriaan built that house for her. For fifty years had the little stream quenched their thirst, and now they drank of a strange, lifeless water stored in tanks. For fifty years had they slept side by side in the little room with the friendly creaking shutter, and now they lay apart. . . What was it that had brought them here? The pain in her side. . . But she had now no pain in her side. All her pain was now in her heart. Every day she would insist to the nurse that she had now no pain in her side. And the nurse would laugh, jerk her head a little to one side, and say: "Am I then a child? Wait a little, Tanta! Wait a little! It is for me to say when you have no pain in your side!" Of the pain in her heart she spoke only to Juriaan, when, in the evenings he sat with her for half an hour. . .

The old man had made his camp on that side of the hospital in which the women's ward lay, and from her bed Deltje could see the smoke of his fire as it rose into the still, hot, clear air. He seldom left the camp except to wander disconsolate round the hospital buildings, or out into the veld to attend to his oxen. Twice a day he sat for a little with Deltje in the ward, and in her thin, clear voice she would read to him from her Bible. But nothing that she read in that bright, bare room,

smelling so strangely of disinfectants, brought comfort to his soul. His God was still withdrawn. Night and day the pain in his heart gave him no peace. He lived like a man in a trance. Once he was sent across the river to Platkops dorp. He saw there, in the windows of the shops in the Hoeg Straat, such things as he never before had seen and was never to see again, but they made no impression on his mind whatever. He passed down the Hoeg Straat as if in a dream of unbearable sadness and never revisited it.

It was the young, pleasant-faced Nurse Robert who had sent Juriaan in to Platkops dorp. To her there still remained the bright, hard self-confidence of youth, and in Juriaan and Deltje she saw only two aged innocents whose affairs it was her duty, and certainly her pleasure, to control. Her management of them, she was convinced, was for their good, and in all she did for them there was a certain brusque kindliness. It was she who answered for Deltje when the Doctor made his daily round, and though even to the Doctor Deltje would timidly protest that she had now no pain in her side her protests were drowned in the brisk common sense of the nurse. It was Nurse Robert, too, who timed Juriaan's visit to his wife, and who, on occasions, shooed him out of the ward like a hen. And, humble and gentle as they were, the aged innocents were unaccustomed to any control beyond that love of God and of each other which up on the mountain-side had ruled their simple lives. This brisk, bright, personal interference bewildered them as nothing else in the hospital did. They came to resent it. They came to fear the pleasant-faced nurse as they had never before feared any other human being. She stood between them and the Doctor : between them and the Matron : and, by her refusal to allow that Deltje's pain was cured, and her return to the Aangenaam valley possible, between them and everything that made life

ar. With her brisk, bright contempt for the angenaam valley, and her praise for everything that atkops, by contrast, produced, even to its rain-water, e drove them into a bewildered silence, and at last flight.

It was the rain-water that, for the old couple, brought e pain in their hearts to its quiet and unnoticed crisis. Platkops dorp the water in the sluits and rivers was brackish that in marshy lands the ground had always thin white coating of salt, and for drinking purposes in-water was stored in iron tanks. For this water eltje had what Nurse Robert considered an unreasonle distaste. It was in fact the gentle uncomplaining tle old woman's one whimsy, and as the days passed d, though neither she nor Juriaan realized it, as her eakness increased, her mind dwelt more and more on e brown bubbling mountain stream which for fifty ars had quenched her thirst. There came a day when her weakness her talk wandered brokenly from the eam by the peach-trees to the well of Bethlehem, d from David's cry for the water of that well, to the iver of Water of Life. . . . Juriaan sitting helpless her side felt that his heart must break with its rrow, that his body must die of the dull heavy pain at possessed it. . . . And slowly, through his ffering, his mind came to its deliberate resolve.

When Nurse Robert ordered Juriaan out of the ward at evening the old man left by the French door close Deltje's bed. In those hot January nights this door as left open, and only the outer shutters were closed. he catch of these, Juriaan knew, could be raised from e outside with a knife. He knew also that Deltje's othes had been folded away into the locker that stood her bed. There was now only one other patient in e ward, an old old woman dozing her life away at e far end of the room. And because there were at esent no serious cases in the hospital no one was on

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duty at night. On all these things his mind worked slowly, but clearly, as he went out into the veld to look for his oxen. He found them, drove them back to the cart, fed them, and tied them to it. He lit a fire and made himself some strong, black, bitter coffee. He ate nothing. His stock of provisions, in spite of his daily meal from the hospital kitchen, was now so low for what he had in hand that he dared not lessen it. Night had now fallen, and after arranging the feather bed and pillows into a little nest, the old man lay down on the hard ground beneath the cart. Above him the sky was sprinkled with stars and the Milky Way made a broad white path across the heavens. But Juriaan did not look at the stars, and if God walked in his starry heavens his servant Juriaan did not know it. His God was still withdrawn. Sorrow was all his company. . . .

When the last of the lights had twinkled into darkness across the river the old man took off his veldschoen and crept cautiously round the hospital buildings. Here, too, all was silence and darkness. He returned to the cart and inspanned the oxen, tying the reins to one of the wheels. Then he went back to the hospital, mounted the *stoep,* raised the hasp of the shutters with his knife, and slipped into the silent ward, where Deltje on her narrow bed, that wide and empty desert, lay quietly, awake. The old man went up to her and said, without haste, without fear, but with an infinite tenderness :

" Look now, my little one ! Look now, my dove ! Have I not made again a nest in the cart for you ? And are not our oxen once more inspanned ? Come now, in my arms will I carry you out to the cart, and back to the Aagenaam valley we will go. . . ."

He stooped down, opened the locker, and drew out her clothes. With a strange, gentle deliberation he helped her into her petticoats, and tied up her Bible,

her mug, and her shell-covered box. The bottle of medicine left standing on the locker he slipped into his pocket. Then he gathered the little old woman up into his arms and carried her out into the moonlit night.

In her little nest in the feather bed Deltje lay content. She had ceased now to tremble, and not for one moment did she question Juriaan's right to act as he was doing. Already her heart was filled with that sense of security which his mere presence brought her. Already the hospital was but a dream that only for a moment had parted them. The pain in her heart had gone. Of the pain in her side she would not think. Had she not learned in the hospital how to hide it? Up in the mountains sitting by the stream and drinking of its clear brown water she would have no pain. . . . Lying through the night by Juriaan's side she would have no pain. . . . She lay back among the pillows, a gentle, dying, woman, her heart overflowing with its quiet content.

Seated on the waggon-box before her Juriaan drove steadily across the veld, through the drift, and out on to the Platkops-Princestown road. Slowly his numbed heart regained its warmth. Slowly he came to feel that his God was no longer withdrawn. Here, in the ox-cart with his little love, was his God. Had He not eased her pain? If she was weak had He not given His servant Juriaan arms that were strong to carry her? Against his breast like a little child he would carry her, and so should she rest. . . .

They reached the top of the Groot Kop, the highest of the low, flat-topped hills that surrounded Platkops dorp, and here the old man wheeled round the cart and halted to rest his oxen. Below them, in the clear pale moonlight, lay the quiet village, but it was across the river that they looked, at the grey stone building standing there alone. A moment only they halted, then turned, and went on.

The ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
AN INDICTMENT

By Charles H. Barker

The trouble about education is that education is despised. There are, of course, many people with a vague belief that a certain amount of a certain sort of schooling is excellent for the youth of the well-to-do, and that a strictly limited amount of a cheaper and different sort of schooling is desirable for the children of the poor. Shabby ideals will rule the schools so long as education is planned not as a preparation for life, but as a preparation for a predestined station in life. And just so long will teachers be despised, especially we who teach in the elementary schools, for our business is the training of a class for helotry. Conscious of public contempt, we make a bid for self-respect by despising one another ; to be " taken for a schoolmaster " is our crowning indignity. Besides, after the petty régime of the classroom, we long to pose as " men of the world," able to hold our own with the auctioneer, the pawnbroker, or the bookmaker. At the same time, we are obsessed with a " Fool, of thyself speak well " policy. Lacking even the shadow of self-government, teachers regard themselves as a " profession," and exhibit most of the professional instincts. Professionalism has been called a conspiracy against the public ; men may not be able to live by taking in one another's washing, but they contrive to exist by plotting against one another. Every calling seems to have a cat which mustn't be allowed to escape from the bag and a skeleton to be kept hidden

in its cupboard. Hence all this professional wangling and window dressing, the cowardly reticences and perverted loyalties.

I don't suppose that the pseudo-profession of teaching is any worse than the real professions in these matters. What I do know is that we teachers are intensely suspicious and uncomfortable in the presence of "outsiders"; parents, managers, inspectors fill us with vague misgivings. The inspector, our traditional foe, can inspire us with foolish and irrational terror. When his presence on the school premises is known, an urgent warning is sent to every classroom, and we dig ourselves in. We cling to each other in fear, asking with pale lips why the visitation has come upon us. Candour is taboo; a teacher confessing to an inspector any weakness in the school organization is a traitor; we must all bark with the pack. The "Open Day," instituted to give parents an opportunity to see the school in its ordinary working aspect,—there, too, we scent danger, and distract attention by arranging elaborate performances carefully rehearsed for the occasion.

The monster class is largely responsible. Strangers introduce a human element into the classroom which is fatal to mass discipline. "Strong" discipline is the teacher's proudest achievement, and the regiment can easily become a mob. Herd teaching, the curse of the elementary school, has never been removed. We teachers have been educated in herds, and we teach herds Unused to freedom, we are timid of granting freedom to others. Why is it that, while educational theory makes indisputable progress every generation, educational practice limps painfully behind Comenius and Pestalozzi? Experts write beautiful essays on school method, educational authorities issue enlightened reports; but they don't knock off our chains. Blue books do not freedom give, and repression still rules in the schools. Discipline—external discipline—is valued

for its own sake; we applaud a class, temporarily unoccupied, that remains dumb as the sheep before the shearers. Cruel corporal punishment has, I think, wholly disappeared. The days of my childhood when I stood in the daily procession of thirty or more trembling youngsters awaiting a severe flogging for failing to work four sums correctly—those days of frightfulness when thousands of little children were cruelly beaten every day to earn Government grants—are gone. What persists is an all-pervading atmosphere of snappishness. It is a nerve-racking job, this eternal repression of childish energies; it breeds bad temper, destroys sweet reasonableness. No sensible person expects his work to be all smooth going, but in school life we seem to be ever struggling uphill on a rough road changing gear every moment. People tell us we work in a groove; that may be, but our groove never wears smooth. And so we yap and nag our lives away. Sometimes I pull myself up and ask, "Why carry on so absurdly? Why 'savage' a kid because he prefers cigarette cards to my expositions?" Before you good, amiable folk criticize us, come in and try the job—I won't say for a lifetime—but come in for a brief five or ten years. You'd be the first who ever taught in an elementary school for the sheer love of the thing.

After all, teachers are by nature no more churlish than other people. Within his limits, the elementary school teacher is extraordinarily efficient; not only does he work hard, but he takes his work seriously. It is, perhaps, a pity that he is so efficient, otherwise the whole system would have collapsed long ago. Attempts have been made to improve the personnel of the profession, but I see little change. "The reform needed," said Pestalozzi, a century ago, "is not that the school coach should be better horsed, but that it should be turned right round and started on a new track." That remains true to-day. We teachers are

bound to regard childish peccadilloes as serious crimes; to scold, tongue in cheek, is pedagogically a fatal weakness; success in anything, no matter how puerile, demands sincerity. You, therefore, who may be contemplating teaching as a trade can apply a simple test for your fitness. Are you capable of fire and fury at the sight of misspelt words or blotted pages? Will your blood boil if a child opens his eyes during prayers or sniggers when he reads how Oliver presents Rosalind with the "bloody napkin"? If these things infuriate you, then by all means join up; teaching is, above all else, a solemn business; in no sense of the word, child's play.

Nothing in the world astonishes me more than that my ex-pupils treat me so decently; it is a triumphant testimony to the goodness of human nature; or, possibly, it may be sheer forgetfulness. It's lucky they ignored my injunction not to forget anything I said in class. Still, there was one occasion when I felt I was a bit of a hero to my pupils. The incident is instructive. Some years ago I was called upon to break into a room where a wretched woman had taken her life in a particularly unpleasant fashion. A few days later I noticed a number of my pupils eagerly reading dirty scraps of paper and glancing curiously at me. The scraps of paper were cuttings from a Sunday newspaper which had reported the horrid details of my evidence in the Coroner's Court. But I knew I was famous; I had my hour.

Most people would find the elementary school exhaustingly moralistic. Everything is twisted into a "duty." A person in authority setting others to a distasteful task, naturally finds the moral goad convenient. And teachers treat a child's lack of interest in a subject not as a personal tendency, not even as an intellectual defect, but as a moral failing. We harry and ridicule the backward child, and justify ourselves by

calling him lazy. "Master," asked the disciples, "who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" And we ask, "Where were you when brains were given out?" I have little doubt that the child who hates the multiplication table feels convicted of sin; he knows that the way to please God is to please teacher. One teacher I knew would turn an arithmetic lesson into a sermon on truthfulness and maintain that an incorrect solution was a particularly heinous kind of falsehood. Even on cricket and football we wax homiletic. No doubt every activity has its moral aspect, but excessive "pijaw" is the nastiest form of "soft" pedagogy, a symptom of moral anaemia. Far better give the young rascal a whacking; that is, if you can refrain from telling him you're acting out of kindness. When my old schoolmaster flogged me, he used to say that it hurt him more than it hurt me. And I knew he was lying! Again the huge class is chiefly to blame; our dislike of the dull child is a heritage of the past. And it isn't always easy to distinguish between work-shyness and backwardness.

It is said that the Public School, despite its faults, does at any rate afford excellent opportunities to the brilliant boy, giving him leisure to follow his inclinations. In the elementary school, it is the brilliant child who suffers most; he has to keep in step, he must always subordinate his inclinations; the hare and the tortoise must run together in harness. The ignoring of personal tastes is, indeed, the most tragic result of herd teaching. We scold Tom because his Arithmetic is inferior to Dick's, and Dick because his English Composition is not equal to Tom's. We expect children to tackle the multiplication table with the same spontaneity and relish with which they read *John Gilpin* or *Tiger, tiger, burning bright*; to swallow cheerfully and uncritically anything we administer. "Here's richness!" cried Mr. Squeers, smacking his lips as he tasted the milk

drownded" with water which he had provided for his happy pupils. We haven't even Mr. Squeers's tisfaction of seeing a hungry gleam in the eyes of our ildren; we expect an every course gusto. Our ideal pil is he who plods passively and perseveringly rough every lesson, who never sighs with relief or sappointment when he is switched from one subject to other. The dull child, the brilliant child, the peculiar ild, are all thorns in our side, even the abnormally nall or the abnormally tall child presents practical fficulties—any child who cannot be standardized we gard as a misfit. Miss Blimber's report on Paul ombey expresses our feelings admirably. "It is aturally painful to us," she said, "that you are ngular in your character and conduct, for we can't like ou, you know, Dombey, as well as we could wish."

I am not advocating a "go-as-you-please" system, or do I see how it is possible to abolish all coercive easures in school; it is, however, a truism that in ducation nothing is more important than the formation f real tastes. You can't form real tastes when you are ver trying to please somebody else. The teacher himelf is eternally worried lest he should not be teaching ' on right lines"—" right lines," of course, meaning, omebody else's "lines." He daren't please himself; e tries to please others, and so pleases nobody. He trives pitifully to alter his shabby coat according to the atest thing in educational fashion. Too enervated to e braced by criticism, he longs to bask in the approving miles of his masters.

Nothing is easier than to sneer at the teacher's subservience; but it is only fair to remember the tragic story of the schools. About half of the present teachers grew up under the "Payment by Results" régime. I have already shown how the old terror of the inspector clings hamperingly round the teacher of to-day. In the old days the voice of the inspector was the voice of

calling him lazy. "Master," asked the dis("who did sin, this man or his parents, that he wa: blind?" And we ask, "Where were you when ' were given out?" I have little doubt that the who hates the multiplication table feels convict sin; he knows that the way to please God is to teacher. One teacher I knew would turn an arith lesson into a sermon on truthfulness and maintai an incorrect solution was a particularly heinous k falsehood. Even on cricket and football we homiletic. No doubt every activity has its moral a: but excessive "pijaw" is the nastiest form of " pedagogy, a symptom of moral anaemia. Far give the young rascal a whacking; that is, if yo refrain from telling him you're acting out of kin(When my old schoolmaster flogged me, he used that it hurt him more than it hurt me. And I kn was lying! Again the huge class is chiefly to b our dislike of the dull child is a heritage of the And it isn't always easy to distinguish between shyness and backwardness.

It is said that the Public School, despite its does at any rate afford excellent opportunities t brilliant boy, giving him leisure to follow his inclina In the elementary school, it is the brilliant chilc suffers most; he has to keep in step, he must a subordinate his inclinations; the hare and the to must run together in harness. The ignoring of pe tastes is, indeed, the most tragic result of herd tea(We scold Tom because his Arithmetic is infer Dick's, and Dick because his English Composit not equal to Tom's. We expect children to tack multiplication table with the same spontaneity relish with which they read *John Gilpin* or *Tiger, burning bright*; to swallow cheerfully and uncri anything we administer. "Here's richness!" Mr. Squeers, smacking his lips as he tasted the

"drownded" with water which he had provided for his unhappy pupils. We haven't even Mr. Squeers's satisfaction of seeing a hungry gleam in the eyes of our children; we expect an every course gusto. Our ideal pupil is he who plods passively and perseveringly through every lesson, who never sighs with relief or disappointment when he is switched from one subject to another. The dull child, the brilliant child, the peculiar child, are all thorns in our side, even the abnormally small or the abnormally tall child presents practical difficulties—any child who cannot be standardized we regard as a misfit. Miss Blimber's report on Paul Dombey expresses our feelings admirably. "It is naturally painful to us," she said, "that you are singular in your character and conduct, for we can't like you, you know, Dombey, as well as we could wish."

I am not advocating a "go-as-you-please" system, nor do I see how it is possible to abolish all coercive measures in school; it is, however, a truism that in education nothing is more important than the formation of real tastes. You can't form real tastes when you are ever trying to please somebody else. The teacher himself is eternally worried lest he should not be teaching "on right lines"—"right lines," of course, meaning, somebody else's "lines." He daren't please himself; he tries to please others, and so pleases nobody. He strives pitifully to alter his shabby coat according to the latest thing in educational fashion. Too enervated to be braced by criticism, he longs to bask in the approving smiles of his masters.

Nothing is easier than to sneer at the teacher's subservience; but it is only fair to remember the tragic story of the schools. About half of the present teachers grew up under the "Payment by Results" régime. I have already shown how the old terror of the inspector clings hamperingly round the teacher of to-day. In the old days the voice of the inspector was the voice of

God; even that is a feeble figure. How vivid are the nightmare recollections of the "Examination Day" of my childhood—the freshly scrubbed school smelling strongly of soap, the cleaned windows, the unfamiliar bowl of flowers on the master's desk; the nervous teachers; the children in Sunday suits, with clean collars round clean necks; the subdued hush; everything as tidy and sad as a funeral. It appalled me that there should exist a being so awful that even our dreaded headmaster cringed before him. One inspector (I see him still, a short, stoutish man, with a curly tonsured head and aggressive eyebrows) greatly detested the disgusting manners of the lower orders. He insisted that sponges should be used for "cleaning" slates, and a set of sponges was kept for use when he appeared. A shocking waste of time, my teacher thought. For, as he said, "Boys always have more saliva than they know what to do with!" We youngsters, too, had a sort of contempt for the sponge, "girlish" we thought it. And besides by skilfully tilting our slates in varying directions we could trace ingenious and alluring patterns with a flow of saliva. The same inspector had a trick of planting himself in a narrow gangway when the children were passing; if we pushed past him, the school was penalized for a "bad tone" in manners. But our headmaster soon changed all that. He taught us the formula, "Please, sir, excuse me!" Then, cane in hand, he would practise on us the inspector's trick. He soon "learnt us our manners." All of which is ancient history; but with such a training is it surprising that education comes to mean a set of tricks acquired to ingratiate our superiors?

Altogether the elementary school teacher is shabbily educated. His training is a miracle of ineptitude, it has all the defects of narrow vocationalism without the advantages of specialism. Immured with his fellow teachers for two years in a ridiculous Training College,

an institution, semi-monastic, semi-charitable, he gains a smattering of many subjects; when he comes out, armed with a sheaf of foolish certificates, proving proficiency in everything, he is set to teach everything. Teachers of every class appear to be no more concerned with educational theory than is the professional cricketer with the theory of projectiles. It is more than likely that the elementary school teacher has a fuller knowledge of the science of teaching (if there is such a science) than other types of teachers. But, in general, we are thoroughgoing empirics and prone to routine. I believe the investigations of educational experts are (or will be) of the highest importance; I believe their sympathies are entirely with the practical teacher. The man of action should always be prepared to give at least a respectable hearing to the man of reflection. It is singularly unfortunate that the absurd clash between theory and practice should be so marked in the sphere of education. The teacher has a hearty contempt for the "expert" who is held to be ignorant of the practical difficulties of the classroom, as he probably is. The teacher will obediently take up a new idea, but, unless teaching is held to be a mechanical business, the success of any new method must depend largely on the teacher's intelligent approval and whole-hearted co-operation. At present, teachers have a humiliating sense that their opinions on educational questions are negligible. From time to time we are served with a mandamus; ours not to reason why, and we take refuge in sham enthusiasms. Even then we are not safe. Quite recently a Director of Education visited one of the schools under his charge, and recommended a certain course to one of the teachers. The news spread; here was the latest thing; and within a short time every school in the district had ostentatiously adopted the suggestion. "He will be pleased!" thought the teachers. But he wasn't! He is reported as saying

that he now feels that he dare not drop the slightest hint lest the thing will be pushed under his nose in every school he visits. One has some sympathy with the Director, but he can't have it both ways. It is not for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to complain if citizens are prompt in paying the income tax. Unless the wit of men can devise a system in which new and progressive ideas in teaching can develop naturally within the schools instead of being thrust on us willy-nilly from above, an education of make-shift and make-believe is inevitable.

REVULSION

I would that this poor tired mind could fall asleep,
And sleeping dream and die,
Without the pain of knowledge that you weep,
I would not have you cry.
Leave you to fend in the world together
With no mother to call!
Would you in after life blame your mother?
No, not if you knew all.
Could I take you too, you beautiful things,
Ah! no! that could not be,
For life might fly for you on joyous wings,
Though I'm not there to see.

L. Daykin.

NO DEFENCE

By J. D. Beresford

WHENAS I stand before that arbiter
To face the record of my tallied sins,
Must I acknowledge neither fault nor slur
In this my surety of how begins
How ends the counted letter of the law;
My single hope then be that I foresaw
The furthest ambit of the prime decree
That set the rhythm of the universe
To hold life in uncertain chancery?

In youth I learned the rule for Heaven's ascent
By ordered conduct and observances
Of this the documented rubric lent
By God to order man's emergences:
Beyond it only faith the law required
To reach the summit whither we aspired;
A ladder set, to mount with lifted head,
Each rung to be attained by diligence,
Then patiently to join the remembered dead.

But ardent travel of the soaring road
Which leads to knowledge brought me to that place
Where passive reading of the ancient code
Is charged with question, and the uncertain face
Of wisdom's patriarch, the erected god,
Peers from the shadow of a lifted rod
Held by a warning priest. Then for that time
I cast the heavy cloak of urgency
And set my willing feet again to climb.

So to the pass of middle age, and choice
Between the level heights achieved and those
Cloud-hidden crests from which the eternal voice
Calls without cease the little few who chose
Once for the search. However brief their quest
Scattered is all relinquishment in rest;
Not complacency they follow now, but peace;
Into the far unknown beyond the known,
Beyond all knowledge till they find surcease.

And how shall these plead ignorance who saw
The first transcendence of their pilgrimage,
Who knew the furthest ambit of the law
Should touch no limit that they might not gauge
By the everlasting search through chanceried life
For God in man, integrity through strife?
They've no defence who kindled at the spark
Which man unto himself makes manifest,
And brightening shall illumine all the dark.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TCHEHOV

By Maxim Gorki

THIS is the fifth day I have had a high temperature, but I cannot make myself lie down. The grey Finnish rain sprinkles the earth with wet dust. The guns at fort Inno are booming; they are being "tested." At night the long tongue of the searchlight licks the clouds; it is a disgusting sight, for it does not let one forget this devilish disease—the war.

I read Tchehov. If he had not died ten years ago, the war would probably have killed him, after first poisoning him with hatred of people. I recalled his funeral.

The coffin of the writer so "tenderly loved" by Moscow was brought to the city in a greenish railway-van, bearing on its doors in large letters: "For Oysters." A part of the small crowd that came to the railway station to meet Tchehov's coffin followed that of General Keller, brought from Manchuria, and they were much surprised to hear a military band playing at Tchehov's funeral. When the mistake was cleared up, some cheerful souls began tittering and giggling. After Tchehov's coffin marched about a hundred people, no more; I remember two lawyers, both in new boots and spotted neckties—just like bridegrooms. As I walked behind them I heard one—V. A. Maklakov—speaking of the intelligence of dogs, and the other, whom I did not know, praising the comforts of his country house and the beauty of the landscape round about. And a lady, walking beneath

a lilac-coloured sunshade, kept on persuading an old man in tortoiseshell spectacles :

" Ah, he was wonderfully nice and *so* witty . . ."

The old man coughed mistrustfully. It was a hot, dusty day. At the head of the procession a fat police-inspector rode majestically on a fat white horse. All these things and many others were cruelly banal and incongruous with the memory of the great and exquisite artist.

In one of his letters to old Souvorin Tchehov wrote : " There is nothing more boring and—let us say—unpoetical than the prosaic struggle for existence which takes away the joy of life and drives one into apathy."

These words express a very Russian mood which, I think, was not on the whole characteristic of Tchehov. In Russia, where there is plenty of everything in men except the love of work, the majority thinks in that way. A Russian admires energy, but has a very faint belief in it. A writer with an active temperament—a Jack London, for instance—is an impossibility in Russia. Jack London's books are read with gusto in Russia, but I do not see that they have aroused the will of the Russian to activity ; they only tickle his imagination. But Tchehov is not much of a Russian in that sense. As far back as his early youth " the struggle for existence " was revealed to him in the degraded, colourless shape of everyday, petty anxieties about bread and butter—about a great deal of bread and butter. Deprived of joys, he surrendered to these anxieties all the powers of his youth, and it is a miracle that he could have preserved his humour. He saw life only as a living struggle of men towards satiety and rest ; the great dramas and tragedies of life were buried beneath the thick crust of ordinariness. And only when he had freed himself a little from the care of seeing those round him properly fed, did he

give an eagle-eyed glance into the essence of those dramas.

I have never met a man who felt the importance of work as the foundation of culture so deeply and so comprehensively as Tchehov did. In him this was expressed in all the details of his domestic arrangements, in his choice of things and in the noble love he felt for them—a love which, utterly excluding the desire to hoard them up, never tires of admiring them as products of the creativeness of the human spirit. He loved to build, to plant gardens, to adorn the earth; he felt the poetry of work. With what touching care he used to look at the fruit trees and shrubberies he had planted in his garden! When he was engrossed by the building of his house in Autka he said:

"If everyone did all he could on his piece of land, how beautiful our earth would be!"

At that time I was contemplating writing a play, *Vaska Buslayev* (a legendary Russian hero), and I read to him Vaska's boasting monologue:

"Ah! Ah! If only I had strength,—in plenty—
With my hot breath—I would melt the snows;
Round the earth I would go, ploughing it;
I would go round for ever—building cities,
Building churches, planting gardens and orchards!
I would adorn the earth as a girl,
I would embrace the earth as my bride,
I would lift up the earth to my breast,
I would lift her up, bring her up to God:
'Look, Lord, how beautiful the earth is!
How fine Vaska has made her!
Thou hast thrown her down like a stone from the heavens,
But I have made her a lovely emerald!
Look thou down, Lord, and rejoice
How green she shines in the sun!
I would give her to you as a present
But it wouldn't be right; she is too precious to me.'"

Tchehov liked this monologue, and with an agitated little cough, he said to me and to Doctor Alexin:

" It's good. . . . The real thing, human! Indeed, in this is ' the meaning of all philosophy.' Man made the earth habitable, he will make her cosy too." With a stubborn little nod of his head, he repeated: " He will do it!"

He suggested I should read Vaska's boast once again; he listened to it, looking out of the window, and said:

" The last two lines ought not be there; it is daredevilry . . . superfluous . . ."

Of his literary work he spoke little and with reluctance; I should say—with a sensitive reserve and with the same delicate caution as he spoke of Leo Tolstoi. Only rarely, in a moment of happiness, with a smile, he would tell a plot—always a humorous one.

" Do you know—I'll write about a schoolmistress. She is an atheist, adores Darwin, she is convinced of the necessity of fighting against the prejudices and superstitions of the people; but she herself, at midnight, boils a black cat in the copper in order to get the little bone that attracts the male, arousing love in him—there is such a little bone . . ."

Of his plays he spoke as of " gay things," and I think he was sincerely convinced that he was indeed writing " gay things." Probably, it was what he had heard from Tchehov that made Savva Morosov argue so stubbornly: " Tchehov plays ought to be acted as lyrical comedies."

But literature in general he watched with the keenest attention, and had a particularly touching interest in " beginning writers." With amazing patience he used to read the abundant MSS. of B. Lazarevsky, N. Oliger, and many others.

" We need more writers," he used to say. " In our state of society literature is still a novelty and for the

'elect.' In Norway there is one writer to every 226 of the population, and with us—one to a million . . ."

His disease sometimes made him hypochondriac or even misanthropic. At such times he was capricious in his judgments and difficult in his relations to people.

Once, lying on the couch, he said with a dry cough, playing with the thermometer:

"To live in order to die is not amusing, anyhow, but to live knowing that you will die before your time—that is utterly stupid . . ."

At another time, sitting by the open window, and looking into the distance, towards the sea, he suddenly, angrily, said:

"We have got used to living in the hope of nice weather, a good harvest, a pleasant love-affair, of becoming rich or getting the post of Chief of Police, yet I don't observe in people the hope of becoming wise. We keep on thinking: It will be better under a new Tsar, and better still in two hundred years' time, but nobody takes the trouble that the 'better' should begin to-morrow. On the whole, life is becoming more and more complicated every day; it is moving somewhere by itself. Men are becoming noticeably sillier, and more and more of them are getting divorced from life."

He thought for a while; then, wrinkling his forehead, he added:

"Just like crippled beggars at a church procession."

He was a doctor, and a doctor's illness is always graver than that of his patients; the patient only feels, but the doctor also knows how his organism is being destroyed. It is one of those cases when knowledge brings death.

When he smiled, his eyes were beautiful—womanly,

caressing and tenderly soft. And his laugh, almost noiseless, was particularly fine. When he laughed, he enjoyed his laugh indeed; he exulted in it. I wonder who else could laugh so—what shall I say?—"spiritually."

Coarse anecdotes never made him laugh.

With that lovely, cordial laugh he said to me:

"Do you know why Tolstoi is so capricious towards you? He is jealous: he thinks that Sulerzhitsky is fonder of you than of him. Yes, yes! Yesterday he said to me: 'I cannot take to Gorki sincerely, I don't know why, but I cannot. I don't even like it that Suler is staying with him. It does Suler no good. Gorki is a cross man. He is like a theological student who has been forced into taking orders and is therefore cross with everything. He has the soul of a spy; he came from somewhere into a land of Canaan, strange to him; he examines everything, observes everything, and reports it all to some god of his. And his god is a monster, something like the wood or water demon of peasant women.'"

As he told me this Tchehov laughed till the tears ran; wiping his eyes, he went on: "I said: 'Gorki is a good man!' But he insisted: 'No, no, I know. He has a duck's nose; only unhappy and bad people have such noses. And women don't love him, and women, like dogs, have a flair for good men. Now Suler—he really has the precious capacity of disinterested love for people. In this he is a genius! To know how to love means to know everything . . .'"

After a little pause, Tchehov repeated:

"Yes, the old man is jealous. . . . What a wonderful man!"

He always spoke of Tolstoi with a special, almost imperceptible little smile of tenderness and anxiety in his eyes; he spoke with a lowered voice, as

of something phantasmal, mysterious, which requires soft and wary words.

More than once he complained that there was no Eckermann near Tolstoi, to write down carefully the sharp, unexpected, and often contradictory ideas of the old wizard.

"You ought to do it"—he tried to persuade Sulerzhitsky—"Tolstoi is so fond of you, talks to you so much and so well."

Of Sulerzhitsky Tchehov said to me:

"He's a wise baby . . ."

Very well said.

Once in my presence Tolstoi was in rapture over one of Tchehov's stories, I think it was *The Darling*. He said:

"It is like a piece of lace worked by a chaste girl; there were such girls in olden times, lace-makers 'for ever'; they put all their lives, all their dreams of happiness into the pattern. They dreamt in their patterns of what was most dear to them; all their vague, pure love they knitted into the lace." Tolstoi spoke with much agitation, with tears in his eyes.

And Tchehov that day had a high temperature; he sat with red spots on his cheeks and his head bent down, diligently rubbing his pince-nez. He was silent for a long while, at last, with a sigh, said in a soft bashful voice:

"There are misprints in it . . ."

Of Tchehov one could write much, but it is necessary to write of him very finely and distinctly, which I cannot do. It would be lovely to write of him as he wrote his *Steppe*, a story that is sweet-smelling, light and so truly Russian in its pensive sadness. A story for oneself.

(*Authorized Translation by S. S. Koteliansky.*)

A HEAVY HEART

By Peter Altenberg

AMONG meadows and orchards stands a huge, yello house. It is a girls' school, especially for "Englisch Fraülein." Inside are many pious sisters and muc homesickness.

Fathers often come there, to see their little daughter: "Papa, darling. . . ."

In this simple music, "Papa, darling . . ." soun their small hearts' deepest hymns, dying away i "Good-bye, Papa . . ." like arpeggios on the harp.

It was a rainy Sunday in country November. I wa sitting in the warm and friendly little café, smoking an dreaming.

A tall, handsome man came in with a wonderful littl girl. She was an angel without wings, in a gold-gree velvet coat.

The gentleman sat down at my table. "Bring som *Weekly Illustrateds* for the child," he said to the waite

"Thank you, papa, I'd rather not . . ." said th angel without wings.

Silence. Then the father asked:

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said the child.

Then the father said, "Where are you up to i mathematics?" He felt that this was a safe gener topic. In science you know where you are.

"Interest," said the angel. "What is it? Wh does it mean? I don't understand it at all. What d they use interest for? That's what I don't understand."

"Long hair—short wits." The father smiled and stroked her golden hair, which shone like silk.

"Well?" she said.

Silence. I never saw such a sad little face. It trembled like a flower-stem weighted with snow. It was like Eleonora Duse saying, "Oh!" or Gemma Bellincioni singing it.

The father thought to himself "Brain work is a distraction. Anyhow, it can't do any harm. The soul gets rocked to sleep. . . . One must arouse interest. It's still dormant, naturally. . . ."

So he said: "Interest! Oh, that's fascinating. It was my strong point when I was at school." A gleam of past arithmetical triumphs flitted over his face. "Now suppose—wait a moment—now suppose someone buys a house. Are you listening?"

"Oh, yes. Someone buys a house."

"Let's suppose it is the house you were born in, at Görz." He was making it more exciting by bringing science and family affairs together so cleverly. "It costs two thousand pounds. What would the rent have to be to bring in five per cent.?"

The angel said, "No one can possibly know that. . . . Papa, does Uncle Victor come to see us often now?"

"No, very seldom. And when he does he always sits in your empty room. But listen! Two thousand pounds. What is five per cent. on two thousand pounds? As many five pounds, of course, as there are hundreds in two thousand. That's simple enough, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," the child said, and didn't understand why Uncle Victor came so seldom.

The father said: "Well then, how much rent must he get? A hundred pounds. You see, it's quite simple."

"Yes, a hundred pounds. . . . Papa, does the big

white lamp in the dining-room still smoke when you light it?"

"Of course. Now you've got some idea of interest, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes. But how does money *bear* interest? It's not like a pear-tree. It's quite dead—money."

"Little stupid!" said her father. After all, though, it was her teacher's affair.

Silence. Then she whispered softly, "I want to go home with you. . . ."

"No. You'll be a sensible little girl, won't you?"

Two tears trickled slowly down her cheeks. Homesickness turned into shimmering pearls.

Then she smiled and said: "There are three little sisters at school, Papa. The oldest may have three cakes for tea, the next two, and the youngest only one. I wonder if they'll be raised next term."

The father laughed. "There, see what fun you have at school!"

"How do you mean—fun? We think of it, because it makes us laugh. You don't mean what makes us laugh makes us happy?"

"Little philosopher!" said the father, proud and happy, and he read in his little daughter's glistening eyes that philosophy and life are two different things.

She became rosy and pale, pale and rosy, by turns. It was like a struggle in the sweet, small face. Written on it was "Good-bye, Papa, oh, good-bye!"

I wanted to say to the father, "Sir, look at that little Madonna face. There's a small heart breaking."

And he would have replied, "My dear sir, *c'est la vie*. Not everyone can sit in a café all day smoking and dreaming."

The father said, "Where are you in history?" He thought, "She must be distracted. That's my principle."

"We're at Egypt," said the little girl.

"Oh, Egypt!" said the father, as though there were no place in the world like Egypt. He was positively astonished that anyone should ask for anything better than Egypt.

"The Pyramids," he said, "the mummies, King Sesostris, Cheops. Then come the Babylonians and the Assyrians. . . ." The more he could trot out the better.

"Yes," said the child, as much as to say, "What do I care about these dead races?"

"When is your dancing lesson?" said the father. Dancing was a cheerful subject.

"To-day."

"What time?"

"The moment you are gone, Papa. Dancing is from seven to eight."

"Oh, dancing is very good for you. Work hard at it."

The gentleman got up to go. As he politely raised his hat to me I said: "Excuse me, sir, excuse me, please. I have a great, a very great, favour to beg of you. . . ."

"Of me? What is it?"

"I entreat you, sir, to have your little daughter excused her dancing lesson to-day."

He stared at me. Then he pressed my hand.

"Granted," he said.

The angel looked up at me. "How is it you understand me?" said her glistening eyes.

"Run on a little," he said to the child. Then he said to me:

"Excuse me, but do you think the principle is right?"

"Yes, surely," I said. "Where the soul is concerned the only right principle is to have none at all."

(*Authorized Translation by Beatrice Marshall.*)

ON PRIVATE UNIVERSES

By J. W. N. Sullivan

An interesting statement, made with great frequency a few years ago, asserts that we believe what we want to believe. It is a statement which is obviously largely true, and which seems, just as obviously, to be largely false. To make it seem wholly true requires a fair amount of ingenuity; the ingenuity is expended, of course, on making vaguer and more comprehensive the verb " to want " ; we find that we are once more assisting at that process so familiar in modern psychological writings whereby a term is gradually purified of its popular meaning till it is at last presented with almost no meaning. When at last we give our assent to propositions involving this purified term we have a bemused conviction that we have made an addition to our knowledge. We also discover, a little later, that we are curiously embarrassed whenever we try to explain to others in what this addition to knowledge consists. Our enlightenment is, in fact, of that singularly elusive kind which most philosophical literature seems to confer.

It is nevertheless true that beliefs are conditioned by personal preferences, and it is even possible that no truth has exactly the same significance for any two minds. No mind is a *tabula rasa* ; any new truth has to be placed within an already existing context ; and the more we have experience of men, and the more honest we are with ourselves, the more we see that this context includes vastly more than a collection of previously accepted truths. A new truth is related, not only to our beliefs and desires, but to what may be called our kind of awareness.

ON PRIVATE UNIVERSES

There are people who seem able to take the world quite literally. The generally accepted schemes, current in their time and community, for explaining man and the universe, never appear to be understood by them as schemes possessing possible alternatives, but as final statements about reality. There are other people who seems to be continually haunted by the realization that the whole world of physical science and even of psychology is merely an "appearance." To these people there are degrees of reality. All beliefs which are not mere consequences of definitions are held by them with reservations or, we may say more precisely, are held to be true within a scheme of whose provisional character they are always aware. A distinguished physicist expressed his surprise, the other day, that a certain great man of science appeared literally to believe that atoms were "really there"; that, dotted about in space, there are actual positively charged nuclei, surrounded by actual electrons which are really moving round and round at terrific speeds. It was the distinguished physicist's surprise which chiefly surprised his hearer. How many physicists are there who would be bewildered to find someone who "really" believed in atoms? And there are people who, in this sense, do not "really" believe in chairs, nor in stars, nor in space and time, nor even in emotions, nor even, it may be, in life and death. Such people are haunted by an awareness of what they call the "spiritual." We are not now referring to metaphysicians, although many metaphysicians are of this race. The function of metaphysics appears to be to show the unreality of tables; but the people we are referring to are less concerned with the unreality of the results of our devices for dealing with the world than they are with the glimpses of reality that certain phenomena give them. As compared with the people who live, undoubting and at home, in a right, tight little universe, these others have a vague but

persistent sense of possibilities which may lead, in favourable cases, to remarkably original achievements, achievements which seem to reveal an unsuspected possibility of the mind. This is not to say that such achievements always originate with men who are aware of what they would be willing to call a "spiritual" reality. I know of no evidence which would lead one to suppose that Einstein, for instance, has any sympathy with the mysticism that some of his disciples declare is supported by his theory. But no one who remembers vividly the *kind* of difficulty he had in understanding Einstein's theory but will admit that it was altogether different from the difficulty of understanding any ordinary, even if more complicated, investigation in mathematical physics or astronomy. The chief difficulty of the theory lay precisely in the unfamiliar mental context it assumed. Those silly people who tell one that Einstein's theory was already known to poets and philosophers are trying to say something which is not entirely irrelevant. They are trying to say that some poems and philosophies produce in them a sense of possibilities, regarding both the universe and the mind of man, which makes what they vaguely surmise Einstein's theory to be easily credible and perfectly natural. And it is true that the great difficulty in grasping Einstein's theory was the difficulty one had in hoisting oneself out of the commonplace world, even the comparatively commonplace world of orthodox physics, and in realizing just what arbitrary, provisional, and perhaps unnecessary devices of accommodation some of our most solid commonplace realities really are. And it is chiefly the dislike of this effort, as we quite easily see, which is responsible for the grudging attention Einstein's theory still receives from some scientific quarters. Whether or not it is true that the theory supports mysticism, or philosophic idealism, or the belief that man is a spiritual being, or whatever else it has been invoked to support, it is true that it fits more

easily into such general contexts than it does into the naïve realism which takes atoms as being "really there." It still seems possible, for some physicists, to refuse belief to Einstein's theory, but it does not seem, in many cases, that this belief is withheld because of the evidence; it is withheld because such physicists are uneasy at that *kind* of explanation. And it is welcomed, in some other quarters, not so much for its logical consistency and its experimental confirmations, as because it is the kind of theory which fits in with the man's total attitude towards things. Even here, therefore, there is some truth in the saying that we believe what we want to believe. But to talk about what we "want" to believe is probably, in such cases, less just than to say that some beliefs come easier to us because they are consistent with the kind of awareness we have about ourselves and the universe. The cynical twist in the phrase that we believe what we want to believe is not really a bluff facing of facts, but is probably an indication of what these writers want to believe about human nature.

Communication between people who have different kinds of awareness is, except for the ordinary purposes of practice, almost impossible. All their most important terms have different significations. This difficulty is much more apparent, it is true, when the arts, rather than the sciences, are being discussed. But even in the sciences there is, besides the "truth" of a scientific theory, what Dr. Campbell has called its "meaning." The "truth" of a scientific theory is what we may call the objective element in it; it is conceivably the same for all believers. But the "meaning" of a scientific theory is different for each individual mind. It is that element in a theory which makes it as personal a creation as a work of art, and which also, as in works of art, makes a personal and largely incommunicable apprehension of it possible. To a much slighter degree than with a work

of art a scientific theory or a great mathematical memoir implies the personal context in which it originated. A sufficiently penetrating criticism could conceivably, for instance, "reconstruct" Weierstrass and Riemann from their mathematical work in a way analogous, although inferior to, the way in which Tolstoy and Dostoevsky can be reconstructed from their literary work. Even the same mathematical theorem, as Poincaré has said, has not precisely the same meaning for two different mathematicians. And it is notorious that there are many unanswerable philosophic theories which nearly all people except their authors feel no disposition to believe. They have been elaborated to make coherent a certain kind of awareness, to satisfy certain desires, and to accommodate certain truths, but the kind of awareness and the desires served by the theory may be too little representative for the theory to have a wide appeal.

But if one's reaction even towards scientific theories can serve to indicate the kind of awareness one possesses, the indication is much clearer in the case of the arts. The indication is here so clear that it suffices to divide those interested in the arts into two main classes. There are those to whom certain great works of art give precisely the least ambiguous glimpse of that "reality" for which they seek; to whom a work of art affords an incommunicable but most precious revelation. And there are those who find that a work of art awakens in them a most pleasurable meaningless emotion. This emotion is often referred to as "the aesthetic emotion." It appears that a distinct appetite, different from hunger or the sexual appetite, is satisfied by works of art, and the satisfaction of this appetite is a source of pleasure greatly valued by its possessors. This appetite has never been properly investigated. We know practically nothing about its physiological conditions, and as little about its evolution. It may even be that it is confined

wholly to man, although authorities differ on this point. The aesthetic emotion experienced by animals seems to be associated with their state of sexual excitement, and to be strongest at mating time. Whether this dependence of the aesthetic emotion on the sexual state also holds good of man has not yet been determined, and the matter is further complicated by the fact that connoisseurs in art, like the rest of mankind, have no periodic mating time. But it is established that the aesthetic emotion differs in intensity according to the work of art to which the subject is submitting himself. There are more and less desirable works of art, as there are more or less palatable kinds of food. A man finds by experience what works of art satisfy his appetite most completely, and he is thus enabled to construct his private hierarchy—his private menu, as it were. It does not follow, of course, that each work of art occupies a different position on the list. A quite considerable number of items may be grouped together at the top of the list—all the "perfect" works of art. A Michel Angelo statue and a Serbian mat, a stanza by Herrick and a play by Shakespeare, may all be perfect, *i.e.*, each one of these objects may arouse the intensest aesthetic emotion of which the subject is capable. The division into "great" and "small" is irrelevant in this context. There are "perfect" and "imperfect" works of art; those that produce orgasm, and those which confer only partial satisfaction.

The classification by great and small, on the other hand, indicates a quite different context, a different kind of awareness on the part of the critic. A great work of art may produce in him a heightened consciousness, an increased state of awareness, may enable him to glimpse a reality he does not normally perceive. And the unique value of art to him consists precisely in the fact that it appears to be the only vehicle by which such revelations can be conveyed. Certainly he finds it

impossible to convey the revelation in any other terms. The perception, in this way, of what he feels to be reality may, like other acts of comprehension, be attended with considerable pleasure. But to him the *raison d'être* of a work of art is not its communication of pleasure, but its communication of comprehension. And there are great and small revelations.

One is very sensitive to these different mental contexts. Great men are usually not only more sensitive, but more homogeneous, than the ordinary run of men. Their greater sensitiveness has enabled them to accept and to reject more swiftly and decisively than we can do, and so they have achieved, with exceptional purity, a personal vision of life. Their remarks on one another often strike one not only as *saugrenu*, but as delivered with quite unnecessary passion. They lack our broad tolerance, but then they also lack our indifference; they have a swift, violent reaction, where we are only conscious of a gentle stirring of muddled emotions. The curious popularity amongst great Russian writers of the question "Does he believe in God?" is probably an indication that the answer gave them a good rough estimate of the sort of context within which the man's statements should be related. Similarly, a remark on coal-miners may, for us, awaken suspicion of every other one of the man's remarks, even when they appear to be correct statements of our own belief. It is easily possible to assent to every statement in a book and yet to dislike it profoundly; we have condemned the book for what it does not say, and it is this judgment which is the really important one. Philosophical literature forms a very good example of the way in which the tone, the attitude, can be more important than the explicit statement. Admirers of Plato do not feel called upon to defend the logic of Socrates. The value of Plato, to those who get nourishment from him, depends chiefly upon his

attitude towards the questions he discusses, the context within which he relates them, the kind of solution he seeks. A perfectly clear and logically impeccable treatment of these questions by another mind may appear to the lover of Plato merely as arid and insensitive. It would not appear to him that the same questions were, in truth, being discussed, although the statements of the questions might be logically equivalent. It is perfectly possible for a writer to be clear and logical, to be in possession of a thoroughly self-consistent scheme, and able to meet all explicit objections to it, and yet the effect on a reader with a different kind of awareness may simply be that the writer does not know what he is talking about.

There is a certain amount of common ground, of course. In the practical affairs of life, and to a very large extent in the sciences, all men may speak the same language. But the rest of human discourse is concerned with statements which have not exactly the same meaning for any two minds, and where the differences in meaning may be profound. It is not easy to find other men whose problems are our problems. Philosophic speculation has proved so fruitless not only, it may be supposed, because of the inherent difficulty of the questions, but because the questions are never quite the same. And one's "favourite" philosopher is not he who knows the answers to one's questions, but he who convinces one that he knows the questions. It is as well to realize that God has created a diversity of creatures, if only because it helps us not to be impatient with those who do not understand our language.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SITWELLS.—The Sitwell sister and brothers have each published a book of verse within the last twelve months; and the latest volume is Osbert Sitwell's *Out of the Flame* (Grant Richards, Ltd., 6s. net), which has set my thoughts flowing around the triune phenomenon. The Sitwells can all write. They are educated in words. They are interested in words; they have an affection for words—even if they have a greater affection for images. This at any rate cannot be denied of them. To my mind—and I have said it before—Edith is the most accomplished technician in verse (unless it be Robert Bridges) now writing. Her skill dazzles me, who once attempted rhyme. Further, the Sitwells are all personages. See them in the flesh. See Edith's portrait in the Tate. Further, they all afflict the public—I mean the poetical public: which is a grand thing to do. They seldom or never deal with love. They exult in a scrap. Battle is in the curve of their nostrils. They issue forth from their bright pavilions and demand trouble. And few spectacles are more touching than their gentle, quiet, surprised, ruthless demeanour when they get it, as they generally do. Under the leadership of Osbert they have printed themselves on the map. Osbert is a born impresario—the Charles B. Cochran of the muse (and let no high-brow frown disdainfully upon Charles B. Cochran, who has real taste in various arts). Osbert "presents" the family, and does it with originality. Edith is the chief gladiator, and like Eclipse has never been beaten. Sacheverell is the dark horse. Sacheverell's sole volume, published last year, *The 101 Harlequins*, attracted, I fear, little notice from the mandarins. Ninety-three harlequins were omitted from it (why?);

but despite the vast omission, it appeared to me to be a wonderful portent. It is most damnably difficult, though it seems less difficult to me this year than it did last. I can still make scarcely anything of the sixth Harlequin, for example, or of several other pieces. And when you have finished the book you feel like nothing at all. But I will stand till I fall dead by the positive assertion that there is a very considerable amount of new beauty in this book. You don't see it clearly. It tantalizes you by its shyness. You see it moving dimly at the ends of misty glades. It exists, however. It is a characteristically Sitwellian beauty. And more than any other Sitwell book or manifestation *The 101 Harlequins* persuades you to be convinced that the Sitwells live in a world of perceptions and sensations of their own—in a "dimension" of their own, extraordinarily, insultingly, different from anybody else's. Their idiom, perhaps, comprises too many unicorns, harlequins, and Kinfoots; it perhaps is too busy with the mischief of making one sense do the work of another (seeing sounds, hearing colours, etc., etc.); but the idiom may be modified, is being modified; and anyhow it is only the vehicle, not the content. Osbert's *Out of the Flame* is the longest stride forward by the Sitwells up to date. It made me reflect that the trio is still quite young, and may develop in astonishing ways. It really excited me; for in my shortsightedness I had looked upon Osbert as simply a satirist, as the slayer of Kinfoots and their kind. And lo! he is now creating ideal beauty. *Out of the Flame* and *Two Garden Pieces,* in particular, are lovely and original poems. The satirical part of the volume, while it contains the best satire that Osbert has yet done, is inferior in essential quality to the first part. And I am inclined to think that Mrs. Kinfoot is definitely slain and should be buried. I observe with deep pain what looks like bad grammar in the last line of p. 39. I note that the author

says that his thanks are due to certain papers for permission to reprint. But unless he has mismanaged his business and betrayed the whole race of authors by unjustifiable concessions to newspapers, he needs nobody's "permission to reprint," and the book-copyright of his work is solely his.—ARNOLD BENNETT.

DUSE.—In all the recent praises of Duse's acting, praises from which I should hate to detract, I have nowhere seen mention of what is the keynote of her personality, alike as woman and as artist. It has often and truly been said that Duse is herself upon the stage, yet I greatly doubt if the inward meaning of this phrase has ever been brought home to her admirers. They have been content to attribute it to her well-known renunciation of make-up, and to the other ways in which she has underlined her superb lack of artifice. But what that self of hers solely and imperatively stands for has not once been clearly stated.

Every great actress, I take it, has in the widest sense been herself upon the stage. Sarah Bernhardt was herself. Ellen Terry was herself. But Bernhardt's power of depicting almost every one of the accepted passions provided a range of expression by which she could elicit a wide and varied human response. It also forced upon her a certain variety by way of artifice. She could portray the passion, not merely of sorrow, but also of love, of pride, of ambition, of greed, of cruelty. Without ceasing to be herself she could embody the love of a mother, of a child, of a mistress, of a wife. Ellen Terry, on the other hand, could set inimitably before us all the homelier, and therefore more pathetic emotions. Whether as queen or as washerwoman she remained the perfect mistress of our everyday human qualities, especially the more lovable among them. Devotion (not to an ideal but to a person), jollity, shrewdness, bewilderment, warmth, mischief,

motherliness—each one of the dear domestic virtues and failings : her personification of these things made her the greatest of all Shakespearian actresses and endeared her to each heart in each audience as I imagine no other actress has ever before endeared herself. And into both these arts—Bernhardt's and Ellen Terry's—sacrifice could, and if need be did, enter. That is, in so far as sacrifice enters into rich and passionate life, sacrifice had its place in their presentments of it.

But with Duse it is otherwise. With her everything except sacrifice is either excluded or it is admitted without prime importance, almost on sufferance as a kind of sop to human weakness.

I have seen Duse many times. In Germany over twenty years ago I saw her in *La Dame aux Camélias, Heimath,* and other pieces. In Italy a few years later I saw her as Paula Tanqueray and as La Gioconda. I have also seen her more than once in London. And no matter what part she plays she sees to it that she is the sacrificial lamb. Is she mother? She is *mater dolorosa* from the moment she comes upon the stage. Is she wife? As *Madonna immaculata* she towers above a brutal or merely pigmy spouse. Is she daughter or harlot? As *femina immolata* she is piteous victim to the stupidity of parents or the baseness of males. Her Juliet I never saw, but I am certain that even here the exquisite interpretation, of which I have heard from eye-witnesses, was that of a girl sacrificed on the altar of passion or of family feuds. Whensoever, whatsoever Duse plays there, there is an altar, and wild horses would not prevent her from immolation upon it. And even on the rather rare occasions when she played in comedies such as Goldoni's *La Locandiera,* Duse was never truly heart-free. Her fun in its essence was *de haut en bas,* and on the slightest opportunity her sorrowful obsession would resume its sway. Then—and oh, so subtly !—she would remount her pinnacle of

super-pity, super-gentleness, while laughter would be relegated to its place among the groundlings.

And it is long since she practically abandoned comedy. More and more she has chosen plays which are definitely sacrificial—nay, more, she has brought them into being. D'Annunzio knew what he was doing when he concocted circumstances in which wifely devotion should involve the amputation of both Duse's beautiful hands. (How her heart must have rejoiced when she first learned of that situation!) And her very latest choice—*Così sia*—treats of a mother's double, surely unavailing sacrifice. But lacking such holocausts she will serve her sacrificial hunger with the half-loaf of a play which can without too great violence be twisted to a similar meaning. In *Ghosts* she gives us not Ibsen's Mrs. Alving but a predestined victim whose crucified soul to our first glance is fully conscious of its doom. Again, in *The Lady from the Sea* she uses her long-sought and at last freely granted liberty—how? Scarcely as a free woman making her free choice. Much more as one determined upon sacrifice, as one who can only use liberty itself as but another offering on the marital altar. Sad, always sad. Always the wronged one who by her nobility in suffering somehow puts all the world in the wrong.

Duse audiences always have to grovel a bit, and to my mind at least it has seemed as if this grovelling has infected the other players who occupy the stage with her. She is more than the centre of her stage. Her very presence there condemns the physical, and sucks the spiritual vitality out of every other character. In love, in sorrow, even in playfulness she is invariably ineffable. The manner in which she caresses her younger sister's head as Magda, the infinitely superior detachment of suffering with which she bestows affection upon her husband as Paula Tanqueray, are, if we put their fine art aside, wholly insulting and intolerable

toward a fellow being. In real life no man or woman of backbone would endure them, unless for a moment during some terrific crisis, and even then a touch of something spiritually simple—a hint of stoicism, of rebellion however vain, of impatience, of bewilderment, horror or common affection—would be more deeply winning. It is, I think, noteworthy that Duse has never been identified with the Greek tragedies. Hers has always been the strictly Christian, the Catholic idea of sacrifice, self-imposed, not fatal as is the classic idea. —CATHERINE CARSWELL.

UTOPIAS.—Wells in his latest vision of Utopia has deliberately shown us how unsuitable a place it would be for various types of mind and character: and this despite the fact that his ideal is both robust and kindly, worshipful of machinery and respectful to the higher mathematics; and that all men and women work there, as a few work here, because they love to work and to serve the general interest, the advancement of knowledge and the good of mankind.

Shaw in *Back to Methuselah* has given us a different and far more unpopular picture of self-governing man. Machines have disappeared, mathematics have, we may assume, been absorbed into the larger processes of the mind, all pleasures, physical and emotional—including the practice of aesthetics—are outlived in the first four years of life, and thereafter the individual becomes immersed even more deeply in the abstractions of pure thought.

These two conceptions of man's development are sufficiently differentiated to underline Wells's admission that one man's Heaven is another man's Hell; and we can safely assume that if we were miraculously able to begin the year "one" of a Wellsian Utopia to-morrow, there would be an immense number of people, including a proportion of intellectuals, who would regret the

change. Indeed, it sometimes seems true, in heretical moments, that our present condition is necessary and essential.

This is not to say that I condemn, in any sense, these pictures of Utopia. They are my favourite reading. But their uses are to sweeten the mind and strengthen the character, rather than to furnish the material for propaganda. None of them includes all the elements of our present condition ; and in this primitive society of ours, all the elements are necessary, inasmuch as education cannot be substituted for experience. There are so many things which can be learnt only through emotional experience.

But the thought that remains with me is the strange reflection that none of our Utopias has been purely mystical. The majority of them are either social or political, while Shaw's has a strong flavour of the occult. I suppose the truth is that the Utopia-building mind is always a reforming mind, something too much in love with its own conceits and apt to become impatient ; while the true mystic solves all problems by his comprehension of life as it is. He has no need for Utopias.—J. D. BERESFORD.

THE REVIEWERS AGAIN.—In this hot weather and with the second issue of THE ADELPHI before me I have been inclined to offer a sort of bathing garment of fig leaves to the Editor instead of my usual contribution. But I don't know Mr. Lawrence's waist measure, and so I will go on with my complaint against current reviewing and publishing in the case of two other books I have read recently, both of them good books and both failures. One is *Mr. Podd of Borneo,* by a Mr. Blundell —I don't know his initials, and someone has taken away my copy—a book that made me laugh repeatedly. It is a guy, done in the most infectious high spirits, of what one might call Sir Basil Thomson-ism. It is extremely

funny; it has a lot about horses, to which animals the Bull public is supposed to be conspicuously susceptible; it is written most agreeably. Why has it been let down? The other book I have in mind is *Ermytage and the Curate,* by A. M. Cogswell, which, in spite of its silly title, is not a funny book at all, but a vivid story of war experiences on the Western front. Both these books are excellent to read; neither has had the ghost of a chance. They have not the distinguished quality of the three books I named last month, but they are high above the average of the books on the bookstalls and in the shop windows.—H. G. WELLS.

AND YET AGAIN.—It is time some reviewers gave up writing, since, although their pens still go on, it is clear that their minds have ceased to function. The following flowers of thought bloomed all together in a single column of a recent number of the *Outlook*:—

> It really is high time that (some of the younger) poets began to take themselves (a shade) less seriously, and to give (just a little) more consideration to (the small number of) people (which is still) willing to pay money in order to read their books. . . .

If you observe the effect of the words I have put in parentheses you will discover that they make nonsense of the rest. For example, it is not poets who are to take themselves less seriously, but only "some of the younger" poets; and, further, they are not to take themselves less seriously, but only "a shade" less seriously. We are not told what sort of "a shade," but obviously what the writer means is that they should betake themselves "into the shade"; then they are not to give more consideration to people, but "just a little" more consideration; the reason for "just a little" is a sound business one: it is because of "the small number of" people "which is still" willing to pay money in order to read.

Here is the writer's second dictum :—

> Unless poetry is intended to give pleasure, there is no justification for publication.

But "pleasure" to whom? It would be a poor poet who gave pleasure to some people!

Number three :—

> Poetry ought not to require the same degree of mental application which we may be willing to give a chess problem or a complex exposition in metaphysics.

Obviously the application which this reviewer has to give to a chess problem or an exposition in metaphysics is more than his brain can stand.

Number four :—

> If (the poet) thinks that he has discovered something new and not easily to be understood . . . then he should attempt to explain his discovery.

But his poetry *is* his exposition of his discovery. Einstein himself cannot make his Theory of Relativity clear to everybody. Those who run may read, but those who crawl at a snail's pace will not be able to spell out the letters.

Number five :—

> A poet who intends to publish his writings further intends, in theory at least, to receive money in exchange for them, and the least he can do is to agree with himself to meet his readers' intelligence half-way.

I agree that it is the least, not the most, he can do, and I don't see any real poet doing it. I think in these five instructions we have assembled the worst advice ever given to an artist since Mozart's father told him to be sure to write music that would please everybody, to which Mozart replied : "There will be music in my next composition for all sorts of ears, but none for long ears."
—W. J. Turner.

Mr. Lawrence and the Miracle at Cana.—I disagree with much of Mr. Lawrence's article on Education and Sex ; I am, however, in thorough accord with him

when he insists that men, especially great men and men with missions, should not neglect the claims of their womenfolk. So I am the more sorry that he should, through a misapprehension, reject, at the end of his essay, a very considerable ally. He could have found, had he cared to, in the history of Jesus of Nazareth vehement support for his contention that "it behoves every man in his hour to take off his shoes and relax and give himself up to his woman and her world." For the first thirty years of His life Jesus lived at home; and His parables are full of illustrations from the domestic work of women, baking, sweeping, and saving. During His ministry Jesus is never slow to give prominence to the woman's view of things—encouraging Magdalen in her waste of the ointment, sympathising with Mary of Bethany's desire for instruction, risking His disciples' respect by talking with a foreign woman at a wayside well, and at His last moment thinking of where His mother is to live, untroubled by the rebukes of His unbelieving brethren.

Mr. Lawrence quotes the authorized version of Jesus' reply to Mary when she told Him of the failure of wine at the wedding feast in Cana. The ordinary translation, with Mary's rejoinder, makes no sense. "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." His mother saith unto the servants: "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." I think there is no doubt that the real meaning of the Greek is, "What business is it of ours, Lady? But, anyhow, it is not quite the moment." Then Mary, well aware of her son's meaning and of His desire to help the host in a difficult position, says to the slaves: "You do what Jesus tells you, and things will be all right." Even if the traditional translation were accepted, there is no ground for Mr. Lawrence's complaint, "He might have added, 'just now.'" For that is precisely what He did add—"this is not quite the moment."—R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

STONEHENGE.—What are we to make of those moments when our ordinary mechanism of adaptation, our senses, our reasoning faculties, our conscious, robust, splendidly adequate sense of probability no longer form an efficient barrier, and something from a remote part of our being, something strange, unassimilable but undeniable, slips through? I had one of those moments when, a few days ago, I first saw Stonehenge. I went in a mood of the idlest and most cheerful curiosity. At first glance those few rough stones seemed almost insignificant in the middle of that great sunlit plain. Guns sounded in the distance; two aeroplanes passed overhead; there were a few people. And then, not suddenly and not gradually, those stones took the life out of the day. The knowledge came to me that those stones belonged to the plain and the plain to the stones in a way that is true only of accomplished things—things that no passage of time can even now modify or reverse. Whatever the spirit and whatever the knowledge that had made that formation of stones necessary was still, I knew then, in possession of the plain. And the spirit that made them was something that I knew and that all men knew—and that we do not know because we prefer not to know. It seemed to me that it was something that man has had to pass through, some knowledge he has had to assimilate, one of the great strides towards what man is to be—just as one day man may have to assimilate inter-stellar space. But that lies in the future, and the consciousness that made Stonehenge lies in the past. It is something dark and cold to our present warmer, fuller life. But something was known by men then that we still know, but that—it seems to be a law—we must not now consciously know. And I wondered how many Stonehenges there have been in the life of man. That passage up from the slime has been a tremendous journey. The biologists think now that not all the

steps taken by our body were gradual. The body has leapt. And our minds, our consciousness, our spirit? I think Stonehenge testifies to a leap.

Such were my fancies on that brilliant day. What is one to do with them? I don't know, but yearly I grow more bored with philosophies that pooh-pooh them, or refer them to my liver, or to the mythical entities of psychological "science."—J. W. N. SULLIVAN.

THE ARCHITECTURAL ELEMENT IN PAINTING.—I am often asked to explain the real meaning of painting. And, although it is an almost hopeless task to express in words that which painting so much more naturally and completely expresses through its own medium, I yet feel strongly drawn to try to point out the existence of that element in painting which is so little understood or realized by many, and which is so all-important. I call it *The Architectural Element*.

A picture, before it can have a real existence, or be one integral whole, or have in itself the capacity to convey an idea or a sentiment or anything whatsoever with true significance, must be built up as firmly and solidly as a well-built house, and, like a well-built house, give the impression that it will stand for all time.

Basically, a painting is made up of coloured masses, and it is with these that the artist builds, each one of them being as it were a brick forming part of the final edifice.

To my mind, the *Idea* is never expressed with true pictorial force unless it is inevitably and completely interlaced with *the architectural structure*.

In a picture, an idea or sentiment, without this structure, is like a real window set in a cardboard house. And I am bound to add, structure without vision is like a house with only the foundation laid.—MARK GERTLER.

MR. JOINER AND THE "ADELPHI"

By The Journeyman

MR. JOINER sat on an upturned pail in his garden waiting for his supper, frowning at a hollyhock. The weather was terrible, stifling without sunshine. The silly little flower-pots stuck upside down on the tops of the flower-stakes annoyed him. They didn't even sit square; they hung jauntily, drunkenly sideways; they positively jeered at him. And he thought of their insides, a sultry mass of shiny earwigs, creatures that didn't have to breathe, didn't have, he supposed, to do anything except make nuisances of themselves. . . . There was a soft whirring in the air behind his head, as of a delicate, invisible fairy aeroplane. He turned slowly round to distinguish it. The whirring ceased. A delicate, invisible, red-hot fairy needle was pressed into the back of his neck. What the. . . !

He scratched furiously at his reddened neck, and scornfully pursued his ruminations. Why was it he had nothing to put up against such a mood and such a day?

God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world,

sang a remembered voice from his school poetry-book. Oh, crumbs! He would just like to go and *sting* that chap. Robert Browning—he was dead: lucky for him! Mr. Joiner smiled, as he did in his moments of vision. He saw himself delicately whirring about London, stinging his bugbears. He would begin with old Wotherspoon over the fence. Wotherspoon practised golf-shots

with a parachute-ball on Sunday afternoon. Because he had heard Mr. and Mrs. Joiner laughing from the invisible depths of their sitting-room, he had built an elaborate barricade of canvas and trellis-work to screen himself: he had also spoiled their view. Silly old buffaloon! It pleased Mr. Joiner to imagine himself winging his way musically towards Wotherspoon. He paused in his flight to consider where best to strike him. There was only one place, really. Eclipse was first, the rest nowhere. And that rotund expanse of grey check trousering! Mr. Joiner almost groaned with the pain of frustration.

He rose from his bucket, a happier man, and wandered indoors. "It's no use coming in just yet," called Rosie. "Supper won't be ready for twenty minutes."

"Very well, my dear." He was engaged in stinging the Archbishop of Canterbury. Did Bishops have backs to their aprons? he wondered.

He picked up THE ADELPHI, No. 2. When Bates at the office had told him there was an article about him in the first number he had laughed. "Another chap of the same name," he said. "Big family—the Joiners. Come down in the world. Large estates at Turnham Green: feudal—Doomsday book and that sort of thing."

"Is that so?" Bates had said, obviously impressed. He was not good at seeing jokes. "But you don't read Shakespeare or the Bible, do you?" Bates asked.

"Good Lord, no!"

"Your wife isn't by any chance called Rosie?"

"Rosie!" Joiner had the presence of mind to laugh, though he didn't in the least feel like laughing. "Rosie! Why her name's Berengaria."

"*What?*"

"Berengaria. Keep it to yourself, old man. *We* couldn't help it."

On his way home Joiner bought a copy. It rather

worried him in the train. He had the unusual and uncomfortable sensation of not really existing. Every time his eyes returned to the sentence—and it certainly fascinated him—"He is invented. His name is Mr. Joiner," he felt slightly sick, as though he were being swung through interstellar space.

And the odd thing was that as he read about himself he seemed to remember it all; yet until he read it he could have sworn that nothing of the kind had ever happened to him. Yet that bit about the Prodigal Son—he *knew* that somehow, and that about "Make death proud to take us"—he *knew* that too; yet he could have sworn he hadn't known the words. Surely he would have remembered if he had ever said those lines on the way to the boss's rom. Why, you could hardly forget stuff like that! And now, somehow, he did remember it; remembered it better than anything else. It seemed to be stored away in some part of him where things never had been stored before—in the pit of his stomach, for instance, in the base of his spine, in some cell, perhaps, that was the centre of him when he was born, the first element of himself that harboured in his mother's womb, an element round which the rest of him had grown till it was hidden and overlaid.

And for some instinctive reason he tore out "Mr. Joiner and the Bible" before he showed THE ADELPHI to Rosie. "Ads!" he explained. "Can't stand ads mixed up with the reading." He tucked the torn-out pages away in his cash-box, together with his Savings Bank book. They were precious to him; but he thought of them with a kind of fear.

That night, at supper, he said nonchalantly:

"I say, Rosie, you don't remember my borrowing your Bible, do you?"

Rosie dropped her knife and stared at him.

"No-o," she said. "But——"

"But what?"

"I found the Bible downstairs in your chair, one morning. And, the night before——" She blushed into silence.

"Well?"

"You said something, when you came to bed, about the Prodigal Son. I can't remember what it was; but it was lovely—and so were you," she added quickly.

"Lovely!" gasped Mr. Joiner. "Good Lord!"

"No, that's not what I mean. You weren't any different to look at, but—I wish we could be always like that. I feel—oh, I don't know—that's what we were meant to be. Everybody," she added vaguely.

There were tears in Rosie's eyes. Mr. Joiner jumped up and kissed her. She would not let him go; she held her head buried in his Harris-tweed; then she pulled his head down to the level of her lips.

"I think—I don't know——" she whispered, "I'm going to have a baby."

"Good Lord!" said Mr. Joiner.

After that life began to be rather mysterious for him. He was happy in all sorts of ways: happy at the thought of a child, for their first and only one had died at birth, and all but killed Rosie, too; happy at this queer feeling he had whenever he looked at his wife, as though he were seeing her for the very first time. But these things were only part of another feeling, vague, deep, and disturbing, which returned at unexpected moments, and for which happiness was not the name at all. He was being taken in charge by something, being driven not unkindly, being made to *fulfil* things. There was even a note in his voice which he couldn't recognize as being wholly his own. Not that it belonged to anyone else. It was his, all right, in some way or other. But he couldn't produce it; it produced itself, and he never knew quite

when it was coming. He found himself saying odd, rather nice things to people in trams, and when people heard them they smiled as though his voice were a kind of restful music. He was quite certain it wasn't what he said—they smiled quite differently at his best jokes—it was the voice. Besides, he had peculiar fancies. He fancied that this child of his was going to be amazingly beautiful. He began to look at himself very hard in the glass while he was shaving, and there were moments when he thought he saw, as it were, at the back of his reflection in the mirror, the outlines of a face, the depths of eyes, a secret line of lips that were not his own—and yet they were. And the depths of those eyes, when he looked into them, were so profound, so still and so serene, that he felt that the child whose they were to be must be a genius. Mr. Joiner had no better word for what he meant; but he did not mean that exactly.

All these things thrilled and disturbed him. Moments came when he felt that something quite preposterous might be required of him. That was all right. What was not all right was the sense that if the something preposterous *were* required of him he would do it without a murmur, with a kind of deep and secret acquiescence. It was all quite indefinable; he could not have spoken of it: but sometimes, when he was looking at Rosie as if for the very first time, their eyes met, and he felt that she knew what was going on, and because she knew she also knew it was best to say nothing. Moreover, besides this state of fear and exaltation, Mr. Joiner had his moments of depression, when without warning he seemed to fall clean through the floor of this heaven where he understood and obeyed. He had one such moment when he was sitting on the upturned pail; but, as we have seen, he had his own methods of escaping them.

He returned to his pail with the second number ol THE ADELPHI. He was rather relieved it containec nothing more about him. It was hard enough already tc keep his life together. It had become distinctly restive unstable, as though ready at any moment to splinter intc a thousand glittering fragments. He didn't want anothei bomb-shell dropped on to it, even though it took thc shape of a falling star. But when he found that thc "Journeyman" was not playing any more tricks witl him he settled down less gingerly to read the pape: through. "A Month After" made him uncomfortable For some queer reason he wanted to turn his eyes away A man shouldn't give himself away like that, he thought not like *that*. He wasn't really compelled to do that; no *really* compelled. And as he thought these thoughts h was a little astonished at them, even though he ha learned by now not to be astonished at anything tha came into his head. He had once again the sense c moving along a mysterious road, and of knowing thing that, it seemed, he could not possibly know—th difference between being compelled and being *reall* compelled, for example.

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were blind. They were not *really* compelled any more; they lost touch; they could not respond; they were fragmentary instead of whole. And, if they held the thread for a minute, they lost it again, and began to wander about in the darkness, leaning on laws and dogmas and policemen and armies, on anything except themselves. And so, working in the darkness, with mere fragments of their powers, they had built for themselves a monstrous habitation in the image of their stunted souls.

Because they had lost the thread. Even Tolstoi had lost the thread. How could little men help themselves?

A new generation, murmured Mr. Joiner. A generation that should not be divided from its heritage or from itself. Men and women who should never have forgotten the freedom, the pride, the unity of their own being; who knew compulsion when it came, and whence it came; who could do no other than obey themselves; men and women who were whole.

And even while he thought these thoughts, and while he looked with love and fear into the eyes of the child of his soul who had risen before him to embody them, Mr. Joiner felt sad, for he could plainly read in those eyes that there still would be many mistakes, many sufferings, many disappointments; yes, and many treacheries, many stonings and many denials before these things should be.

MULTUM IN PARVO

CHANGING A MILKMAN.—You say people are to wri to you about things on which they feel strongly, and yc will publish it if it interests you. I wonder if this will.

The other day I caught my milkman giving me sho measure. It was the first time I had measured my mil and what made me do it was a vague feeling that n milk hadn't been going so far as it used to. So, wh I found he was a quarter of a pint short in a pint, I kne I had been systematically cheated for a long whil I went round immediately with it to his shop. His wi appeared and said that she had measured the milk, a had, in fact, given me rather more than a pint. She sa also that the cat must have drunk it while it was outsi my door. I pointed out that my milk-can had a tigl fitting lid. " Well," she said, " I'll see it doesn't happ in future."

I hadn't the courage to say " I'm going to get n milk elsewhere." I went home. I couldn't get it out my mind ; I positively brooded over it all the mornin I was determined to change my milkman ; yet I could summon up courage to tell him so. I sat down a wrote a letter. That seemed to be giving way cowardice, so I tore it up. I wandered about my roo restlessly, angry with myself for my weakness, a angry with the milkman for making me suffer th When I went out the horrible thing clung to me. Nev for one moment did I cease to think about it.

At about tea-time there was a knock at my door. was the milkman himself. He said he was very sor I simply could not speak. At last I managed to sa " It upset me very much." I knew that it was now never. With an effort of all my will I gulped out : " I' awfully sorry, but I've given my order somewhere els

He said "Very good, m'm," and went away. I shut the door and burst out crying.

This may sound very trivial to you. But I fancy there are a great many people like myself, who are condemned to go through agonies for such a simple matter. Yet no one ever mentions them. Why should a milkman's dishonesty compel me to suffer eight hours' torment. And, I may say, that is nothing to what I have to go through in getting rid of a dishonest servant. What is it? Why is it?—E. M.

A Dream.—Why do you not publish dreams? Of course, I know it is dangerous with so many Freudians about. But why should they have the monopoly of dreams? Particularly, seeing that their dreams are so dull. This one, however, strikes me as funny, and as having in a small way the specific dream-quality.

I dreamed—I am, by the way, a man of thirty-one—that I was outside a provision shop. At the counter inside was a little insignificant man holding a long ham-knife with which he smacked the counter. Two young men were leaning with their elbows on the counter talking to him, but at the same time looking out of the shop door, watching me. I was wearing a smart grey spring overcoat and an alpine hat—distinctly well-dressed. Outside the shop were piles of tins of sardines—nothing else. I wanted some sardines, and I stared at them a long while undecided, particularly at some very large gamboge-coloured tins, like big corned beef tins, of which two or three were lying carelessly sideways on the floor. At last I plucked up courage and went inside to ask the price. "I want the best sardines," I said, trying to ignore the grinning young men. The shopman said the gamboge tins were the best sardines, and they cost six francs; but, he said, the difficulty with those large tins—here he smacked his knife hard on the counter—was that once they were opened you had

to finish them, or they might go bad. This convinced me, and I said I'd better have something smaller. He spoke to one of the young men, who, still grinning, got down an oval tin with a loose paper label from a shelf on the other side of the shop. I then saw that the shop contained nothing but sardines.

The shopman held out the tin to me and said, " These are the best sardines; they are Vermeers of Delft—a Dutch brand," and he pointed to the label. There were four lines of print on a white background. I read them, recognizing that they were Dutch, but not understanding them. The only word that struck me was " Hoyos." I took the tin, thanked the man, and went out of the shop.—A. M.

" MELLONEY HOLTSPUR."—It sounds like a halfpenny poster when I ask, " Is the Intellectual Theatre suffering from too much criticism?" I put it in the rather ineffectual form of a question, firstly because I am an outsider, and secondly because when a play of this kind affects one emotionally then criticism flies out of the window! But in spite of this I cannot help feeling that a great many critics of the drama, both official and unofficial, are apt, by the very alertness of their intellect, to surround their emotional capacity with a sort of armour of challenge—their minds are too much on the defensive to allow the dramatist to grip them as he might. But if they went home with the impression and allowed that to challenge their critical faculty, then we might get not a more favourable result, but one that does justice to the play as a whole. There was a criticism of the New Shakespeare Company's first season in London, where the predominant note was a complaint because the scene-shifters could be heard moving the furniture! This is an extreme instance; but these are the people who are greatly addicted to addressing meetings on the subject of " The Future of the Drama,"

and they never encourage it to have any present! The Playbox surely is a sign of life in the theatre, the Repertory spirit appearing in a particularly attractive and favourable setting—let us rejoice accordingly!

I think Mr. Masefield has tackled a baffling subject in a most beautiful way—not scientifically, but humanly. I have often thought of inaugurating a "League of Pity for Ghosts"—for the gentleman with clanking chains compelled to carry his head under his arm and be on duty for any profiteer who cares to pay an extra thousand for his presence in the Ancestral Halls; or for the genuinely pathetic spirits who are summoned from the other side at intervals to satisfy their friends with accounts of their daily routine. These are not entities, just problems—and Mr. Masefield's is not a problem play, his ghosts live their lives side by side with their descendants; and, though their condemnation is severe, they have touch, love, repentance, and a "happy ending." Therefore the emotion of the play was very real, despite the fact that one crashes to earth rather suddenly in places—but who can catch the fleeting vision of a ghost for a whole afternoon?

I wish I did not live in London, then perhaps some pale grandmother with hands like Melloney's might expiate her sin and weave her presence round my house before she passed into the great unknown.—B. M. H.

A Lovely Thing.—The tiles surrounding the garden bed were like little red tombstones, awry and neglected, irregular but carelessly happy, and when the slim, yellow-green lizard poked his nose between them they did not think it impertinent, as proper tombstones would have done.

Queer Names.—Curious names often occur in old wills. They are still more numerous in parish registers, and in the records preserved at the episcopal registries,

MULTUM IN PARVO

Here are a few notable surnames: Christenwheate (Huntingdon, 1658), Athelphroe (London, 1713), Whitticarie (Leicester, 1659), Pitchfork (Stafford, 1797), Berrecloth (Essex, 1796), Haccomplaynt (1639), Sucksmith (1770), Bultitaft (London, 1794), Paticure (1785), Pennaliggan (London, 1803), Bindernagle (1793), and Godbehere (1769).—E. G. C.

TEMPERAMENT AND CRITICISM.—Perhaps criticism would be simplified if we made a declaration of our tastes before pronouncing judgment; for every work of art contains something particular emanating from the personality of the artist, which (quite independently of the execution) is the cause of our being charmed or irritated. Moreover, we can completely admire only works which satisfy our temperament and our mind together. Forgetfulness of this primary distinction is a great cause of injustice.—GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

INTERNATIONAL IGNORANCE.—In 1921 I was talking with an Italian family who live in a fine old villa near Florence and have some 300 peasants on the estate. They speak English fluently, and are rich, elegant, apparently cultured people. They had entertained many of our soldiers during the war, and one of their topics of conversation was the intellectual ignorance of English as compared with Italian officers. Our majors, captains, lieutenants, they said, had heard neither of Savonarola nor of Carducci. Wasn't it a disgrace? In further talk I then discovered that among the many English names unknown to my hosts were those of Jane Austen, Keats, Trollope, and Meredith. Among living writers they knew only of "the three greatest and most famous," *i.e.*, Marie Corelli, Sir Hall Caine, and Mr. Compton Mackenzie. The name of Thomas Hardy was new to them. They had not heard of Wells, nor of Bennett, nor of Conrad.

All the same, though not because of Carducci, I fear some English officers are lacking in education. A month before the war started I dined at Camberley in a company including four young Staff officers. I was ill-advised enough to mention H. G. Wells. But at that table, anyhow, no Wells except the Bombardier had entered the plane of the familiar. One man had read " The War in the Air," but had not noted the author's name.—C. C.

An Accident to an Insect.—For the first time in my life I saw an accident to an insect yesterday. A grasshopper was jumping about on one of the sluices near the golf-links. It was running fast. He was a very noisy grasshopper. Suddenly he took a jump and landed clean in the middle of the stream, which rushed him away. He made vain struggles to leap out ; but he could get no purchase on the water. There was no member of the Grasshoppers' Humane Society about, to throw a lifebelt. It would appear in *The Grasshoppers' Journal* as " Sad Drowning Fatality."

Theories of Aesthetic.—One has to have one. Without one, criticism is an ignoble means of getting a living ; with one, constantly tested, enlarged and adjusted, it becomes an exciting and humane activity—an art. But the trouble is that they are so partial. The critic concentrates on a single art ; and then, very often on a single aspect of that art. He gets a theory for Shakespeare and forgets Dickens, for Tchehov and forgets Wells. In a sudden frenzy he includes them all, and finds his generalizations absolutely colourless. Or he coins a word, which is merely a name for the activity of art, and it hypnotizes him, until he begins to believe that his description is an explanation.

However long I may stay in a place, whether for months or for years, I have noticed that I have never

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However long I may stay in a place, whether for months or for years, I have noticed that I have never

been contented, never at my ease, never naturalized in any spot, no matter how desirable otherwise, until I have had memories to associate with that place, with the rooms where I lived, with the streets, with the houses I frequented. These memories amounted to nothing more than being able to say: Here I was at such a date; here so many months ago, I did, saw, heard such and such a thing—something which may not have been of the slightest importance; but the memory, the power of recollecting it, made it important and sweet to me. . . . Hence I was always unhappy everywhere during the first months, and in course of time I have always grown contented and even fond of any place. With memory it became to me a second home.—LEOPARDI.

A QUAINT EPITAPH.—In Langford Church, Oxfordshire:—

Within this little Howse Three Howses lye
John Howse James Howse ye short-livd Twins and I
Anne of Joh Howse once ye Endeared Wife
Who lost mine Owne To give those Babes Their Life
We three though dead yet speake and put in mind
the Husband Father whom wee left Behind
that wee were Howses Only made of clay
And called For Could no longer with Him stay
but were Layd here to take our rest and ease
by death who taketh whome and where he please.

THIS MONTH'S PROBLEM (No. 3).—A man swims to a point up-stream whose distance from his starting-point is equal to the width of the river. What is the difference in the times required for the up and down journey and the across and back journey?

Answers to previous problems:
No. 1, 143; No. 2, The volumes are equal.

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EDITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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VOL. 1. NO. 4. SEPTEMBER, 1923

ON FEAR; AND ON ROMANTICISM

By John Middleton Murry

OF late I have received many letters, which arouse in me pride and fear: a momentary pride that anything I have said or done should have found a response in such natures, an incessant fear lest I should at any time and in any way betray the trust that has been placed in me. And it seems to me that this fear is the most precious thing that has come to me as a writer. The pride lasts but an instant, and vanishes; the fear remains. It has become as it were a companion and a familiar, so that I have been able to look into its face and gaze into its eyes.

Those eyes are deep. I feel that, were I only to look long enough into them, I should see strange things. But this I dare not. I hold to the first simple direct glance into them. That has meaning enough to suffice me, meaning enough to overwhelm me almost.

This, then, is what I see. The fear of failing those others is a present warning not to fail myself. It will not help me not to fail those others if I think of them, if I begin to consider what may hurt and offend them, and to soften this and exclude that because it may cause them pain and alarm. On the contrary, if I once begin

to do that I shall have begun to fail them ; I shall have begun to write and to publish less than the truth as I feel it.

That, it seems to me, is the obligation I have undertaken : to write and to publish what I feel to be true. Not what I *think* is true : I can make mistakes about that, without any consciousness of wrong. And where a mistake is a matter of indifference, at worst no more than a prick to an intellectual vanity, there the assertion is not worth making. What one feels to be true is quite another affair. Now the whole man is involved. If he is mistaken in his feeling for truth, the very roots of his being are troubled and torn. When through his whole being there comes a flash of sudden awareness of unity within him, and from some place that he scarcely knew leaps up a sense of knowledge and a sense of oneness in that which knows ; when his deepest, unfamiliar self rises and takes possession of all that he is, body and mind and soul, and declares : *This is true,*—then, if he is wrong, it is disaster and dismay.

Yet perhaps the man to whom that truly happens never can be mistaken. If his deepest, unfamiliar self has risen and taken possession and pronounced : *This is true,* perhaps indeed it *is* true, for ever and ever. For this mysterious judgment is pronounced first and foremost upon a man's own acts. Of a man's acts many are indifferent—even this also may be a mark of imperfection : were we more truly living, perhaps our smallest acts, having the self in its oneness directly behind them, would be no longer indifferent but vital—but as we are, many, nay most of our acts are indifferent. But a moment comes when the whole being is awakened and on the alert : a crucial act is coming to birth. And on this judgment is pronounced. *This is right,* or *That is wrong ;* and from that judgment there is no appeal.

Writing is an act. It may be an indifferent act, as the modern newspaper too plainly shows. Or it may

be a crucial act. But it is the writer's own act. He can know, beyond all appeal, whether it is true. Whether his truth can be communicated, whether others can be made to feel it as he felt it—is beyond his knowledge and control. Some men are born with this compulsive gift; to others it is denied. Nevertheless, it seems impossible that a writer whose words were endorsed by his deepest self should fail of hearers. But, at all events, a writer knows whether what he writes is engaging in some strange way all he knows and feels and is.

So much for the writer. But the editor is in a different case. There is the writing of others about which he feels in something of the same way as a man feels about his crucial acts. He reads a story, an essay, and with his whole being he pronounces "This is true; this is living." Then, and then only, he knows beyond all doubt that it is not a trick, that this piece of writing engaged the deepest self of the author. He, in his wholeness, responds to the utterance of the author, in his wholeness.

Now, by the very nature of things, that cannot always be happening. An editor, even if his sensibility were as perfect as his sincerity, could not always *know* in this clear and incontrovertible way that all he published was true. The amount of writing coming to him which can be known for true in this way is never enough to fill his pages. What shall he do then? In ideal conditions, where printers did not work in sixteens, and nobody minded if a magazine was twenty pages one month and two hundred the next, no doubt he would stop where he was absolutely certain. But that is impossible. So he begins to choose writing because of its interest, which is a different quality from felt truth. If a piece of writing is interesting and he has no sense of falsity or trickery in it; if it feels to him honest, which again is a different thing from feeling true, he lets it in. He has done his

best: the material of which he could be *certain* has failed him. He is moving now in the shadowy world of opinion. The difference is that whereas before he would have risked everything on his conviction of truth ("If this is not true, then there is no truth in me; if this is not good, then I am no good" is his feeling), now he cannot risk everything on his own conviction, simply because the conviction has never existed.

These then are the limits of possibility within which an editor's tacit obligation to be true to himself can be kept. But one thing is certain. If the offence or the pain is to be given, it will be given only by those writings of whose truth he is convinced. With the other kind—the interesting and the honest—he does not take risks: he takes them only when he is certain, for only then *must* they be taken (after all, he does not take risks for fun), and then also he is hardly aware of having taken them.

A clever young man called Mr. Mortimer—perhaps he is not young: but he seems to be—who writes in the *New Statesman*, lately asserted that a great victory of classicism has overtaken modern English literature. He was very pleased about it, and it struck me that he must have an unusual capacity for delighting himself, seeing that the only evidence of victory he produced was the award of the Hawthornden Prize to Mr. David Garnett's *Lady into Fox*, which is about as classical as a carved cocoanut, with much the same high polish and the same intrinsic importance. But 'twas a famous victory.

In the course of his magnification of a stuffed swallow into a summer, however, Mr. Mortimer let drop a remark for which I am grateful. The opposition to this victorious tide of classicism, it appeared, is centred in this magazine: the Romantics were making "a last despairing stand" in THE ADELPHI. I am not con-

scious of any feeling of desperation, nor have I found any of my colleagues down in the mouth. If classicism is to go on winning such victories so many miles away from the real field of battle, the struggle will be over without its having fired a shot of the slightest consequence. It might as well advance into action with a pop-gun.

Not but what I am inclined to believe that the elements of a real struggle might be found. But I do not think the opposed forces are Romantic and Classic. If they are, I should advise the enemy to choose a more advantageous terrain than *Lady into Fox*. And in any case, I do not see that it is my business to commence hostilities. For me, it would be a great waste of time. I do not see anything worth fighting in the field of literature: what I dislike—and there are many things I dislike—does not seem to me worth powder and shot. If battle there is to be, it will come without my choosing. A giant will arise whom I shall have to slay, lest he slay me. Then I shall slay, or be slain. But I do not see him yet. Until I do, sufficient for the day. . . . I can see no good whatever in a premature and artificial defining of the issues. They will emerge naturally, if they emerge at all.

That is to say, I am always ready to define my own position to the best of my ability. So far as I myself see clearly, there will I advance and plant this yellow flag. But I am not going to define my position in relation to the position of an enemy I do not recognize as a real one. At the moment I can see nothing in front of me to make me pause. What is toward on the far left and the distant right—

> Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out—

is no concern of mine.

But Mr. Mortimer's description of THE ADELPHI as the last stronghold of romanticism I cheerfully accept. *Foveo Danaos et dona ferentes.* (Which, being

interpreted, is : " I smile welcome to the 'classicists' even when they hand me a brick.") Not that I believe for a moment that it is a true description. If I did I should not have doctored my quotation. As it is I gladly take the Wooden Horse within my walls : I will even give it a feed of cardboard oats, by saying that, on the whole, I think it is very true that I myself am a Romantic. But since nobody ever knows what anybody else means by that word, I shall do my best to make clear what it means for me. I suppose that, if I were a tactician, I should just accept the label at the face-value Mr. Mortimer so rashly gives it, and say that, since a Romantic is a person who sees no real importance in *Lady into Fox,* I am indeed a Romantic, oh, very much so. But the main point of THE ADELPHI is that it is not a place for the display of literary, or religious, or ethical, or any other tactics. It was begun not least because we were tired of those things, and because we believed that other people were tired of them also : wherein we were more correct than men are wont to be in such surmises.

No tactics, therefore ; but strategy. And the best strategy, seeing that there is no enemy of consequence visible, seems to me that I should seize the opportunity of consolidating my own position ; that I should accept the designation Romantic and try to give it a content of more importance than one based on an opposition, which I do not greatly feel, to a book that does not interest me. One might as well define a Romantic as one who prefers green 'bus-tickets to red ones, as I do.

Now, in the first place, there is no point, in English conditions, in opposing Romanticism to Classicism. In England there never has been any classicism worth talking about : we have had classics, but no classicism. And all our classics are romantic. That is to say, the *decorum* the great English writers naturally observe is one that they fetch out of the depths in themselves. It

is not imposed by tradition or authority. There is a tradition in English life and English literature, of course, but it is not on the surface; it is not formulated or formulable, any more than the tradition of English politics is formulated or formulable. It is something you have to sense by intuition, if you are to know it at all. The English writer, the English divine, the English statesman, inherit no rules from their forbears: they inherit only this: a sense that in the last resort they must depend upon the inner voice. If they dig deep enough in their pursuit of self-knowledge—a piece of mining done not with the intellect alone, but with the whole man—they will come upon a self that is universal: in religious terms, the English tradition is that the man who truly interrogates himself will ultimately hear the voice of God, in terms of literary criticism, that the writer achieves impersonality through personality.

That, in relation to the Latin and Continental tradition, is an attitude which may be fairly described as Romantic; but to bring this time-honoured opposition across the Channel is absurd. Romanticism, as I have tried to describe it, is itself the English tradition: it is national, and it is the secret source of our own peculiar vitality. In England it is the classicist who is the interloper and the alien. And he has always been an insignificant person over here. Sometimes he has been *à la mode*: he was so for some time in the eighteenth century, and I am perfectly prepared to believe he is in the swim again at this very moment. But that is no more important than an exotic fashion in trousers. He *cannot* establish himself here; he may be a pastime for the *dilettanti*; his elegance may be attractive, but it is always the slightly excessive elegance of the outsider. And that is why the opposition between classicism and romanticism, which has been profound enough in Latin countries, has never been a thing of any significance among ourselves.

In other words—and these incessant changes of angle have a value as showing the interdependence of literature and religion—Great Britain is a Protestant country. I do not mean that it might not perfectly well have remained Catholic, provided that a special national dispensation had been arranged for it. But its Catholicism would never have been, and never will be, the real thing. Romantic Catholicism, after all, is a contradiction in terms. Catholicism stands for the principle of unquestioned spiritual authority outside the individual; that is also the principle of classicism in literature. The English nature is instinctively rebellious to such a principle. It is willing to accept its temporal ruler as its spiritual head, simply in order to politicize, to make amenable to coercion and control, the vehicle of spiritual authority. To some minds this will always appear scandalous and sacrilegious in the extreme; to others—and these see more clearly—it is the most practical form a negation of external spiritual authority can take.

It is, indeed, a commonplace that individualism—which is only another name for Romanticism—is in our British bones. The trouble with us, at the present time, is that we do not carry our Individualism far enough; we are not Romantic enough, nor Romantic in the right way. For there are not, as some people seem to think, a thousand and one ways of being Romantic. It is not at all the same thing as libertarianism or egalitarianism; it is essentially a search for reality through the self, and an acceptance of what one discovers there. And what one does discover there, if one looks hard enough, is something beyond all personality—call it the voice of God, call it the individual in his wholeness, call it a sense of loyalty to the hidden principle of life itself. Romanticism is the discovery and discrimination of inward reality; that is the end by reference to which alone Romanticism can be truly defined, in the light of which alone it has validity and value.

Therefore, it is not libertarian or egalitarian. Ultimately it demands a complete surrender to something that is not in the least like my vain, puny, querulous *ego;* and not only does it demand this surrender of myself to my self, but it demands that I should surrender to achieved completeness in others. There are not many of them, but when we meet them, in person or in their work, we have to surrender, knowing that what we do is good. Some are leaders and some are led; some discover truth, others recognize the truth when it is declared to them. It has happened again and again in the history of mankind. But Romantic leadership is freely chosen and freely acknowledged; the principle of classical leadership is that obeisance is made to the office or to the tradition, never to the man.

I might go on, but my space is ending. Perhaps I have said enough at the moment to distinguish clearly between the two great principles of Classicism and Romanticism, in literature and religion and morality. For they are indeed great principles, and not lightly to be evoked by clever young men who know so little about their own professed cause as to make a drawing-room table *bibelot* representative of it. When a classicist comes along who knows as much about his own creed as I know about mine—then we may prepare for battle. But that is not the sort of opposition we have to fear in this country. On the other side are ranged not classicists but false and incomplete Romantics, people who for the sake of a little prestige in a little coterie try to wear their rue with a difference imported from Paris. And, of course, it is only by a figure of speech that I say they are ranged on the other side; they are skirmishing on the far horizon, sounding alarums on penny trumpets, and beating excursions on twopenny drums, capturing Hawthornden prizes and appointing one another field-marshals.

EIGHT POEMS

By Herbert E. Palmer

Joy

Some men have died for Religion,
And some for a Soldier's Cause,
The poet for Vision and Beauty,
Strong Statesmen to better Earth's Laws.
But sound for me now lute and timbrel
That my singing be cleansed from alloy ;
I would lay down my life for the crown of them all,
Oh, I would die for Joy !

I have wooed fair Joy in the twilight
'Neath the sweep of a glimmering sword,
I have crept like a thief through the dark night
And plundered her starry hoard.
The wings of her spirit have risen
From the foam of the Dead Sea swell,
And my soul has breathed free from its prison
When I suffered what tongue could not tell.

Oh, lend me some Weapon of Wonder
To fight for this spirit of Might !
I would cleave the dark storm-clouds asunder
And bring the Earth stars of delight.
Let me stand with my face to her Slayer
And fall where Death's legions deploy,
But ne'er by weak living betray her,
Brave Joy, radiant Joy.

An Orchestra in Heaven

In Heaven beneath a greenwood tree
(It grew in sad Gethsemane)
The dead men hold high festival.

And clarions ringing silverly,
The trombones loud before them all,
They tell the pains of soldiery,—

A score of spectre Englishmen,
And Russians from a Dwina fen,
And many a German from Germany.

A Zouave in scarlet pantalon
Whirls like a winged automaton,
Swift dancing over the lilied lea.

In Heaven beneath a greenwood tree
The trumpets blare to festival;
And the brave on Earth hear wonderingly.

Any Practical Idealist

When the selfless men arise
And their power brings down the skies,
When the Zenith is a fiddle, Earth a bow;
When the blue-devils go maying
And town-councillors are praying
And the Future woos the olden Long Ago;
When Lord Jesus wears his crown
And bright Mary a new gown
And the church-folk are deep prying in their souls;
When the wealthy are dumbfounded
And all profiteers astounded
I will change my ways—if Time still rolls.

The Arrow

Sir Bran was as quiet as any sleeper when the wind rose.
Said he, "Am I my brother's keeper that I should
get foes?"
For a year and a month loud wailed the women, and
the men rained blows.

Sir Bran got up in the middle of the night, when the
moon was shining;
Through the wild wet wood he went, where the flowers
were twining.
"Feather this arrow," he said to the fairies and trolls.
"An end of wrath and repining."

Sir Bran shot an arrow that fell far away, far away,
three leagues and a furlong;—
Right in the middle of the swaying host that was
fighting, ding-dong.
And strange gentleness flooded each soul deep stricken
with wrong.

And the wind went still, and the sun moved over the
stars of the morning;
And the fight seemed a tumult of horror and fear, a
thing for man's scorning.
And each foeman was sorry, and lifted a finger of
warning.

An Easter Poem for all the Year

Hush harlequin brain, wild brain! a tale I'd tell.
  Speak louder whispering soul, while halts the morn.
Old though it be, yet some who listen well
  Find it still new, and all its truths unworn.

It is of strange wild tenderness and ruth,
  A story of bright sacrifice and pain,
Of One who strove to bring men Springtide youth
  And out of Death make dark things fair again.

Because of this sweet women were defiled,
  Tortured with whips and fire and branding rods,
Or flung to tawny lions and tigers wild,
  Because of this the Roman burnt his gods.

Because of this in Ages dim revealed
  Mailed knights renounced their tourneys and their wine,
Blazoned a mystic cross on curving shield
  And spilt their blood in lonely Palestine.

Because of this each martyrizing flame
  Hurt men not more than when a light wind flies,
For on its wings the starry Vision came
  That folded back the Gates of Paradise.

A Mood

The World is full of Beauty, forms that move
In loveliness and her pure essence prove.

And yet, by all this Beauty I'm undone,
And banished from the healing of the sun.

Because she shields her with a sword keen-edged,
And wounds me with an arrow silver-fledged
When from her threatenings I too swiftly run.

By Night she lifts her blade my body to slay.
Her armour blinds me 'neath the chasm of Day.

I fain would draw her to me, like a guest,
And walk unwounded, with my heart at rest.
Maybe that Death will take her arms away.

The Cemetery

Now for a time would I keep ward
In this green garden of Earth's Lord,
For saints from brightest Heaven descend
To walk these paths and call me " friend,"
And sinners racked in burning Hell
Steal holiday to wish me well.

The sombre yew and sad cypress
Invite my thoughts to quietness.
But though all silence wraps me round,
The trembling air is filled with sound.
I walk with Death, a living guest,
And dead men speak at my behest.

EIGHT POEMS

Stanzas

I.

Put on, frail ghosts, more tangible gown ;
  Compass me round and comfort me.
My soul is utterly cast down,
  For I have killed my enemy.

I would that he were whole again.
  Wounds would I take without a moan,
For as I flung him to the slain
  I knew his spirit for mine own.

II.

Now are my singing wits bemused,
  I feel as two, and think as one ;
Though the quick and the dead will soon be fused,
  When I press onwards to the sun.

III.

Listen, O Lord of the spirit hosts !—
  They whom Thou lovest side not with Thee ;
Greed gnaws the aureoles of ghosts ;
  The Mighty are blind, or dare not see.

And they who preach regard for Christ
  Are timorous and ill at ease ;
For Valour with the Fiend has diced,
  And Wisdom jangles Hellgate keys.

THE SAINT JOSEPH'S ASS

By Giovanni da Verga

They had bought him at the fair at Buccheri when he was quite a foal, when as soon as he saw a she-ass he went up to her to find her teats, for which he got a good many bangs on the head and showers of blows upon his buttocks, and caused a great shouting of "Gee back!" Neighbour Neli, seeing him lively and stubborn as he was, a young creature that licked his nose after it had been hit, giving his ears a shake, said, "This is the chap for me!" And he went straight to the owner, holding in his pocket his hand which clasped the thirty-five shillings.

"It's a fine foal," said the owner, "and it's worth more than five and thirty shillings. Never mind if he's got that black and white skin, like a magpie. I'll just show you his mother, whom we keep there in the bough-shelter because the foal has always got his nose at the teats. You'll see a fine black beast there; she works for me better than a mule, and has brought me more young ones than she has hairs on her back. Upon my soul, I don't know where that magpie jacket has come from, on the foal. But he's sound in the bone, I tell you! And you don't value men according to their faces. Look what a chest, and legs like pillars! Look how he holds his ears! An ass that keeps his ears straight up like that, you can put him in a cart or in the plough as you like, and make him carry ten quarters of buckwheat better than a mule, as true as this is holy day to-day! Feel this tail, if you and all your family couldn't hang on to it!"

Neighbour Neli knew it better than he; but he wasn't such a fool as to agree, and stood on his own, with his hand in his pocket, shrugging his shoulders and curling his nose, while the owner led the colt round in front of him.

"Hm!" muttered neighbour Neli, "with that hide on him, he's like Saint Joseph's ass. Those coloured animals are all Jonahs, and when you ride through the village on their backs everybody laughs at you. What do you want me to make you a present of, for Saint Joseph's ass?"

Then the owner turned his back on him in a rage, shouting that if he didn't know anything about animals, or if he hadn't got the money to pay with, he'd better not come to the fair and make Christians waste their time, on the blessed day that it was.

Neighbour Neli let him swear, and went off with his brother, who was pulling him by his jacket-sleeve, and saying that if he was going to throw away his money on that ugly beast, he deserved to be kicked.

However, on the sly they kept their eye on the Saint Joseph's ass, and on its owner who was pretending to shell some broad-beans, with the halter-rope between his legs, while neighbour Neli went wandering round among the groups of mules and horses, and stopping to look, and bargaining for first one and then the other of the best beasts, without ever opening the fist which he kept in his pocket with the thirty-five shillings, as if he'd got the money to buy half the fair. But his brother said in his ear, motioning towards the ass of Saint Joseph: "That's the chap for us!"

The wife of the owner of the ass from time to time ran to look what had happened, and finding her husband with the halter in his hand, she said to him: "Isn't the Madonna going to send us anybody to-day to buy the foal?"

And her husband answered every time: "Not so

far! There came one man to try for him, and he liked him. But he drew back when he had to pay for him, and has gone off with his money. See him, that one there, in the white stocking-cap, behind the flock of sheep. But he's not bought anything up to now, which means he'll come back."

The woman would have liked to sit down on a couple of stones, just close to her ass, to see if he would be sold. But her husband said to her: "You clear out! If they see we're waiting, they'll never come to bargain."

Meanwhile the foal kept nuzzling with his nose between the legs of the she-asses that passed by, chiefly because he was hungry, and his master, the moment the young thing opened his mouth to bray, fetched him a bang and made him be quiet, because the buyers wouldn't want him if they heard him.

"It's still there," said neighbour Neli in his brother's ear, pretending to come past again to look for the man who was selling broiled chick-peas. "If we wait until Ave Maria we can get him for five shillings less than the price we offered."

The sun of May was hot, so that from time to time, in the midst of the shouting and swarming of the fair there fell a great silence over all the fair-ground, as if there was nobody there, and then the mistress of the ass came back to say to her husband: "Don't you hold out for five shillings more or less, because there's no money to buy anything in with, this evening; and then you know the foal will eat five shillings' worth in a month, if he's left on our hands."

"If you're not going," replied her husband, "I'll fetch you a kick you won't forget!"

So the hours of the fair rolled by, but none of those who passed before the ass of Saint Joseph stopped to look at him; for sure enough his master had chosen the most humble position, next the low-price cattle, so as

not to make him show up too badly beside the beautiful bay mules and the glossy horses! It took a fellow like neighbour Neli to go and bargain for the Saint Joseph's ass, which set everybody in the fair laughing the moment they saw it. With having waited so long in the sun the foal let his head and his ears drop, and his owner had seated himself gloomily on the stones, with his hands also dangling between his knees, and the halter in his hands, watching here and there the long shadows, which began to form in the plain as the sun went down, from the legs of all the beasts which had not found a buyer. Then neighbour Neli and his brother, and another friend whom they had picked up for the occasion, came walking that way, looking into the air, so that the owner of the ass also twisted his head away to show he wasn't sitting there waiting for them; and the friend of neighbour Neli said, like this, looking vacant, as if the idea had just come to him:

"Oh, look at the ass of Saint Joseph! Why don't you buy him, neighbour Neli?"

"I asked the price of him this morning; he's too dear. Then I should have everybody laughing at me with that black and white donkey. You can see that nobody would have him, so far."

"That's a fact, but the colour doesn't matter, if a thing is any use to you."

And he asked of the owner: "How much do you expect us to make you a present of, for that Saint Joseph's donkey?"

The wife of the owner of the ass of Saint Joseph, seeing that the bargaining had started again, came edging softly up to them, with her hands clasped under her short cloak.

"Don't mention such a thing!" neighbour Neli began to shout, running away across the plain. "Don't mention such a thing to me, I won't hear a word of it."

:' If he doesn't want it, let him go without it," swered the owner. " If he doesn't take it, somebody e will. It's a sad man who has nothing left to sell, er the fair!"

" But I mean him to listen to me, by the blessed vil I do!" squealed the friend. " Can't I say my n fool's say like anybody else?"

And he ran to seize neighbour Neli by the jacket, :n he came back to speak a word in the ear of the 's owner, who now wanted at any cost to go home h his little donkey; so the friend threw his arms ınd his neck, whispering: " Listen! five shillings re or less, if you don't sell it to-day, you won't find ›ther softy like my pal here to buy your beast, which 't worth a cigar."

And he embraced the ass's mistress also, talking in ear, to get her on his side. But she shrugged her ulders and replied with a sullen face: " It's my n's business. It's nothing to do with me. But if lets you have it for less than forty shillings he's a ıpleton, in all conscience! It costs us more!"

' I was a lunatic to offer thirty-five shillings this rning," put in neighbour Neli. " You see now ether you've found anybody else to buy it at that :e. There's nothing left in all the fair but three or r scabby sheep and the ass of Saint Joseph. Thirty lings now, if you like."

' Take it," suggested the ass's mistress to her band, with tears in her eyes. " We haven't a penny buy anything in to-night, and Turiddu has got the er on him again; he needs some sulphate."

' All the devils!" bawled her husband. " If you 't get out, I'll give you a taste of the halter!"

' Thirty-two-and-six, there!" cried the friend at , shaking him hard by the jacket collar. " Neither ı nor me! This time you've got to take my word, all the saints in paradise! And I don't ask as much

as a glass of wine. You can see the sun's gone down. Then what are you waiting for, the pair of you?"

And he snatched the halter from the owner's hand, while neighbour Neli, swearing, drew out of his pocket the fist with the thirty-five shillings, and gave them him without looking at them, as if he was tearing out his own liver. The friend drew aside with the mistress of the ass, to count the money on a stone, while the owner of the ass rushed through the fair like a young colt, swearing and punching himself on the head.

But then he permitted himself to go back to his wife, who was very slowly and carefully counting over again the money in the handkerchief, and he asked, "Is it right?"

"Yes, it's quite right; Saint Gaetano be praised! Now I'll go to the chemist."

"I've fooled them! I'd have given it him for twenty shillings, if I'd had to; those coloured donkeys are all Jonahs."

And neighbour Neli, leading the little donkey behind him down the slope, said:

"As true as God's above I've stolen his foal from him! The colour doesn't matter. Look what legs, like pillars, neighbour. He's worth forty shillings with your eyes shut."

"If it hadn't been for me," replied the friend, "you wouldn't have done a thing. Here, I've still got two-and-six of yours. And if you like, we'll go and drink your donkey's health with it."

And now the colt stood in need of all his health to earn back the thirty-two-and-six he had cost, and the straw he ate. Meanwhile he took upon himself to keep gambolling behind neighbour Neli, trying to bite his jacket in fun, as if he knew it was the jacket of his new master, and he didn't care a rap about leaving for ever the stable where he had lived in the warmth, near his

mother, rubbing his muzzle on the edge of the manger, or butting and capering with the ram, or going to rouse up the pig in its corner. And his mistress, who was once more counting the money in the handkerchief in front of the druggist's counter, she didn't either once think of how she had seen the foal born, all black and white, with his skin as glossy as silk, and he couldn't stand on his legs yet, but lay nestling in the sun in the yard, and all the grass which he had eaten to get so big and stout had passed through her hands. The only one who remembered her foal was the she-ass, who stretched out her neck braying towards the stable door, but when she no longer had her teats swollen with milk, she too forgot about the foal.

"Now this creature," said neighbour Neli, "you'll see he'll carry me ten quarters of buckwheat better than a mule. And at harvest I'll set him threshing."

At the threshing the colt, tied in a string with the other beasts, old mules and broken-down horses, trotted round over the sheaves from morning till night, till he was so tired he didn't even want to open his mouth to bite at the heap of straw when they had put him to rest in the shade, now that a little wind had sprung up, so that the peasants could toss up the grain into the air with broad wooden forks, to winnow it, crying *Viva Maria!*

Then he let his muzzle and his ears hang down, like a grown-up ass, his eye spent, as if he was tired of looking out over the vast white campagna which fumed here and there with the dust from the threshing-floors, and it seemed as if he was made for nothing else but to be let die of thirst and made to trot round on the sheaves. At evening he went back to the village with full saddlebags, and the master's lad went behind him pricking him between the legs, along the hedges of the by-way that seemed alive with the twittering of the tits and the scent of cat-mint and of rosemary, and the

donkey would have liked to snatch a mouthful, if they hadn't made him trot all the time, till the blood ran down his legs, and they had to take him to the vet; but his master didn't care, because the harvest had been a good one, and the colt had earned his thirty-two-and-six. His master said: "Now he's done his work, and if I sell him for twenty shillings I've still made money by him."

The only one who was fond of the foal was the lad who made him trot along the little road, when they were coming home from the threshing-floor, and he cried while the farrier was burning the creature's legs with a red-hot iron, so that the colt twisted himself up, with his tail in the air and his ears as erect as when he had roved round the fair-ground, and he tried to get free from the twisted rope which pressed his lips, and he rolled his eyes with pain almost as if he had human understanding, when the farrier's lad came to change the red-hot irons, and his skin smoked and frizzled like fish in a frying-pan. But neighbour Neli shouted at his son: "Silly fool! What are you crying for? He's done his work now, and seeing that the harvest has gone well we'll sell him and buy a mule, which will be better for us."

Some things children don't understand; and after they had sold the colt to Farmer Cirino from Licodia, neighbour Neli's son used to go to visit it in the stable, to stroke its nose and its neck, and the ass would turn to snuff at him as if its heart were still bound to him, whereas donkeys are made to be tied up where their master wishes, and they change their fate as they change their stable. Farmer Cirino from Licodia had bought the Saint Joseph's ass cheap, because it still had the wound in the pastern; and the wife of neighbour Neli, when she saw the ass going by with its new master, said: "There goes our luck; that black and white hide brings a jolly threshing-floor; and now times

go from bad to worse, so that we've even sold th
mule again."

Farmer Cirino had yoked the ass to the plough, wit the old horse that went like a jewel, drawing out hi own brave furrow all day long, for miles and miles, fron the time when the larks began to trill in the dawn-whit sky, till when the robins ran to huddle behind the bar twigs that quivered in the cold, with their short fligh and their melancholy chirping, in the mist which ros like a sea. Only, seeing that the ass was smaller thar the horse, they had put him a pad of straw on th saddle, under the yoke, and he went at it harder thar ever, breaking the frozen sod, pulling with all his migh from the shoulder. "This creature saves my horse fo me, because he's getting old," said Farmer Cirino "He's got a heart as big as the plain of Catania, ha that ass of Saint Joseph! And you'd never think it.'

And he said to his wife, who was following behin him clutched in her scanty cloak, parsimoniousl scattering the seed: "If anything should happen t him, think what a loss it would be! We should b ruined, with all the season's work in hand."

And the woman looked at the work in hand, at th little stony desolate field, where the earth was whit and cracked, because there had been no rain for s long, the water coming all in mist, the mist that rot the seed; so that when the time came to hoe the youn corn it was like the devil's beard, so sparse and yellow as if you'd burnt it with matches. "In spite of th way we worked that land!" whined Farmer Cirino tearing off his jacket. "That donkey puts his gut into it like a mule! He's the ass of misfortune, he is.'

His wife had a lump in her throat when she looked a that burnt-up cornfield, and only answered with the bi tears that came to her eyes.

"It isn't the donkey's fault. He brought a goo year to neighbour Neli. It's us who are unlucky."

So the ass of Saint Joseph changed masters once more, for Farmer Cirino went back again with his sickle from the cornfield, there was no need to reap it that year, in spite of the fact that they'd hung images of the saints on to the cane hedge, and had spent ninepence having it blessed by the priest. "The devil is after us!" Farmer Cirino went swearing through those ears of corn that stood up straight like feathers, which even the ass wouldn't eat; and he spat into the air at the blue sky that had not a drop of water in it. Then neighbour Luciano the carter, meeting Farmer Cirino leading home the ass with empty saddle-bags, asked him: "What do you want me to give you for Saint Joseph's ass?"

"Give me what you like. Curse him and whoever made him," replied Farmer Cirino. "Now we haven't got bread to eat, nor barley to give to the beast."

"I'll give you fifteen shillings because you're ruined; but the ass isn't worth it, he won't last above six months. See what a poor sight he is!"

"You ought to have asked more," Farmer Cirino's wife began to grumble after the bargain was concluded. "Neighbour Luciano's mule has died, and he hasn't the money to buy another. If he hadn't bought the Saint Joseph's ass he wouldn't know what to do with his cart and harness; and you'll see that donkey will bring him riches."

The ass then learnt to pull the cart, which was too high on the shafts for him, and weighed so heavily on his shoulders that he wouldn't have lasted even six months, scrambling his way up the steep rough roads, when it took all neighbour Luciano's cudgelling to put a bit of breath into his body; and when he went downhill it was worse, because all the load came down on top of him, and pressed on him so much that he had to hold on with his back curved up in an arch, with those

poor legs that had been burnt by fire, so that people seeing him began to laugh, and when he fell down it took all the angels of paradise to get him up again. But neighbour Luciano knew that he pulled his ton and a half of stuff better than a mule, and he got paid two shillings a half-ton. " Every day the Saint Joseph's ass lives it mean six shillings earned," he said, " and he costs me less to feed than a mule." Sometimes people toiling up on foot at a snail's pace behind the cart, seeing that poor beast digging his hoofs in with no strength left, and arching his spine, breathing quick, his eye hopeless, suggested : " Put a stone under the wheel, and let that poor beast get his wind." But neighbour Luciano replied : " If I let him go his own pace he'll never earn me any six shillings a day. I've got to mend my own skin with his. When he can't do another stroke I'll sell him to the lime man, for the creature is a good one and will do for him ; and it's not true a bit that Saint Joseph's asses are Jonahs. I got him for a crust of bread from Farmer Cirino, now he's come down and is poor."

Then the Saint Joseph's ass fell into the hands of the lime man, who had about twenty donkeys, all thin skeletons just ready to drop, but which managed nevertheless to carry him his little sacks of lime, and lived on mouthfuls of weeds which they could snatch from the roadside as they went. The lime man didn't want him because he was all covered with scars worse than the other beasts, and his legs seared with fire, and his shoulders worn out with the collar, and his withers gnawed by the plough-saddle, and his knees broken by his falls, and then that black and white skin which in his opinion didn't go at all with his other black animals. " That doesn't matter," replied neighbour Luciano, " it'll help you to know your own asses at a distance." And he took off another ninepence from the seven shillings which he had asked, to close the bargain. But

even the mistress who had seen him born would no longer have recognized the Saint Joseph's ass, he was so changed, as he went with his nose to the ground and his ears like an umbrella, under the little sacks of lime, twisting his behind at the blows from the boy who was driving the herd. But the mistress herself had also changed by then, with the bad times there had been, and the hunger she had felt, and the fevers that they'd all caught down on the plain, she, her husband, and her Turiddu, without any money to buy sulphate, for one hasn't got a Saint Joseph's ass to sell every day, not even for thirty-five shillings.

In winter, when work was scarcer, and the wood for burning the lime was rarer and further to fetch, and the frozen little roads hadn't a leaf on their hedges, or a mouthful of stubble along the frozen ditch-side, life was harder for those poor beasts ; and the owner knew that the winter would carry off half of them for him ; so that he usually had to buy a good stock of them in spring. At night the herd lay in the open, near the kiln, and the beasts did the best for themselves pressing close up to one another. But those stars that shone like swords pierced them in their vulnerable parts, in spite of their thick hides, and all their sores and galls burned again and trembled in the cold as if they could speak.

However, there are plenty of Christians who are no better off, and even haven't got that rag of a cloak in which the herd-boy curled himself up to sleep in front of the furnace. A poor widow lived close by—in a hovel even more dilapidated than the lime kiln, so that the stars pierced through the roof like swords, as if you were in the open, and the wind made the few rags of coverlets flutter. She used to do washing, but it was a lean business, because folk washed their own rags, when they were washed at all, and now that her boy was grown she lived by going down to the village to sell wood. But nobody had known her husband, and

nobody knew where she got the wood she sold; though her boy knew, because he went to glean it here and there, at the risk of being shot at by the estate-keepers. "If you had a donkey," said the lime-man who wanted to sell the Saint Joseph's ass because it was no longer any good to him, "you could carry bigger bundles to the village, now that your boy is grown."

The poor woman had a shilling or two tied in a corner of a handkerchief, and she let the lime man get them out of her, because they said that "old stuff goes to die in the house of the crazy."

At least the poor Saint Joseph's ass lived his last days a little better; because the widow cherished him like a treasure, thanks to the pennies he had cost her, and she went out at nights to get him straw and hay, and kept him in the hut beside the bed, so that he helped to keep them all warm, like a little fire, he did, and in this world one hand washes the other. The woman driving before her the ass laden with wood like a mountain, so that you couldn't see his ears, went building castles in the air; and the boy foraged round the hedges and ventured into the margins of the wood to get the load together, till both mother and son imagined themselves growing rich at the trade; till at last the baron's estate-keeper caught the boy in the act of stealing boughs and tanned his hide for him thoroughly with a stick. To cure the boy the doctor swallowed up all the pence in the handkerchief, the stock of wood, and all there was to sell, which wasn't much; so that one night when the boy was raving with fever, his inflamed face turned towards the wall, and there wasn't a mouthful of bread in the house, the mother went out raving and talking to herself as if she had got the fever as well; and she went and broke down an almond tree close by, though it didn't seem possible she could have managed to do it, and at dawn she loaded it on the ass to go and sell it. But under the

weight, as he tried to get up the steep path, the donkey kneeled down really like Saint Joseph's ass before the Infant Jesus, and couldn't get up again.

"Holy spirits," murmured the woman, "oh, carry that load of wood for me, you yourselves."

And some passers-by pulled the ass by the rope and hit his ears to make him get up.

"Don't you see he's dying," said a carter at last, and so the others left him in peace, since the ass had eyes like a dead fish, and a cold nose, and shivers running over his skin.

The woman thought of her son in his delirium, with his face red with fever, and she stammered: "Now what shall we do? Now what shall we do?"

"If you want to sell him with all the wood I'll give you two shillings for him," said the carter, who had his wagon empty. And as the woman looked at him with vacant eyes, he added, "I'm only buying the wood, because *that's* all the ass is worth!" And he gave a kick at the carcase, which sounded like a burst drum.

(*Translated by D. H. Lawrence.*)

G. B. S. *v.* G. K. C.

By Hesketh Pearson

I had for years longed to be present at a word-wa between intellectual giants. And at last, mos unexpectedly, my desire was gratified. It was at th house of a friend in Chelsea. Mr. Bernard Shaw hac been there for at least an hour and was just on the poin of leaving when Mr. G. K. Chesterton was announced They instantly started a debate, as naturally as a ca and dog start a fight, and the rest of us grouped our-selves round them, as naturally as street-loiterers surround the cat and dog.

Consider my position. It was both fortunate and difficult. To begin with my wildest dream had been realized. Here were, beyond comparison, the two greatest word-jugglers of the century. One of them was a greater man than Socrates—yet I knew he had no Plato. The other was a greater wit than Johnson—yet I knew he had no Boswell. Could I, then, enjoy myself to the full and take no thought for the morrow? Did I not rather owe a duty to posterity, and was I not bound to preserve, at any rate, ten minutes of that feast of reason and that flow of soul which, but for me, would be lost to the world for ever?

I only had about half a minute to make a decision. Well, I was not conscious of making a decision at all. I simply know that my hand went to my pocket-book (posterity no doubt guiding it there in spite of myself) and before Mr. Shaw had got the first sentence off his tongue, my pencil was busy.

Here, therefore, is that remarkable discourse, given

just as it came, in the raw, hot from the brains of the mighty disputants.

G. B. S.: Have you any adequate excuse to make us for not being drunk?

G. K. C.: I am desperately drunk. There is only one form of drunkenness I acknowledge—the drunkenness of sobriety. As a consequence of not having tasted a drop of wine or ale to-day, I am suffering from *delirium tremens*.

G. B. S.: In that case perhaps you will please tell us why you are sober.

G. K. C.: That, I fear, is quite impossible. I can explain nothing when I am sober. Sobriety clouds the mind; drink clears it. I would explain anything, at any length, under the calming, clarifying influence of drink. If only you would take my advice, your own style, to say nothing of your mind, would improve beyond imagination. At present your writing is too parenthetical; you wander, lost, in a maze of speculation, in a pool of prudery. Compare with your straggling sentences my crisp phrases. I dip my nib in the pot of Bacchus.

G. B. S.: I don't believe it for a moment. Your pretended love of wine is a snare and a delusion. It is skilfully paraded and exploited by yourself in order to catch all the brainless bairns who look to romance to lead them back into the Garden of Eden. Of course you are superlatively clever; no one denies that. And the cleverest thing you ever did in your life was to hang out the signboard of mediaevalism. You suddenly realized with a shock that there was no room for a second Shaw among the modern intellectuals. Were you daunted? Not you! You instantly proclaimed to the whole world that you had examined Socialism and found it wanting. Actually you had examined nothing except the state of the book-market, a very cursory

glance at which revealed to you that the camp of reaction lacked a brain to give its ideals (or want of them) expression. At the same time you had to admit, even to yourself, that you were a democrat at heart, and your great difficulty was to reconcile your modernism with the exigency of the situation. So what did you do? You talked about Guilds, about Peasant Proprietorship, for all the world as if Henry V. were occupying the throne of Edward VII., and by carefully evading every knotty point in the Socialist case and riding roughshod over the unanswerable, annihilating logic of the Fabians which cropped up at every turn, you managed to rally all the wild, romantic idiots in the country round your banner. Then, in order to increase your following and grapple the converts to you with hoops of steel, you professed yourself a High Churchman and a deep drinker. Your slogan became : Back to the land, back to the priest, back to the bottle. Up to a certain point I am willing to believe that all this paradox-prancing, all this intellectual hunt-the-slipper and anachronistic nursery-nonsense, appealed to you. Whether you ever seriously believed in it, whether you have ever seriously believed in anything, I am quite incapable of deciding, since you don't really know what you believe or disbelieve yourself. But there dawned a day—a terrible day for you—when Hilaire Belloc came into your life. Then indeed you were lost for ever. He made you dignify your monstrosities with the name of Faith. For you, at any rate, he turned your pranks into prayers, your somersaults into sacraments, your oddities into oblations. By degrees, under his influence, your fun turned to fury. Because the Roman Church says that the indiscriminate breeding of babies is the first duty of civilized man (meaning, of course, babies born for the Church of Rome), you turned and rent the Eugenists, whose sole crime is that they prefer healthy babies to diseased ones. You even suggested that Sir

Francis Galton, a charming old gentleman of unblemished moral character, must have been a prurient blackguard whose loathsome lewdness was fitly camouflaged by the imposition of this obscene science upon the world. With viperish violence, and under the same influence, you then fell upon the Jews. Forgetting, with characteristic absence of mind, that Jesus Christ was distinctly Hebraic, you implied that all the dark and dirty dealings in the world were directly traceable to the malign activities of that race. You whipped yourself into a frenzy on the subject; you even paid £1,000 for the pleasure of saying in print that a certain Jewish gentleman (who naturally sued you for libel) was a scoundrel. . . . And yet we all know perfectly well that you aren't half as bad as you paint yourself. I asked you just now why you weren't drunk. The reason I did this was because in all your writings you glorify inebriation to such an extent that anyone who doesn't know you must assume that you spend the whole of your time in staggering from pub to pub and scribbling your books and articles against the various lamp-posts *en route*. I, of course, know it's all bunkum. I know that everything you say is bunkum, though a fair amount of it is inspired bunkum. I realize that the only reason you ever go near a pub is to placate your own admirers, who may have come from Kamschatka in order to see you and who would be scandalized almost to the verge of suicide if you didn't stand up and soak your quart like a man.

G. K. C.: All of which merely goes to prove that you prefer potatoes to potations. Your natural love of truth has been undermined by an acquired love of turnips. The real battle of your life has not been Socialism *versus* Capitalism, but Vegetables *versus* Veracity. Your case is extraordinarily interesting, and I think I can state it in about half the time you took to manufacture a purely fictitious case against me. Else-

where I have made it perfectly clear that you are a spiritual descendant of Bunyan, that you are, in fact, an out-and-out Puritan.

G. B. S.: As I have spent the greater part of my life in telling the world that Bunyan is better than Shakespeare, it did not require a superman to point out that I have more in common with Oliver Cromwell than Charles the First. But to call me a Puritan in the old-fashioned sense of the word is sheer folly. All this nonsense about my spiritual ancestry, though an excellent family joke, is frightfully misleading. You must really switch on to something else. It is my firm opinion that nearly all the Puritans in history who were not born fools were unmitigated scoundrels. I must therefore ask you to be good enough in future to qualify the epithet. You can do this in the following manner: "When I call Mr. Shaw a Puritan, I merely mean to infer (1) that he doesn't spend his nights under a table, a victim to mixed drinks, (2) that he doesn't write his books under the influence of opium, cocaine, or morphia, and (3) that he doesn't keep a harem."

G. K. C.: Your objections to being called a Puritan are puritanical and beside the point. I have written a book proving up to the hilt that your puritanism is fundamental. You have been unable to answer it.

G. B. S.: I have spent my life answering it both before and since the appearance of your book—which, by the way, might just as well have been entitled: "Gilbert Keith Chesterton by Himself."

G. K. C.: I don't doubt your *belief* that you are not a Puritan. I simply state it as an indisputable fact that you *are* one. For the sake of argument I will grant that you may not be a Puritan with a capital "P," but you are certainly a puritan with a small "p." That, however, is a metaphysical quibble. The real case against you is not that you prefer Bunyan to Shakespeare or John Knox to Mary Stuart or Shelley to Byron or

Ibsen to Pinero—but that you are constitutionally incapable of understanding the Catholic standpoint, which is, I need scarcely say, my own standpoint.

G. B. S.: How in thunder can I understand a point of view that doesn't exist? Your standpoint is that there is no standpoint. Has anyone on this planet yet discovered what opinions you really hold? Has anyone even discovered whether you hold opinions? There is not a single principle in the universe that you have ever seriously attacked or seriously defended. No one knows anything about you. You have never told a soul what you believe, why you believe it, or whether you believe that there is a Belief. Your whole life has been spent in obfuscating issues. You fight the good fight with all your might—not in order to win, because that would mean the end of your fight, but for the mere pleasure of fighting. You pitch on some opponent, whom in your heart of hearts you secretly admire for the ruthlessness and sincerity with which he holds his convictions, and then you proceed to graft the most preposterous opinions and inconceivable legends on him for the sole purpose of launching a terrific crusade against him. You are just like Don Quixote; and though your lunacy on some occasions makes his seem pale by comparison, you yet contrive in some mysterious manner to be your own Sancho Panza.

G. K. C.: Exactly; and anybody but you could see that the combination of these two extremes forms the Catholic standpoint. You might almost have been quoting me when you said that the Catholic standpoint is that there is no standpoint. The only man who can conscientiously take up a definite standpoint in religious matters is the atheist. The atheist states as a positive fact that there is no God. Thereafter he is able, by a perfectly logical process, to prove this and to prove that to his own complete satisfaction. The Catholic is not so pragmatical as the atheist or the Puritan. His Faith

is built on Belief, not on Knowledge (falsely so-called). He is consequently able to appreciate and sympathise with every form of human activity. He takes the whole world to his heart. He loves because it is human to love, hates because it is human to hate, eats, drinks, and is merry because it is human to eat, drink, and be merry. He leads a crusade, not because it is right, but because it is glorious, to do so. He is neither positive nor constructive. He is not even consistent. Every book I write, every article I pen, every argument I use, contradicts some other book, some other article, some other argument of my own. What does it matter? Life is contradictious, and we are Life. We accept Life as a gift from God; we do not accept God as a gift from Life. You Puritans——

G. B. S.: I have already told you that I am not a Puritan!

G. K. C.: You Puritans, I say, fashion God in your own image. You conceive the truth to lie in yourselves. You would not be content merely to remould the world nearer to the heart's desire; you would recast it entirely to the high-brow's dream. The magnificence of uncertainty, the splendour of ignorance, the sublime impossibility of Nature, the marvel and mystery of this miraculous and ridiculous thing called Life—all this is lost on you. It is lost on you because yours is a world of rush, not rollick, where the station hotel has usurped the wayside tavern, where the draught of beer has given place to the sip of bovril, and where Shakespeare and Homer have been run to earth by Sherlock Holmes. . . . We Catholics do not pretend to a knowledge we have not got. We see a thing that we believe to be harmful and we fight it. We see a thing that we believe to be good and we love it. We would not take it upon ourselves to say that this is altogether wrong, or that altogether right, because we think that the wrong may be created by God for a purpose, which it would be

presumptuous in us to divine. When you Puritans can explain, conclusively and convincingly, how the daisies grow, we will be willing to believe that you can teach us something. Until then you can hardly expect us to accept your verdict that beer was not made for man but for watering cauliflowers, that Jews were not made for Jerusalem but for the financial control of Christendom, that babies were not born for the home but for the laboratory, and that man was not made to enjoy himself but to read Fabian tracts and listen to University Extension lectures.

G. B. S.: I think I catch your drift. If a manure-heap close to your front-door were fouling the neighbourhood, you wouldn't remove it because God might have placed it there in order to test your sense of smell.

G. K. C.: I couldn't overlook the possibility that my next-door neighbour might be a Socialist; in which case the manure-heap would have its uses.

G. B. S.: You are evading the point.

G. K. C.: Points are made to evade. Consider the history of the rapier.

G. B. S.: There is no getting at you. You are as bad as Dr. Johnson. When your pistol misses fire, which it usually does, you knock your opponent down with the butt-end. Why will you never come to grips?

G. K. C.: The art of argument lies in the ingenuity with which one can hide and seek simultaneously.

G. B. S.: But what becomes of your philosophy?

G. K. C.: My philosophy is in the thrust, not the parry.

G. B. S.: I don't see that. You must be able to hold your own field while you are advancing on the enemy's territory.

G. K. C.: Not necessarily. If my attack is strenuous enough, the enemy will require all his strength to hold his own fortifications.

G. B. S.: And if he succeeds in holding them?

G. K. C.: Then I retire, bring up my reserves, and attack him again in a totally unexpected place.

G. B. S.: But if he attacks you while you are retiring?

G. K. C.: I go to ground.

G. B. S.: I see. Heads you win, tails he loses, all the way.

G. K. C.: Precisely.

G. B. S.: Thank you. I am wasting my time. Good-evening. (*Rapid exit of* G. B. S.)

THE DISCIPLE

By Iris Tree

OH you engaged in life, with rankling pen
Itching at truth, disfigure hours and men
In scratches of revision too minute,
Chasing a labyrinth of words and leaving mute
Within the whirlings of your subtle ear
The neighbour song, your master sitting near
At work. You lose His voice and when the calm
Brims in His silence your own cries alarm
Reanswered as their echoes fall again
Like shadows round that closed devoted brain.
What doubting watchfulness has dogged His ways,
Yes, spied in sleep His dreams through every maze
Of intricate suspicion, while you miss
His wakening laugh, His grateful evening kiss,
Trap-wary sceptical. And yet 'tis this
You cry for lonely, vexing grief with sin,
A pitiful reprisal. . . . Here's a pin
For scratching out His eyes, you stab your own—
Pluck out His tongue, it will become your moan—
Blind envy dumbly praying for His nod—
Your wounds shall be the mouth and eyes of God.

ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE

By D. H. Lawrence

THE business of the mind is first and foremost the pure joy of knowing and comprehending the pure joy of consciousness. The second business is to act as medium, as interpreter, as agent between the individual and his object. The mind should *not* act as a director or controller of the spontaneous centres. These the soul alone must control: the soul being that for ever unknowable reality which causes us to rise into being. There is continual conflict between the soul, which is for ever sending forth incalculable impulses, and the psyche, which is conservative, and wishes to persist in its old motions, and the mind which wishes to have "freedom," that is spasmodic, idea-driven control. Mind, and conservative psyche, and the incalculable soul, these three are a trinity of powers in every human being. But there is something even beyond these. It is the individual in his pure singleness, in his totality of consciousness, in his oneness of being: the Holy Ghost which is with us after our Pentecost, and which we may not deny. When I say to myself: "I am wrong," knowing with sudden insight that I *am* wrong, then this is the whole self speaking, the Holy Ghost. It is no piece of mental inference. It is not just the soul sending forth a flash. It is my whole being speaking in one voice, soul and mind and psyche transfigured into oneness. This voice of my being I may *never* deny. When at last, in all my storms, my whole self speaks, then there is a pause. The soul collects itself into pure silence and isolation—perhaps after much pain. The

mind suspends its knowledge and waits. The psyche becomes strangely still. And then, after the pause, there is a fresh beginning, a new life adjustment. Conscience is the being's consciousness, when the individual is conscious *in toto,* when he knows in full. It is something which includes and which far surpasses mental consciousness. Every man must live as far as he can by his own soul's conscience. But not according to any ideal. To submit the conscience to a creed, or an idea, or a tradition, or even an impulse, is our ruin.

To make the mind the absolute ruler is as good as making a Cook's tourist-interpreter a king and a god, because he can speak several languages, and make an Arab understand that an Englishman wants fish for supper. And to make an ideal a ruling principle is about as stupid as if a bunch of travellers should never cease giving each other and their dragoman sixpence, because the dragoman's main idea of virtue is the virtue of sixpence-giving. In the same way, we *know* we cannot live purely by impulse. Neither can we live solely by tradition. We must live by all three, ideal, impulse, and tradition, each in its hour. But the real guide is the pure conscience, the voice of the self in its wholeness, the Holy Ghost.

We have fallen now into the mistake of idealism. Man always falls into one of the three mistakes. In China, it is tradition. And in the South Seas, it seems to have been impulse. Ours is idealism. Each of the three modes is a true life-mode. But any one, alone or dominant, brings us to destruction. We must depend upon the wholeness of our being, ultimately only on that, which is our Holy Ghost within us. Whereas, in an ideal of love and benevolence, we have tried to automatize ourselves into little love-engines always stoked with the sorrows or beauties of other people, so that we can get up steam of charity or righteous wrath. A great trick is to pour on the fire the oil of our indigna-

tion at somebody else's wickedness, and then, when we've got up steam like hell, back the engine and run bish! smash! against the belly of the offender. Because he said he didn't want to love any more, we hate him for evermore, and try to run over him, every bit of him, with our love-tanks. And all the time we yell at him: "Will you deny love, you villain? Will you?" And by the time he faintly squeaks, "I want to be loved! I want to be loved!" we have got so used to running over him with our love-tanks that we don't feel in a hurry to leave off.

Sois mon frère ou je te tue!
Sois mon frère ou je me tue!

These are the two parrot-threats of love, on which our loving centuries have run as on a pair of railway-lines. Excuse me if I want to get out of the train. Excuse me if I can't get up any love-steam any more. My boilers are burst.

We have made a mistake, laying down love like the permanent way of a great emotional transport system. There we are, however, running on wheels on the lines of our love. And, of course, we have only two directions, forwards and backwards. "Onward, Christian soldiers, towards the great terminus where bottles of sterilized milk for the babies are delivered at the bedroom windows by noiseless aeroplanes each morn, where the science of dentistry is so perfect that teeth are planted in a man's mouth without his knowing it, where twilight sleep is so delicious that every woman longs for her next confinement, and where nobody ever has to do anything except turn a handle every now and then in a spirit of universal love ——" That is the forward direction of the English-speaking race. The Germans unwisely backed their engine. "We have a city of light. But instead of lying ahead, it lies direct behind us. So reverse engines. Reverse engines, and away,

away to our city, where the sterilized milk is delivered by noiseless aeroplanes, *at the very precise minute* when the great doctors of the Fatherland have diagnosed that it is good for you: where the teeth are not only so painlessly planted that they grow like living rock, but their composition is such that the friction of eating stimulates the cells of the jaw-bone and develops *the superman strength of will which makes us gods*: and where not only is twilight sleep serene, but into the sleeper are inculcated the most useful and instructive dreams, calculated to perfect the character of the young citizen at this crucial period and to enlighten permanently the mind of the happy mother, with regard to her new duties towards her child and towards our great Fatherland ——"

Here you see we are, on the railway, with New Jerusalem ahead, and New Jerusalem away behind us. But, of course, it was very wrong of the Germans to reverse their engines and cause one long collision all along the line. Why should we go *their* way to the New Jerusalem, when of course they might so easily have kept on going our way? And now there's wreckage all along the line! But clear the way is our motto—or make the Germans clear it. Because get on we will.

Meanwhile we sit rather in the cold waiting for the train to get a start. People keep on signalling with green lights and red lights and it's all very bewildering. As for me, I'm off. I'm damned if I'll be shunted along any more. And I'm thrice damned if I'll go another yard towards that sterilized New Jerusalem, either forwards or backwards. New Jerusalem may rot if it waits for me. I'm not going.

So good-bye! There we leave humanity, encamped in an appalling mess beside the railway-smash of love, sitting down, however, and having not a bad time, some of 'em, feeding themselves fat on the plunder: others,

further down the line, with mouths green from eating grass. But all grossly, stupidly, automatically gabbling about getting the love-service running again, the trains booked for the New Jerusalem well on the way once more. And occasionally a good engine gives a screech of love, and something seems about to happen. And sometimes there is enough steam to set the indignation-whistles whistling. But never any more will there be enough love-steam to get the system properly running. It is done.

Good-bye, then! You may have laid your line from one end to the other of the infinite. But still there's plenty of hinterland. I'll go. Good-bye! Ach, it will be so nice to be alone: not to hear you, not to see you, not to smell you, humanity! I wish you no ill, but wisdom. Good-bye!

To be alone with one's own soul. Not to be alone without my own soul, mind you. But to be alone with one's own soul! This, and the joy of it, is the real goal of love. My own soul and myself. Not my ego, my conceit of myself. But my very soul. To be at one in my own self. Not to be questing any more. Not to be yearning, seeking, hoping, desiring, aspiring. But to pause and be alone.

And to have one's own "gentle spouse" by one's side, of course, to dig one in the ribs occasionally. Because really, being alone in peace means being two people together. Two people who can be silent together, and not conscious of one another outwardly. Me in my silence, she in hers, and the balance, the equilibrium, the pure circuit between us. With occasional lapses, of course: digs in the ribs if one gets too vague or self-sufficient.

They say it's better to travel than to arrive. It's not been my experience, at least. The journey of love has been rather a lacerating, if well-worth-it journey. But to come at last to a nice place under the trees, with your

" amiable spouse " who has at last learned to hold her tongue and not to bother about rights and wrongs ; her own particularly. And then to pitch a camp, and cook your rabbit, and eat him : and to possess your own soul in silence, and to feel all clamour lapse. That is the best I know.

I think it is terrible to be young. The ecstasies and agonies of love, the agonies and ecstasies of fear and doubt and drop-by-drop fulfilment, realization. The awful process of human relationships, love and marital relationships especially. Because we all make a very, very bad start to-day, with our idea of love in our head and our sex in our head as well. All the fight till one is bled of one's self-consciousness and sex-in-the-head. All the bitterness of the conflict with this devil of an amiable spouse, who has got herself so stuck in her own head. It is terrible to be young.—But one fights one's way through it till one is cleaned : the self-consciousness and the sex-idea turned out of one, cauterized out bit by bit, and the self whole again, and at last free.

The best thing I have known is the stillness of accomplished marriage, when one possesses one's own soul in silence, side by side with the amiable spouse, and has left off craving and raving and being only half one's self. But I must say, I know a good deal more about the craving and raving and sore ribs, than about the accomplishment. And I must confess that I feel this self-same " accomplishment " of the fulfilled being is only a preparation for new responsibilities ahead, new unison in effort and conflict, the effort to make, with other men, a little new way into the future, and to break through the hedge of the many.

Litany of Exhortations.

We're in a nasty mess. We're in a vicious circle. And we're making a careful study of poison-gases. The

secret of Greek fire was lost long ago, when the world left off being wonderful and ideal. Now it is wonderful and ideal again, much wonderfuller and *much* more ideal. So we ought to do something rare in the way of poison-gas. London and Pompeii in five minutes! How to outdo Vesuvius!—Title of a new book by American authors.

There is only one single other thing to do. And it's more difficult than poison-gas. It is to leave off loving. It is to leave off benevolenting and having a good will. It is to cease utterly. Just leave off. Oh, parents, see that your children get their dinners and clean sheets, but don't love them. Don't love them one single grain, and don't let anybody else love them. Give them their dinners and leave them alone. You've already loved them to perdition. Now leave them alone, to find their way out.

Wives, don't love your husbands any more: even if they cry for it, the great babies! Sing: "I've had enough of that old sauce." And leave off loving them or caring for them one single bit. Don't even hate them or dislike them. Don't have any stew with them at all. Just boil the eggs and fill the salt-cellars and be quite nice, and in your own soul, be alone and be still. Be alone, and be still, preserving all the human decencies, and abandoning the indecency of desires and benevolencies and devotions, those beastly poison-gas apples of the Sodom vine of the love-will.

Wives, don't love your husbands nor your children nor anybody. Sit still, and say Hush! And while you shake the duster out of the drawing-room window, say to yourself—"In the sweetness of solitude." And when your husband comes in and says he's afraid he's got a cold and is going to have double pneumonia, say quietly "Surely not." And if he wants the ammoniated quinine, give it him if he can't get it for himself. But don't let him drive you out of your solitude, your single-

ness within yourself. And if your little boy falls down the steps and makes his mouth bleed, nurse and comfort him, but say to yourself, even while you tremble with the shock: "Alone. Alone. Be alone, my soul." And if the servant smashes three electric-light bulbs in three minutes, say to her: "*How very inconsiderate and careless of you!*" But say to yourself: "Don't hear it, my soul. Don't take fright at the pop of a light-bulb."

Husbands, don't love your wives any more. If they flirt with men younger or older than themselves, let your blood not stir. If you can go away, go away. But if you must stay and see her, then say to her, "I would rather you didn't flirt in my presence, Eleanora." Then when she goes red and loosens torrents of indignation, don't answer any more. And when she floods into tears, say quietly in your own self, "My soul is my own"; and go away and be alone as much as possible. And when she works herself up, and says she must have love or she will die, then say: "Not my love, however." And to all her threats, her tears, her entreaties, her reproaches, her cajolements, her winsomenesses, answer nothing, but say to yourself: "Shall I be implicated in this display of the love-will? Shall I be blasted by this false lightning?" And though you tremble in every fibre, and feel sick, vomit-sick, with the scene, still contain yourself, and say, "My soul is my own. It shall not be violated." And learn, learn, learn the one and only lesson worth learning at last. Learn to walk in the sweetness of the possession of your own soul. And whether your wife weeps as she takes off her amber-beads at night, or whether your neighbour in the train sits on your coat-buttons, or whether your superior in the office makes supercilious remarks, or your inferior is familiar and impudent; or whether you read in the newspaper that Lloyd George is performing another iniquity, or the Germans plotting another plot, say to

yourself: "My soul is my own. My soul is with myself, and beyond implication." And wait, quietly, in possession of your own soul, till you meet another man who has made the choice and kept it. Then you will know him by the look on his face: half a dangerous look, a look of Cain, and half a look of gathered beauty. Then you two will make the nucleus of a new society— Ooray! Bis! Bis!!

But if you should never meet such a man: and if your wife should torture you every day with her love-will: and even if she should force herself into a consumption, like Catherine Linton in *Wuthering Heights*, owing to her obstinate and determined love-will (which is quite another matter than love): and if you see the world inventing poison-gas and falling into its poisoned grave: never give in, but be alone, and utterly alone with your own soul, in the stillness and sweet possession of your own soul. And don't even be angry. And *never* be sad. Why should you? It's not your affair.

But if your wife should accomplish for herself the sweetness of her own soul's possession, then gently, delicately, let the new mode assert itself, the new mode of relation between you, with something of spontaneous paradise in it, the apple of knowledge at last digested. But, my word, what belly-aches meanwhile! That apple is harder to digest than a lead gun-cartridge.

[The two previous essays of Mr. D. H. Lawrence and this one are taken from a book, "Fantasia of the Unconscious," which will be published in September.—ED.]

MORE EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL

By Katherine Mansfield

A Recollection of Childhood

THINGS happened so simply then, without preparat and without any shock. They let me go into mother's room (I remember standing on tiptoe a using both hands to turn the big white china do handle) and there lay my mother in bed with her ar along the sheet, and there sat my grandmother bef the fire with a baby in a flannel across her knees. I mother paid no attention to me at all. Perhaps she w asleep, for my grandmother nodded and said in a vo scarcely above a whisper, "Come and see your lit sister." I tiptoed to her voice across the room, a she parted the flannel, and I saw a little round head w a tuft of goldy hair on it and a big face with eyes shut white as snow. "Is it alive?" I asked. " course," said grandmother. "Look at her holdi my finger." And—yes, a hand, scarcely bigger th my doll's, in a frilled sleeve, was wound round l finger. "Do you like her?" said my grandmoth "Yes. Is she going to play with the doll's house i "By-and-bye," said the grandmother, and I felt ve pleased. Mrs. Heywood had just given us the dol house. It was a beautiful one with a verandah and balcony and a door that opened and shut and t chimneys. I wanted badly to show it to someone el

"Her name is Gwen," said the grandmoth "Kiss her."

I bent down and kissed the little goldy tuft. But she took no notice. She lay quite still with her eyes shut.

" Now go and kiss mother," said the grandmother.

But mother did not want to kiss me. Very languid, leaning against the pillows, she was eating some sago. The sun shone through the windows and winked on the brass knobs of the big bed.

After that grandmother came into the nursery with Gwen, and sat in front of the nursery fire in the rocking chair with her. Meg and Tadpole were away staying with Aunt Harriet, and they had gone before the new doll's house arrived, so that was why I so longed to have somebody to show it to. I had gone all through it myself, from the kitchen to the dining-room, up into the bedrooms, into the drawing-room with the doll's lamp on the table, heaps and heaps of times.

" *When* will she play with it?" I asked grandmother.

" By-and-bye, darling."

It was spring. Our garden was full of big white lilies. I used to run out and sniff them and come in again with my nose all yellow.

" Can't she go out?"

At last, one very fine day, she was wrapped in the warm shawl and grandmother carried her into the cherry orchard, and walked up and down under the falling cherry flowers. Grandmother wore a grey dress with white pansies on it. The doctor's carriage was waiting at the door, and the doctor's little dog, Jackie, rushed at me and snapped at my bare legs. When we went back to the nursery and the shawl was taken away, little white petals like feathers fell out of the folds. But Gwen did not look, even then. She lay in grandmother's arms, her eyes just open to show a line of blue, her face very white, and the one tuft of goldy hair standing up on her head.

All day, all night grandmother's arms were full. I

had no lap to climb into, no pillow to rest against. All belonged to Gwen. But Gwen did not notice this; she never put up her hand to play with the silver brooch that was a half-moon with five little owls sitting on it; she never pulled grandmother's watch from her bodice and opened the back by herself to see grandfather's hair; she never buried her head close to smell the lavender water, or took up grandmother's spectacle case and wondered at its being really silver. She just lay still and let herself be rocked.

Down in the kitchen one day old Mrs. McElvie came to the door and asked Bridget about the poor little mite, and Bridget said, "Kep' alive on bullock's blood hotted in a saucer over a candle." After that I felt frightened of Gwen, and I decided that even when she did play with the doll's house I would not let her go upstairs into the bedroom—only downstairs, and then only when I saw she could look.

Late one evening I sat by the fire on my little carpet hassock and grandmother rocked, singing the song she used to sing me, but more gently. Suddenly she stopped and I looked up. Gwen opened her eyes and turned her little round head to the fire and looked and looked at it, and then—turned her eyes up to the face bending over her. I saw her tiny body stretch out and her hands flew up, and "Ah! Ah! Ah!" called the grandmother.

Bridget dressed me next morning. When I went into the nursery I sniffed. A big vase of the white lilies was standing on the table. Grandmother sat in her chair to one side with Gwen in her lap, and a funny little man with his head in a black bag was standing behind a box of china eggs.

"Now!" he said, and I saw my grandmother's face change as she bent over little Gwen.

"Thank you," said the man, coming out of the bag. The picture was hung over the nursery fire. I

thought it looked very nice. The doll's house was in it —verandah and balcony and all. Gran held me up to kiss my little sister.

A Recollection of College

Jack's application is a perpetual reminder to me. Why am I not writing too? Why, feeling so rich, with the greater part of this to be written *before* I go back to England, do I not begin? If only I have the courage to press against the stiff swollen gate all that lies within is mine; why do I linger for a moment? Because I am idle, out of the habit of work and spendthrift beyond belief. Really it is idleness, a kind of immense idleness—hateful and disgraceful.

I was thinking yesterday of my *wasted, wasted* early girlhood. My college life, which is such a vivid and detailed memory in one way, might never have contained a book or a lecture. I lived in the girls, the professor, the big, lovely building,* the leaping fires in winter and the abundant flowers in summer. The views out of the windows, all the pattern that was—weaving. Nobody saw it, I felt, as I did. My mind was just like a squirrel. I gathered and gathered and hid away, for that long "winter" when I should rediscover all this treasure—and if anybody came close I scuttled up the tallest, darkest tree and hid in the branches. And I was so awfully fascinated in watching Hall Griffin and all his tricks—thinking about him as he sat there, his private life, what he was like as a man, &c., &c. [He told us he and his brother once wrote an enormous poem called the Epic of the Hall Griffins.] Then it was only at rare intervals that something flashed through all this busyness, something about Spenser's Faery Queen or Keats's Isabella and the Pot of Basil, and those

* Queen's College, Harley Street, London.

flashes were always when I disagreed flatly with H. G. and wrote in my notes—This man is a fool. And Cramb, wonderful Cramb! The figure of Cramb was enough, he was "history" to me. Ageless and fiery, eating himself up again and again, very fierce at what he had seen, but going a bit blind because he had looked so long. Cramb, striding up and down, filled me up to the brim. I couldn't write down Cramb's thunder. I simply wanted to sit and hear him. Every gesture, every stopping of his walk, all his tones and looks are as vivid to me as though it were yesterday—but of all he said I only remember phrases—"He sat there and his wig fell off—" "Anne Bullen, a lovely *pure* creature stepping out of her quiet door into the light and clamour," and looking back and seeing the familiar door shut upon her, with a little click as it were,—final.

But what coherent account could I give of the history of English Literature? And what of English History? None. When I think in *dates* and *times* the wrong people come in—the right people are missing.* When I read a play of Shakespeare I want to be able to place it in relation to what came before and what comes after. I want to realize what England was like then, at least a little, and what the people looked like (but even as I write I feel I can do this, at least the latter thing), but when a man is mentioned, even though the man is real, I don't want to set him on the right hand of Sam Johnson when he ought to be living under Shakespeare's shadow. And this I often do.

Since I came here I have been very interested in the Bible. I have read the Bible for hours on end and I began to do so with just the same desire. I wanted to

* On the opposite page is a long list of the chief figures in the history of English literature, working backwards from the eighteenth century. Evidently, Katherine Mansfield had been trying to test her knowledge. In the final result, the list, though it is much corrected, is singularly accurate.

know if Lot followed close on Noah or something like that. But I feel so bitterly I should have known facts like this : they ought to be part of my breathing. Is there another grown person as ignorant as I? But why didn't I listen to the old Principal who lectured on Bible History twice a week instead of staring at his face that was very round, a dark red colour with a kind of bloom on it and covered all over with little red veins with endless tiny tributaries that ran even up his forehead and were lost in his bushy white hair. He had tiny hands, too, puffed up, purplish, shining under the stained flesh. I used to think, looking at his hands—he will have a stroke and die of paralysis. . . . They told us he was a very learned man, but I could not help seeing him in a double-breasted frock-coat, a large pseudo-clerical pith helmet, a large white handkerchief falling over the back of his neck, standing and pointing out with an umbrella a probable site of a probable encampment of some wandering tribe, to his wife, an elderly lady with a threatening [indecipherable] who had to go everywhere in a basket-chair arranged on the back of a donkey, and his two daughters, in thread gloves and sand shoes—smelling faintly of some anti-mosquito mixture.

As he lectured I used to sit, building his house, peopling it—filling it with Americans, ebony and heavy furniture—cupboards like tiny domes and tables with elephants' legs presented to him by grateful missionary friends. . . . I never came into contact with him but once, when he asked any young lady in the room to hold up her hand if she had been chased by a wild bull, and as nobody else did I held up mine (though of course I hadn't). "Ah," he said, "I am afraid you do not count. You are a little savage from New Zealand"—which was a trifle exacting, for it must be the rarest thing to be chased by a wild bull up and down Harley Street, Wimpole Street, Welbeck Street, Queen Anne, round and round Cavendish Square. . . .

And why didn't I learn French with M. Huguenot? What an opportunity missed! What has it not cost me! He lectured in a big narrow room that was painted all over—the walls, door, and window-frames, a grey shade of mignonette green. The ceiling was white, and just below it there was a frieze of long looped chains of white flowers. On either side of the marble mantelpiece a naked small boy staggered under a big platter of grapes that he held above his head. Below the windows, far below there was a stable court paved in cobble stones, and one could hear the faint clatter of carriages coming out or in, the noise of water gushing out of a pump into a big pail—some youth, clumping about and whistling. The room was never very light, and in summer M. H. liked the blinds to be drawn half-way down the window. . . . He was a little fat man.

TOLSTOY'S DISCOVERY.—Tolstoy in a conversation with Goldenweiser (August, 1909), reported in his book *Near Tolstoy*, in answer to the question: "Have you been thinking of writing any imaginative work lately?" made the following reply:—

"Yes, I have, very much. And I believe I could throw light on a great many things from a new side. Not from the point of view of morality. But lately some great main lines of characters have become particularly clear to me—not those of a Plyushkin or a Sobakevitch [well defined types of the miser and the "plain" man in Gogol's *Dead Souls*] which are more external, less important subdivisions—but whole categories of characters have somehow become clear to me. As in chess each piece has its own way of moving, peculiar to itself, in the same way some eight or ten different human characters have become plain to me."

ON THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

From a retired Schoolmistress

"If you have seventy children you must have seventy eyes, and you must learn to look." And, suiting the action to the word, the mistress *looked*. Good heavens! It was many years ago and I was a young pupil-teacher in an infant school, but I can see now that terrible *look* and the effect upon the class. One child stands out—photographed on my mind. Reflecting the *look*, distorted with fear, her face was livid. So was one trained to manage large classes. I must have profited, for years afterwards when qualified, I was shocked to hear a small boy announce in class, "Teacher has a white face and sometimes looks savage"! The lesson was Oral Composition, and I had rashly offered "myself" as the topic. (Oral Composition is in the curriculum in order to train the children to express themselves in speech after the teacher has laboriously trained them not to speak!)

I am not in the profession now. I have an infant class of one at home. But the horror of the large class is upon me and experience awakens its long train of memories. Right through my school life I was the victim of the large class. The speed of a caravan in ancient times was that of the children and cattle. So it was in my school days. The slowest set the pace. You knew by heart the stories in the reading books. You spent hours scribbling on blotting paper when you had finished your four sums—waiting, waiting, waiting. You could spell all the words on the blackboard, but yet had to repeat them almost until your throat ached,

because of the front row of "duds." You longed for the personal touch and the intimate word of appreciation. It was not the teacher's fault. The Great Teacher felt virtue go out of Him when some poor soul touched Him. Seventy children sucking away at a teacher's vitality cannot be satisfied. "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

There was a glorious interlude once, when a small class was formed to study French—an unusual thing in an elementary school. I *lived* in those lessons. I could feel myself growing. Then came reorganization, and child though I was, I knew then that large classes meant stagnation and death. Later, as a teacher, I realized more and more the utter uselessness and waste of the large class. I have seen teachers grow thin and pale and haggard, wrestling with rooms—full of babies of three and four—seventy and eighty and even ninety in the season! It is cruel work—cruel to child and teacher. I know of no work so nerve-wearing. The clamour, the scuffle, the crying, the incoherence of the baby-room! Then the upper school. Roger Wray, in his *Soul of a Teacher,* has depicted in biting lines the fight a teacher has to put up to get command in certain types of schools. Sordid, some folk call it. True to life, say I, for I taught in just such a school as did Alan Clay. In an ordinary school you cannot *teach* a large class—you can only engineer them through. And in a difficult school, that is, one in a district where dwells the type of mother, who threatens, if provoked, to "rip every 'air off yer 'ead," you can engineer them through, only

> If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
>   To serve your turn long after they are gone,
> And so hold on when there is nothing in you
>   Except the will which says to them:
>   "Hold on!"

. . . and then you must have a cane.

FRANCES GAY.

ON THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

From a Schoolmaster of Fourteen Years' Experience

With much of what Mr. Barker says every practising teacher will agree, but my own fourteen-years' experience in both elementary and secondary schools leads me to think that he is somewhat more pessimistic than the facts warrant. If I may say something so entirely personal I should say that his article was written by a tired and jaded man. Are inspectors, for example, so terrifying as he would have the uninitiated believe? I may have been unusually fortunate, but, with one exception, all the inspectors with whom I have been brought into contact have been courteous gentlemen who were as eager to advise me as I was anxious to get their help. It must be remembered that an inspector's attitude towards a teacher is determined to some considerable extent by the attitude of the teacher himself. Personally, I "have no time" for subservient people and am almost invariably rude to them in a polite way! I therefore have little sympathy with the cringing teacher (and such certainly do exist!) who fares badly at the hands of an inspector.

Which brings us to the crux of the whole matter. The most clamant need in education is, not more money, better buildings, apparatus and what not, but better educated and (what is the same thing) more virile teachers. Mr. Barker implies that the subservient teacher's subservience is forced upon him from outside. That I am strongly disposed to deny. Spiritual slavery can exist only as long as the slave enjoys it. Subservience is usually due to mental and spiritual indolence, and unless the indolence be caused by physical defect only one person can cure it; and that is the patient. My own experience, and that of many other teachers, is that the average inspector or outside authority is per-

fectly willing to listen to a teacher if he can state his case reasonably and, of course, courteously. I hold no brief for inspectors, but it seems to me that the severe limitations of an inspector's power which modern conditions impose compel even the would-be autocrat to adopt the more useful rôle of consultant and adviser, always assuming that he finds that the teacher can carry on his or her part of the consultation.

To revert to the need for better-educated teachers. Like myself, Mr. Barker thinks that as a class we are badly educated. We are, though all our professional organizations may thunder a denial in our ears. Most professional and semi-professional people are—but that's another story. But what I particularly wished to point out is that we have the means at hand, if we care to use them, for the only education that matters, *i.e.*, self-education. Teachers may have been educated in "semi-monastic, semi-charitable" institutions, but it would be fairer to say that they were there provided with the means of education. Whether they have used them or not in after-life depends upon the teachers themselves. It is a commonplace, but none the less true, to say that all that the finest institutions and the best educators can do is to show us how to use the implements of education. Above all, do not let us teachers blame the State or something outside ourselves for our lack of education. To do that is to strengthen the already increasing tendency among "civilized" peoples and democracies to demand that everything shall be done for them by somebody else, preferably the State. In the end, education is primarily a matter for the individual—for which Heaven be praised!

J. HERBERT GARDENER.

ON THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

From an Elementary Schoolmistress of One Years' Experience

This month will end my first year's work as an Elementary Teacher. As I came back to school this morning I read Mr. Barker's article on the "Elementary School" and was depressed to think that what he says about "us" may be true. After my day's work I feel that I must write to say "Please, I'm sure that there are hundreds of teachers and hundreds of schools that are not so hopeless." My Training College was not "semi-monastic," neither was it "narrow." True the time was short; but in those two years we were wonderfully prepared for our career. "The individual child" was the cry, and we meant it. The interest of every child was to be considered to the best of our ability; he was to be prepared for life as well as we could prepare him: he was not to be crammed with the little knowledge that we could give him, but first and foremost taught to realize his own possibilities and how to begin to use them.

I have made a "hash" of my first post. I was given freedom, absolute freedom to teach in my own way (and this is a tiny country school with a Headmaster who was brought up on "Payment by Results"), but the freedom and the failure have taught me a great deal about my children, and I know that "next year I shall do better." I shall be better able to help those children to find themselves and teach them that they can love the great things of the world—"to form real tastes."

"Experts write beautiful essays on school method"—and we read them. I have many friends who are teachers: we write to each other about the educational and psychological books we have read: we go back to College and have meetings and lectures to help us in our work, and although we all have outside interests, of

course, we are not ashamed to be "taken for a schoolmistress."

"If the amiable folks who criticize us" (and, my goodness, we are criticizable) were to "try the job" they *wouldn't* be the first "who ever taught in an elementary school for the sheer love of the thing."

AN EX-X OF SMITH'S.

From a Lecturer in a Training College

I have read with some amazement Mr. Barker's indictment of the Elementary School, but am, of course, bound to acknowledge that since he evidently speaks from personal experience there must be at least one school—the school in which Mr. Barker teaches—where the state of things, and more particularly the attitude of mind which he describes, prevail.

Now I do not wish to argue with Mr. Barker, because it is obviously waste of time to argue with a man whose head is set upon his shoulders in such a fashion that his gaze is permanently turned backwards; but since it is probable that among your readers there are many who have never seen the inside of an elementary school, it seems worth while to ask you whether you could find space, in a magazine mainly concerned with the exposition of ideas, for the plain statement of a few plain facts. Ideas are more fruitful as well as more stimulating than facts, therefore I will be as brief as possible, merely prefacing my remarks with the statement that though I have an intimate knowledge of elementary schools, I neither teach in them nor inspect them.

What Mr. Barker describes is possibly a fair picture of what took place some thirty years ago, it is not an accurate description of the elementary school of to-day. In such a school we certainly do *not* see "education

planned as a preparation for a predestined statio life" ; there is practically no vocational training u the age of fourteen in our elementary schools.

On the other hand, the ideal of "education pla as a preparation for life" has not yet been achie though it is nearer achievement in the Infant school it is in the Upper school. Such an education mu imagine, follow the lines of instinctive development, it is an attempt at education planned on these lines can be seen in 50 per cent. of our Infant schools w individual work is the rule, where the business of teacher consists in supplying the child with mat suitable to its stage of development, and where formal class work in reading, writing, or arithmet attempted before the child has reached the age of or seven.

In the Upper school the "monster" class has ce to exist, but the evil of the large class—anything betw forty and sixty—is with us still, and does seve militate against the achievement of educational id The evil is mitigated—not removed—by mean sectional teaching, the introduction of modification the "Dalton plan," and various other devices, inc ing periods set aside for private study and silent read all having as their common aim the teaching of chil to teach themselves, and, as an underlying princ development along the lines of individual capacity.

Herd discipline, though it is still too often resorte as an expedient by the weak teacher, has ceased t valued, and in many schools has ceased to be tolera and self-government and individual responsibility taking its place.

Most out-of-date of all are Mr. Barker's remarks regard to inspectors. The fault that I would find these gentlemen is that they are too tactful, too toler too ready to acquiesce in existing evils ; but as a t they are always ready to welcome new ideas and

experiments, and there is absolutely nothing in the existing system to prevent " the natural development of new and progressive ideas within the school."

Lastly comes Mr. Barker's indictment of the training of elementary school teachers; and here one is inclined to ask: " When did Mr. Barker last visit a Training College?" One wonders if it would even please him to know that the evils he inveighs against are things of the past, for his description of these institutions as " semi-monastic and semi-charitable " depicts accurately a state of things that existed some twenty or thirty years ago. But nowadays, when such institutions as the London Day Training College exist for all who wish to see, it seems unnecessary to waste words in their defence. It is perhaps less well known that within the last few years the idea of specialization in elementary schools has gained ground, and that many teachers now leave the Training College, not " armed with a sheaf of foolish certificates proving proficiency in everything," but well qualified to teach a group of subjects in which they are especially interested.

Anyone with some knowledge of the history of education has only to read Mr. Barker's article and compare it with the existing state of things to realize how far we have travelled along the road of progress during the last twenty years, but we should be falling into as grievous an error as Mr. Barker if, complacently gazing at what has been achieved, we forgot to raise our eyes to the long stretch of road that separates us from our ever-receding goal. To be contented with education as it is to-day would show gross ignorance of the subject; all that I humbly contend for, is that the state of elementary education is not as black as Mr. Barker chooses to paint it.

CHRONOMETRICALS AND HOROLOGICALS

By Hermann Melville

[The essay which follows is taken from Melville's last and neglected novel, *Pierre, or The Ambiguities*. The book, which was stillborn, has always been extremely ha d to procure; and it is unlikely that the essay will be known to more than one in a thousand of our readers. Those who have read it will welcome the chance of reading again this example of profound thought and lucid expression. In the novel the essay appears as a fragment of a pamphlet by one Plotinus Plinlimmon.]

Few of us doubt, gentlemen, that human life on this earth is but a state of probation; which among other things implies, that here below, we mortals have only to do with things provisional. Accordingly, I hold that all our so-called wisdom is likewise but provisional.

This preamble laid down, I begin.

It seems to me, in my visions, that there is a certain most rare order of human souls, which if carefully carried in the body will almost always and everywhere give Heaven's own Truth, with some small grains of variance. For peculiarly coming from God, the sole source of that heavenly truth, and the great Greenwich hill and tower from which the universal meridians are far out into infinity reckoned; such souls seem as London sea-chronometers (*Greek*, time-namers) which, as the London ship floats past Greenwich down the Thames, are accurately adjusted by Greenwich time,

and, if heedfully kept, will still give that same time, even though carried to the Azores. True, in nearly all cases of long, remote voyages—to China, say—chronometers of the best make, and the most carefully treated, will gradually more or less vary from Greenwich time, without the possibility of the error being corrected by direct comparison with their great standard; but skilful and devout observations of the stars by the sextant will serve materially to lessen such errors. And besides, there is such a thing as *rating* a chronometer; that is, having ascertained its degree of organic inaccuracy, however small, then in all subsequent chronometrical calculations, that ascertained loss or gain can be readily added or deducted, as the case may be. Then again, on these long voyages, the chronometer may be corrected by comparing it with the chronometer of some other ship at sea, more recently from home.

Now in an artificial world like ours, the soul of man is further removed from its God and the Heavenly Truth, than the Chronometer carried to China is from Greenwich. And, as that chronometer, if at all accurate, will pronounce it to be 12 o'clock high-noon, when the China local watches say, perhaps, it is 12 o'clock midnight, so the chronometric soul, if in this world true to its great Greenwich in the other, will always, in its so-called intuitions of right and wrong, be contradicting the mere local standards and watchmakers' brains of this earth.

Bacon's brains were mere watchmaker's brains; but Christ was a chronometer; and the most exquisitely adjusted and exact one, and the least affected by all terrestrial jarrings, of any that have ever come to us. And the reason why his teachings seemed folly to the Jews, was because he carried that Heaven's time in Jerusalem, while the Jews carried Jerusalem time there. Did he not expressly say—My wisdom (time) is not of this world? But whatever is really peculiar in the

wisdom of Christ seems precisely the same folly to-day as it did 1850 years ago. Because, in all that interval his bequeathed chronometer has still preserved its original Heaven's time, and the general Jerusalem of this world has likewise carefully preserved its own.

But though the chronometer carried from Greenwich to China should truly exhibit in China what the time may be at Greenwich at any moment; yet, though thereby it must necessarily contradict China time, it does by no means thence follow that, with respect to China, the China watches are at all out of the way. Precisely the reverse. For the fact of that variance is a presumption that, with respect to China, the Chinese watches must be all right; and consequently, as the China watches are right as to China, so the Greenwich chronometers must be wrong as to China. Besides, of what use to the Chinaman would a Greenwich chronometer, keeping Greenwich time, be? Were he thereby to regulate his daily actions, he would be guilty of all manner of absurdities—going to bed at noon, say, when his neighbours would be sitting down to dinner. And thus, though the early wisdom of man be heavenly folly to God; so also, conversely, is the heavenly wisdom of God an unearthly folly to man. Literally speaking, this is so. Nor does the God at the heavenly Greenwich expect common men to keep Greenwich wisdom in this remote Chinese world of ours; because such a thing were unprofitable for them here, and, indeed, a falsification of Himself, inasmuch as in that case, China time would be identical with Greenwich time, which would make Greenwich time wrong.

But why then does God now and then send a heavenly chronometer (as a meteoric stone) into the world, uselessly as it would seem, to give the lie to all the world's time-keepers? Because He is unwilling to leave man without some occasional testimony to this: that though man's Chinese notions of things may answer well

enough here, they are by no means universally applicable, and that the central Greenwich in which he dwells goes by a somewhat different method from this world. And yet it follows not from this, that God's truth is one thing and man's truth another; but—as above hinted, and as will be further elucidated in subsequent lectures—by their very contradictions they are made to correspond.

By inference it follows, also, that he who, finding in himself a chronometrical soul, seeks practically to force that heavenly time upon the earth; in such an attempt he can never succeed, with an absolute and essential success. And as for himself, if he seek to regulate his own daily conduct by it, he will but array all men's earthly time-keepers against him, and thereby work himself woe and death. Both these things are plainly evinced in the character and fate of Christ, and the past and present condition of the religion he taught. But here one thing is to be especially observed. Though Christ encountered woe in both the precept and the practice of his chronometricals, yet did he remain throughout entirely without folly or sin. Whereas, almost invariably, with inferior beings, the absolute effort to live in this world according to the strict letter of the chronometricals is, somehow, apt to involve those inferior beings eventually in strange, *unique* follies and sins, unimagined before. It is the story of the Ephesian matron, allegorized.

To any earnest man of insight, a faithful contemplation of these ideas concerning Chronometricals and Horologicals, will serve to render provisionally far less dark some few of the otherwise obscurest things which have hitherto tormented the honest-thinking men of all ages. What man who carries a heavenly soul in him, has not groaned to perceive, that unless he committed a sort of suicide as to the practical things of this world, he never can hope to regulate his earthly conduct by the

same heavenly soul? And yet by an infallible instinct he knows that that monitor cannot be wrong in itself.

And where is the earnest and righteous philosopher, gentlemen, who looking right and left, and up and down, through all the ages of the world, the present included; where is there such an one who has not a thousand times been struck with a sort of infidel idea, that whatever other worlds God may be Lord of, he is not the Lord of this; for else this world would seem to give the lie to Him; so utterly repugnant seem its ways to the instinctively known ways of Heaven. But it is not, and cannot be so; nor will he who regards this chronometrical conceit aright, ever more be conscious of that horrible idea. For he will then see, or seem to see, that this world's seeming incompatibility with God, absolutely results from its meridional correspondence with Him.

This chronometrical conceit does by no means involve the justification of all the acts which wicked men may perform. For in their wickedness downright wicked men sin as much against their own horologes, as against the heavenly chronometer. That this is so, their spontaneous liability to remorse does plainly evince. No, this conceit merely goes to show, that for the mass of men, the highest abstract heavenly righteousness is not only impossible, but would be entirely out of place, and positively wrong in a world like this. To turn the left cheek if the right be smitten, is chronometrical; hence, no average son of man ever did such a thing. To give *all* that thou hast to the poor, this too is chronometrical; hence no average son of man ever did such a thing. Nevertheless, if a man gives with a certain self-considerate generosity to the poor; abstains from doing downright ill to any man; does his convenient best in a general way to do good to his whole race; takes watchful loving care of his wife and children, relatives,

and friends; is perfectly tolerant to all other men's opinions, whatever they may be; is an honest dealer, an honest citizen, and all that; and more especially if he believe that there is a God for infidels, as well as for believers, and acts upon that belief; then, though such a man falls infinitely short of the chronometrical standard, though all his actions are entirely horologic—yet such a man need never lastingly despond, because he is sometimes guilty of some minor offence: hasty words, impulsively returning a blow, fits of domestic petulance, selfish enjoyment of a glass of wine while he knows there are those around him who lack a loaf of bread. I say he need never lastingly despond on account of his perpetual liability to these things; because *not* to do them, and their like, would be to be an angel, a chronometer; whereas, he is a man and a horologe.

Yet does the horologe itself teach that all liabilities to these things should be checked as much as possible, though it is certain they can never be utterly eradicated. They are only to be checked, then, because, if entirely unrestrained, they would finally run into utter selfishness and human demonism, which, as before hinted, are not by any means justified by the horologe.

In short, this chronometrical and horological conceit, in sum, seems to teach this: That in things terrestrial (horological) a man must not be governed by ideas celestial (chronometrical); that certain minor self-renunciations in this life his own mere instinct for his own everyday general well-being will teach him to make, but he must by no means make a complete unconditional sacrifice of himself in behalf of any other being, or any cause, or any conceit. (For, does aught else completely and unconditionally sacrifice itself for him? God's own sun does not abate one tittle of its heat in July, however you swoon with that heat in the sun. And if it *did* abate its heat on your behalf, then the wheat and the rye would not ripen; and so, for the

incidental benefit of one, a whole population would suffer.)

A virtuous expediency, then, seems the highest desirable or attainable earthly excellence for the mass of men, and is the only earthly excellence that their Creator intended for them. When they go to heaven, it will be quite another thing. There, they can freely turn the left cheek, because there the right cheek will never be smitten. There they can freely give all to the poor, for *there* there will be no poor to give to. A due appreciation of this matter will do good to man. For, hitherto, being authoritatively taught by his dogmatical teachers that he must, while on earth, aim at heaven, and attain it, too, in all his earthly acts, on pain of eternal wrath; and finding by experience that this is utterly impossible; in his despair, he is too apt to run clean away into all manner of moral abandonment, self-deceit, and hypocrisy (cloaked, however, mostly under an aspect of the most respectable devotion); or else he openly runs, like a mad dog, into atheism. Whereas, let men be taught those Chronometricals and Horologicals, and while still retaining every common-sense incentive to whatever of virtue be practicable and desirable, and having these incentives strengthened, too, by the consciousness of powers to attain their mark; then there would be an end to that fatal despair of becoming at all good, which has too often proved the vice-producing result in many minds of the undiluted chronometrical doctrines hitherto taught to mankind. But if any man say that such a doctrine as this I lay down is false, is impious, I would charitably refer that man to the history of Christendom for the last 1,800 years, and ask him whether, in spite of all the maxims of Christ, that history is not just as full of blood, violence, wrong, and iniquity of every kind, as any previous portion of the world's history? Therefore, it follows, that so far as practical results are concerned—

regarded in a purely earthly light—the only great original moral doctrine of Christianity (*i.e.*, the chronometrical gratuitous return of good for evil, as distinguished from the horological forgiveness of injuries taught by some of the Pagan philosophers), has been found (horologically) a false one; because after 1,800 years' inculcation from tens of thousands of pulpits, it has proved entirely impracticable.

I but lay down, then, what the best mortal men do daily practise; and what all really wicked men are very far removed from. I present consolation to the earnest man, who, among all his human frailities, is still agonizingly conscious of the beauty of chronometrical excellence. I hold up a practicable virtue to the vicious; and interfere not with the eternal truth, that, sooner or later, in all cases, downright vice is downright woe.

Moreover: if——

But here the pamphlet was torn, and came to a most untidy termination.

ENJOYMENT AND CRITICISM.—Enjoyment, which some people call criticism, is something aesthetic, spontaneous, irresponsible; the aesthetic perfection of anything is incommensurable with that of anything else. But there is a responsible sort of criticism which is political and moral, and which turns on the human advantage of possessing or loving this or that sort of perfection. To cultivate some sorts may be useless or even hostile to the possible perfection of human life. (*George Santayana.*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

EXPLORATION.—A good many years ago Mr. Granville-Barker, in the course of a lecture which demanded the dramatization of Blue Books, said words to this effect: "Mr. Shaw writes a play in order to tell us something he knows; the rest of us write plays in order to find out what we think." To *find out*. It is a very apt way of describing the state of mind of a writer engaged in the process of composition. Every play, and every book that is not a play, if it is written in good faith, is such an exploration. If a writer knew exactly what he was going to say, he would never write at all, because writing—to him—would be unnecessary. We see it said often enough that the motive of the writer is self-expression, but as the meanest of us is expressing himself in every daily action, the statement can be no more than a half-truth. Far better to say that the writer is expressing the degree of his most immediate curiosity about life. He is like a man who tries to recall a once-heard air; as soon as he is familiar with the air, it no longer troubles him; but while it still eludes his memory nothing can restrain him from struggling to reproduce it. The writer struggles to reproduce some sort of truth after which he is reaching. He begins, perhaps, confidently; then his first inspiration fails. He falters, improvises, is again caught up by some echo of his first curiosity, or by some new and attractive wonder; and so proceeds to the end of his work. And by the time he reaches the end he feels that if he could only begin afresh in the light of the knowledge he has gained in the course of his written exploration, his work would be improved beyond recognition. And yet for most writers to go back again to the beginning is impossible, since if

they were to begin again some other exploration altogether would result, and the work would be new work. Once it has been done, the author has reached for that time the limits of his attainable knowledge. Really to rewrite is to attack a new problem. To return to the old one is a sign of exhaustion. As well be a purveyor of successful Academy paintings. That is the explanation of versatility, that the mind which is alive is always seeking new moulds and symbols, and new difficulties; and that is the explanation, often enough, of failures so ignominious as to be remarked even by the most kindly and thick-witted critics. A harmony has not been achieved between curiosity and knowledge. Every writer will admit that the finished book is an unwilling travesty of its original inspiration. Knowledge has been insufficient; or the idea has been too thin—like a Patience that comes out too easily;—or curiosity has failed, has given place to boredom and proficiency. It is never solely to tell a story or exemplify a moral idea that the ambitious novelist or dramatist undertakes his task. It is—perhaps unconsciously—to satisfy this intellectual or spiritual curiosity concerning the nature of things. He is in effect saying: if only I understood *this*, I should be satisfied. He is never satisfied, because he never wholly understands; and each work is a new exploration; eagerly undertaken. This time, says the writer. This time. . . . It would not matter how many good books and plays there were in the world: the writer can never see life through the eyes of others, for he is pursuing an inscrutable mystery. He is searching for a reality to which he can never attain, and each book or play that he produces is a model or transcription, a draft or experiment which he has cast aside in his progress. It is not a key; it is a discarded fragment; and to the author, already seeking further, it is always a failure.—FRANK SWINNERTON.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

UNCONSCIOUS MUSIC.—What a difference the time when and the place where makes to the hearing of music, and the occasion on which! When Handel scribbled down at the end of his *Messiah* the little eight-bar bit in A minor overheard from *der arme irische Junge*, he must have felt this. He had been battling with impresarios and prima donnas in an atmosphere heavy with chicanery, and here he was suddenly among the warm-hearted Irish with a small piece of human nature under his window. And when those lovely Irish tunes with their lingering measures, that just climb up to and look over the edge of the world, are dressed up in (often very beautiful) accompaniments to make their bow at a vocal recital, what is this sea-fog that has suddenly come between them and us? The fact is that music is always a much more real and simple thing than we suppose, and we are seldom simple and real enough to receive it. So we just take it as an adornment of life because we dare not face its reality.

The Hindus knew this when they assigned their melodies to an exact hour or day. It was not quaint, nor a pretty Eastern fancy; it was the truth. Many of them—those who are enlightened, or emancipated—deny that there is any sense in the idea; and those who accept it often dispute as to which the right hour is. That proves nothing. There are many fancies of which we only get fleeting visions, but the visions were the truth and the ratiocinations false.

We smile at the folksong-collectors for the geese they call swans and for their persistence in the cry that there's nothing like leather. But they are hearing these songs all the time with other ears than ours. They saw the vision. There was nothing in common, often enough, between them and the people they got them from, but the love of music; and then, there was everything; both got suddenly down to the things that matter. Can a man forget this if he has ever gone through it,

and can "conscious" music ever mean quite the same thing to him as this? He has heard the banshee and walked with the leprechaun.—A. H Fox Strangways.

The Literature of Villiers Street.—Who that has paused before the front windows of the obscure bookshops in Tottenham Court Road and Villiers Street, has not marvelled at the curious selection of literature that is offered there? The novels of Victoria Cross, and Mrs. Glyn, the confessions of the retiring aristocrat who is content to sign himself "A Peer," and side by side with them a number of French classics, *Droll Stories, Madame Bovary, Une Vie.* And who that has paused there has not wondered in what spirit the man who is deeply stirred by Victoria Cross, who finds in *Three Weeks* an equivalent for *Antony and Cleopatra*, reads such a masterpiece of prose narrative as *Une Vie?* Probably he will be considerably shocked by Maupassant's detachment and restraint, finding infinitely more worthy the warm cloying sensuality of *Five Nights*—a melancholy reflection. It is not perhaps after all of very great matter that a silly, sensual, sentimental book should sell in great numbers and for a long time. But it is a little sad that only thus, in this form and in this type of shop, a complete English translation of one of the world's great novels should be procurable. —Alec Waugh.

Katherine Mansfield, Stendhal, and Style.—Lately while turning over the pages of an old notebook —how bitterly one regrets that these old notebooks are always so scattered and so fragmentary!—I lighted on the scraps of a conversation with Katherine Mansfield on this ever-new question of style. Her words seem to me valuable, and in their way even authoritative, for my conviction is that she alone among the writers of her own generation had achieved a truly original style

She first described the essential of style in a simple and striking metaphor; it was "to speak to the back of the room." Then she expanded this description. "You should imagine," she said, "that you are describing the things you are writing about to a dearly beloved but *simple* person, whose sympathies and desire to comprehend go with you, but who needs to be given a *lead*." Then, to explain still further, she took an example from her own story, *The Garden Party*. (The conversation took place in March, 1922, soon after the book of that name had been published.) "'But I thought you said you didn't mean to interfere,' said Laura" (p. 75). "If that were left naked," said Katherine Mansfield, "it would be a cross remark. 'Said Laura, laughing,' is too vague. So I wrote: 'She put her arm round her mother's neck and gently, very gently, bit her mother's ear.'"

Those few simple words of Katherine Mansfield's seem to me to touch more nearly the essential problem of style, which may be described as the creative or compulsive use of language, than any that I know. Thinking over them now, I am struck by the *exactness* with which they correspond to the more abstract definition of style which, ever since I first read it in *Racine et Shakespeare*, has been for me the most penetrating and pregnant, and also the least pretentious of the many attempts to define the indefinable: I mean Stendhal's "Le style est ceci : ajouter à une pensée donnée toutes les circonstances propres à produire tout l'effet que doit produire cette pensée." "Style is this: to add to a given thought all the circumstances calculated to produce the whole of the effect which the thought ought to produce." No more precise practical example of this process could be imagined than that instinctively chosen by Katherine Mansfield; and no more cogent brief paraphrase of Stendhal's meaning than her "Speak to the back of the room."—J. M. MURRY.

IS THE PLAY THE THING?

By The Journeyman

You may remember that a couple of months ago I confessed that I scarcely ever go to the play, and I gave some account of an unwonted venture, which cost me eight and sixpence. I have not, indeed, been to the play since then; but I have done something which is to me much more remarkable: I have read a whole volume of 400 large pages, of which half is in praise of the modern English drama and the other half in criticism—a mild word, that—of the Elizabethan drama. I have read it; I have been absorbed by it; I have been almost convinced. The book—let me say quite plainly that it is a most excellent book, written by a master of his subject, and producing on the reader that rare and delightful sense of comfort that only mastery can produce: that it is a book that everyone who cares for literature should get hold of somehow—is William Archer's *The Old Drama and the New*.

It was given me by a good friend. Nevertheless, I don't suppose that, even out of friendship, I should have read it, had it not happened on one lazy August evening I took down my copy of the plays of John Ford. It is a good many years since I read Ford. I used to have a copy of *The Broken Heart* which looked so like a small Bible that I could read it in the school chapel, and I did. A little later I bought for myself a copy of Ford and Massinger in a single volume, and I read that. Somehow, I cannot imagine how, I persuaded myself in my youth that John Ford was a considerable person. Perhaps it was intellectual snobbery: the Elizabethans

ıad a tremendous prestige when I reached years of liscretion. I hope also that I was moved by the one ır two passages of charming poetry—skin-deep, it is rue, but of an attractive complexion—which are in his ılays. Whatever the cause, John Ford certainly ›ecame a figure to me : he was somebody, and he was ın Elizabethan. And I had a vague conception of a ubtle, fantastic, melancholy nature, expressing itself in : language of which I dimly remembered the quality as ın ineffectual purity. He was, I thought, the man for ne, on that warm August evening. So I took him lown.

It was a shock. If John Ford is not nothing, he is ıext door to it. Of late years, I must explain, almost :very Elizabethan except Shakespeare has begun to lisappoint me. Shakespeare grows steadily bigger and ›igger in my mind, and the rest grow smaller and ımaller. Even Webster strikes me as being very little f not a poet, and as being a smallish kind of poet beside Donne. The line,

> Cover my face : mine eyes dazzle : she died young

which for at least ten years of my life I dutifully believed o be at the very pinnacle of dramatic eloquence, has of late seemed to me a piece of spoof. The effect is of he nature of an optical illusion. The imagination is not here, neither is the poetry. There remains the magical ınd uncouth Marlowe ; there remains Ben Jonson, who s something, something I do not particularly like, but ındeniably *something*, against which one can, as it were, bang one's head, and feel the ensuing bump. (And, by the way, nobody more than Mr. T. S. Eliot has helped me to understand what that something is.) I am still attracted to Middleton, and I find a rather pleasing absence of this optical illusion of poetry in Massinger. But the Elizabethan drama as a whole has of late seemed to me thin stuff compared to Shake-

speare. It is, of course, Shakespeare himself who knocks the bottom out of it; and when one has been reading, as I have been reading, little else than Shakespeare for four years, it begins to be almost painfully clear that, both as dramatist and poet, Shakespeare was of a totally different *kind* from any of his contemporaries. He is not the bright particular star in a constellation; he is another universe. And perhaps one of the reasons why we know so little about him, is that his contemporaries felt that this was so. He must have been mysterious and paralysing to them.

Nevertheless, though I was accustomed to find the minor Elizabethans 'gin to pale their ineffectual fires, I was not prepared to see the star of John Ford drop clean out of the sky as it did for me that evening. His characters appeared to me convulsive marionettes, his versification undistinguished to the verge of vulgarity, and his notion of a dramatic situation puerile. Bianca's behaviour in *Love's Sacrifice* was clean beyond my comprehension; she is a psychological monstrosity. The incestuous love of Giovanni and Annabella in *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* appeared to me devoid of all imaginative realization, and therefore merely a gratuitously unpleasant piece of melodramatic invention, culminating in a senseless piece of savagery. I was indeed so bewildered by the nothingness of this elaborate brutality that I cast about for some explanation. Ford was not a fool; neither were his two superiors in the manipulation of the crudities of Italianate revenge-plots, Webster and Tourneur, fools. Why, then, did they do what they did? And the only answer I could find was that, wanting to write tragedies, they found that further advance along the true tragic road was barred to them by Shakespeare's achievement. So they flung themselves on to the Italianate horrors as a way of escape. They could spill more blood, present more incests, depict more anthropophagi than Shakespeare. He had

merely put out Gloucester's eyes; they would—do what they did. I thought, and still think, it may have been another case of the despair that fell upon John Milton, when he thought of Shakespeare:

> But thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
> Dost make us marble with too much conceiving.

And they had not—even the most gifted of them—Milton's parts or his probity. If we can't be tragedians, they said, we will be Grand Guignol: and they were.

However that may be, on that night I was disappointed and disgusted with John Ford. Still worse, I was bored, unutterably bored by him. I would gladly have given every line he wrote for one short poem of Thomas Hardy's. And it seemed to me preposterous that such inferior stuff should be allowed to retain the prestige it has acquired. Why has nobody made an onslaught upon it? Perhaps (I thought) because nobody really reads it, except people engaged in taking degrees in English literature, and they—it is well known—have other things to think about than whether what they read is worth reading. When they have their degrees they promptly and very wisely forget all the stuff they have had to wade through; or they become professors and dare not blow the gaff on their own stock-in-trade. I sighed, thinking that there is still a great deal of work to be done by an honest and disinterested criticism; and then I took down William Archer's book. For the moment I was sick of the old drama; I wanted to taste the new. And lo and behold! there was this veteran critic valiantly engaged in doing the very thing that I demanded. He was bowling over the minor Elizabethan dramatists, as dramatists, like so many skittles. And I defy anyone to show that his destructive criticism is not substantially sound. But when I found him expressing my own heretical opinion concerning

> Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.

I was almost enraptured. This, I said in my joy, is the dramatic critic for me. And on the whole he is. I do not believe there is another dramatic critic in the world who could have written a book so comprehensive, so sane, so interesting, and so evidently honest as this book of William Archer's.

Not that I agree with it all. When he says, for instance, that Ford's spirit was more subtle than Webster's, I disagree entirely. Of the two Webster was the subtle one, even though he was the bloodier. And when he says, in criticism of Shakespeare, that he had no conception of the idea of progress, I do not so much disagree as I am astonished at a remark which may or may not be true, but is, in either case, without any real import. Nor am I sure that I agree with his fundamental position that since the evolution of the drama has actually been towards an art of realistic representation we must necessarily accept this as its ideal end. But it is a position I can understand, and one which seems to me a perfectly adequate foundation for a substantial edifice of criticism such as Mr. Archer builds upon it. And on the negative side at least Mr. Archer's argument is absolutely convincing, when he maintains

> that the people who extol the semi-barbarous drama of the minor Elizabethans as something vastly superior to the drama of to-day have no conception of the true essence of the drama, and found their opinion (in so far as it has any rational foundation at all) on a palpable confusion between drama and lyric poetry.

In other words, Mr. Archer's blade is double-edged: one edge is the assertion that most of the minor Elizabethans are not dramatic, the other the assertion that a great many modern English playwrights are.

Now the logician will say that everything depends upon the meaning of the word *dramatic*. And, of course, it does. I cannot define it, nor do I think very

much of Mr. Archer's attempt to do so, for he defines it not essentially but in terms of that process of evolution towards realistic representation which he considers necessary and inevitable. But definitions are not everything : and I, as a very amateur in this matter, know that there is a profound difference between the poetic and the dramatic. What is poetic *may* also be dramatic ; but it seldom is. What is dramatic *may* also be poetic ; and that too seldom happens. By poetic I mean not metric or rhythmic, but an expression in language of the creative imagination. Some drama, in short, is creative literature ; and as such will last for all time. A great deal of drama, which is perfectly good as drama, is not creative literature at all.

Mr. Archer's main positive contention is that there is a great deal of good drama now written by English playwrights. Very likely that is true. I am going to see for myself, when I get the chance. But he seems to lose sight of the further question : Is this drama truly creative literature? The drama, he maintains, is a separate art, following its own destiny. That is obviously true. But it seems also to be true that unless the drama is also creative literature, it cannot last for centuries. Sometimes, indeed, it lasts a surprisingly long while : a good primitive dramatic situation may keep a thing like *Box and Cox* flourishing through generations. But the element of true permanence seems to be outside all purely dramatic excellence. It resides in the creative truth of the representation of human life, whether that is expressed in poetry or prose. In other words, a drama, to endure, must have style. It must be the rendering in language of real vitality of an author's unique vision of human life. Its effectiveness as drama is here irrelevant ; it has to be effective as literature.

How much of modern English drama will satisfy this test, I do not know : I am altogether too ignorant of

the subject-matter. But it seems to me that Mr. Archer never puts this crucial question quite clearly to himself. He is concerned with the art of the drama, not with the art of literature. And many of his quotations, which like a courageous and honest man he always brings forward to support his judgments of modern plays, are convincing as drama and unconvincing as literature. Mr. Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln* is a clear case of good drama and bad literature. Sir Arthur Pinero, whom Mr. Archer praises with a splendid discrimination according to his own standards, is a more doubtful example, to judge by the quotations. The portion of Mr. Lennox Robinson's *The Lost Leader* which is given, in which the doctor accidentally hypnotizes the old Irishman Lucius and so evokes the revelation that the old man is Parnell, is as plainly effective drama as it is plainly inferior literature. The opening scene of Mr. Galsworthy's *The Silver Box* looks like good drama and good writing, both.

I am not complaining that Mr. Archer does not employ both standards of criticism. The obvious duty of a dramatic critic is to appraise plays as drama: but it is the obvious duty of the literary critic to appraise them as literature. This Mr. Archer is inclined to forget when he champions the authors of modern plays; but when he attacks the plays of the minor Elizabethans he himself as often as not is condemning them not for ineffectiveness as drama—a good many of them are dramatically much more effective than he admits—but for their deficiencies as literature. They are not "just representations of human nature," to use Dr. Johnson's phrase. But it is doubtful whether the drama as a separate art does depend on "just representations of human nature." The *sens du théâtre* is not a sense of universal psychology; but of a very particular and unrepresentative sort of psychology. Only when this is combined with a creative and comprehensive vision

of life, so that the particular demand can be satisfied without doing violence to the universal necessity, shall we find drama that is of more than ephemeral consequence.

And it does not really matter whether the dramatist's representation shows us the superficies of modern life as we see them. The important thing is that he should give us a revelation of the profound realities of life as we have felt and experienced them : that he should make vocal our dumb delights and dismays. If he can do this within the strict limits of a peculiar technique, he is a great artist. In spite of Mr. Archer's persuasiveness, I do not suppose these are more plentiful to-day than they were in the days of Shakespeare.

Nevertheless, though I do not expect to find many *Cherry Orchards* or even many *Hedda Gablers* among the modern plays in London, I shall make trial of them, and I shall expect to enjoy myself and make some minor discoveries. I shall be very annoyed with Mr. Archer if I do not. But my first concern now remains as it was two months ago : to see the new film by Charlie Chaplin. I *know* I shall get something from that. It is called *The Pilgrim*, and it is to be " released "—the words suggests that there must be a venomous spring in a coil of film—on the very day on which these words appear.

MULTUM IN PARVO

On Looking into Houses.—On my solitary walks through a town the sight of the interiors of the rooms into which I look from the street through their open windows generally calls up the sweetest sensations and the most beautiful images. These rooms would say nothing to me if I looked at them when I was inside them. Is not this a picture of human life, of its conditions, its blessings and its joys? (*Leopardi.*)

On Physical Science.—It does not call for much intelligence to have seen the Pantheon, the Coliseum, the Pyramids; nor does it need any more to see a cell through the microscope or a star through a big pair of spectacles. It is in this that physical science is so admirable: the man of great genius, the limited intelligence, the mediocre person,—each has his part to play. The man who cannot make a system like Newton, will make an observation which will put a great mind to the torture. (*Montesquieu.*)

The Morality of Art.—Is crime always punished, or virtue rewarded? No; but, nevertheless, if your novel, or your play is well done, no one by reading it will be taken with the desire to violate the laws of nature. The first condition necessary for the creation of a sound art is a belief in the integral unity of things. (*Baudelaire.*)

Nature and Law.—In science we are led to act as though a simple law, when other things were equal, must be more probable than a complicated law. Half a century ago one frankly confessed it, and proclaimed that nature loves simplicity. She has since too often given us the lie. To-day this tendency is no longer

avowed, and only so much of it is preserved as is indispensable in order that science may not become impossible. (*Henri Poincaré.*)

Mr. Wells and the Reviewers.—A surprisingly unsympathetic note rings through Mr. H. G. Wells's periodic outbursts against reviewers. It is rather like the tone of the suburban voter who demands to know why Governments don't settle industrial disputes by shooting the strike-leaders.

Reviewers suffer from fatigue; reviewers suffer from overwork; reviewers—I speak of the vast majority—cannot command space adequately to proclaim masterpieces. Reviewers, in short, are wage-slaves—despicable, perhaps, but not wholly responsible for those sins of omission which Mr. Wells deplores. Yet Mr. Wells attacks the slaves and not the system that employs them. Faulty reasoning, surely.

Even admitting that reviewers go wrong frequently, are we to damn them off-hand because they fail to praise what Mr. Wells thinks worth while praising? Standards are so relative. And it is always possible that Mr. Wells missed hearty reviews of the work he now applauds. Criticism does not flourish in London only.

In the end, is it not a widely debatable question Mr. Wells raises by suggesting that general neglect of a book is due entirely to neglect by reviewers?—G. B.

The Month's Problem.—A body starting from rest moves in such a way that its speed at any instant is equal to the time that has elapsed since it began to move from rest. It makes two journeys. The second journey lasts twice as long as the first journey. What is the ratio of the distance covered in the second journey to the distance covered in the first journey?

givu

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To the READERS OF "THE ADELPHI."

I am anxious that The Adelphi *should, as soon as possible, contain 128 pages instead of its present 96. I do not want* The Adelphi *ever to grow into a large and unwieldy magazine—a mass of matter informed by no living soul. But I feel that the right size for* The Adelphi *is 128 pages. At present we have the sensation of being cramped and constrained. The length of essays and stories has to be severely limited, and I am compelled to exclude many contributions from readers which are of great interest in themselves but lack the finer qualities of literary expression.*

I should like, in fact, to have room among other things for a Readers' Club. This month, by exception, I have printed a selection of characteristic comments upon Mr. Barker's indictment of the Elementary School. But the Contributors' Club and Multum in Parvo have had to suffer for it; and of the many valuable letters on the article "Faith and Religion" I have been able to print none at all: I have not been able even to refer to them.

The Adelphi *cannot safely be enlarged to the desirable size until it has reached a steady circulation of 20,000 copies a month. It may be done occasionally before then if the advertisements happen to be exceptionally plentiful; but, for the enlargement to be permanent, it is necessary that the circulation should reach and remain at that figure. It is a question of pounds, shillings, and pence. We cannot afford to take financial risks. We are, I believe, now absolutely safe.* The Adelphi *pays its way. And that is, no doubt, a remarkable achievement for a magazine begun with a capital of £500 at the beginning of what is called "the slack season." But we cannot take financial risks: we cannot spend much money upon advertisement: we cannot (even if we wanted to) imitate the methods of those "captains" of the newspaper industry who warned us that such a venture as ours could not possibly succeed. In the last resort we are wholly dependent upon the good-will of the readers we have gained. Their disinterested enthusiasm alone can make it possible for* The Adelphi *to satisfy our ideal of what it should be.*

The Editor.

[illegible]CTOBER, 192[illegible] MONTHLY VOL. 1. NO. 5

The Adelphi

1/- 1/-

[illegible]DITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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The Adelphi

VOL. 1. NO. 5. OCTOBER, 1923

ON WAITING

By John Middleton Murry

THERE are moments, I verily believe, when one loses one's soul; moments, hours, days, when that which one is, mysteriously dissolves away. I am silent, but I cannot be still; I speak, but the words are not my own. I do nothing and I am tired; I do many things, and I am also tired, but not a whit more tired than if I had done nothing. For all those many things make one nothing: not one of them has been my own. This is the fatigue of nothingness, not the rich and brooding weariness of activity.

To achieve an act that is our own is to create. Whether it is a word spoken out of our entirety, a sentence as it were endorsed by our secret being, which reveals to us a truth of which we did not know we were aware; or the word of another that we read and recognize within ourselves as valid, that finds its way to the depths and there awakes some hidden potency; or some quite simple gesture—nothing more, perhaps, than a hand on a friend's arm or a passing Good-night—which suddenly claimed the whole of us for its begetter, leaped out of the mists of our self-ignorance and took possession of its rightful throne—each one of these is an act of creation. Such acts as these bring their weariness and

bring it quickly—we are none too used to them—bu the weariness is rich and full.

The fatigue of nothingness is poor and empty, lik the yawn of nervousness compared with the yawn o sleep. It is a protest against an absence, not a recog- nition of a presence: the drooping of the unwatere flower, not the bending of the laden branch. It is a though that which grows above the ground wer divided from that which is below—Hamlet's disease and we cry like Hamlet:

> How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
> Seem to me all the uses of the world!

But we do not leave the world; we do not go apart an wait for something that is bigger than ourselves to tak possession and drive away the fretful inhabitant. O the contrary, to be left alone with ourselves, which i the condition we truly desire, seems at this moment calamity to be shunned like the plague. There is no sel to be left alone with. Peradventure he sleepeth Wherever he may be, whatever he may be doing, he i not within reach of any call of ours. We are like empt agitated shells, mere quivering superficies: we see wit our eyes alone, speak only with our lips, and we jum at the opportunity of stopping the mouths of thes clamorous and insatiable members with a sensation, a excitement. They become only the more hungry an insistent.

All this is high falutin', no doubt; but the state o soul, or the state of no-soul, is real. And one of th ways to exorcise it—not perhaps the best—is to s down and try to draw its likeness upon paper. Even a idealized picture is better than none. The hands, th conscious mind are occupied; in the semi-quiet some thing of that which has been lost may creep back again even if it is only a fatigue which is not of the nerve alone.

Something did creep back. I went to bed, alone in my little house, for which I have no particular affection, but where I am at least undisturbed by alien personalities, where I feel that, if anything goes wrong with me, I have only myself to blame, where I cannot have excitement even though I crave for it. And now, having waked up, and spent a day utterly alone, having cooked myself many elaborate meals of mushrooms—I can get an enormous pound of them for sixpence—I can hardly remember how it was that I was so agitated twenty-four hours ago, when what I have now, was remote, impossible, almost unimaginable to me. I can just remember that there was something at once sinister and futile about the ticking of my clock ; it seemed to have become almost the whole of me, which was sinister, and to be saying : "This way—that way—no way—this way—that way—no way," which was futile. I swayed with it in a kind of empty irritation. Years ago, that was.

And now I am myself again : nothing, as they say, to shout about : neither particularly happy nor particularly sad : but somehow free ; free from everything except the habit of smoking cigarettes as I write. And that annoys me only when I think about it. But for the rest, as far as my sensation goes, free. Free to say what I like, free to do what I like : and for the moment what I like to do is to say what I like here. In ten minutes I may be sick of it : then I shall knock off. In twenty certainly I shall, for I have left another mess of mushrooms on the stove, and when I get up to stir them I shall not sit down again to this sheet of paper until I have eaten them—my supper.

Yes, free. It's a queer feeling ; it doesn't come to me too often, and when it does I wish it would stay longer. Perhaps it will : I seem to have it for longer nowadays than I have had it for many years, in truth, than I have ever had it. And it occurs to me that it is

as well that at this moment I like to do precisely what I am doing: this month I have cut the time for this article rather short. But I was thinking things over this afternoon while I was weeding my path. First, I came to the knowledge that I was free, then I wondered what I should like to do with my freedom. I would like to go round the world, but very slowly, and not in one of those great ships that frightened and made me angry when I saw one for the first time in Southampton Water the other day. It was a great comfort to me to think that the ocean would make no more bones of that sham-Leviathan than sham-Leviathan did of me. Not in one of those things will I go round the world. If that is civilization, civilization can go to the devil for all I care. I follow Mr. D. H. Lawrence into rebellion, and carry my small flag in the shadow of his sombre-splendid banner.

Well, I will go round the world, and in my own way. Why not to-morrow? Because I don't want to go to-morrow. My desire is as yet only a half-desire; I will wait until it becomes a whole and overpowering one. In the meanwhile I will wait. And just now waiting, which is so often pale and nerve-fretting, seems to me a rich and full activity. I am free; I can do what I like; and what I really want to do is to wait. Just to wait. Not for anything in particular: certainly not to begin my journey round the world. I simply let that half-desire sink to the bottom of my lagoon until it grows into a whole one, till the small oyster becomes a big one, with perhaps a pearl inside. But if I think, I can think of many things I might be waiting for. But I don't believe I am really waiting consciously *for* anything. I simply want to wait, and while I am waiting, to take care I don't do anything I don't really want to do. I am a perfect whale at getting myself involved. I have had moments of awful fear regarding THE ADELPHI; I feared I had taken on a duty, assumed a responsibility,

which I should have to fulfil month after month for ever. Now, I don't feel anything of the kind. My duty is simply to tell no lies; and for the rest to follow my deepest instinct. So that if one day I feel quite surely and simply that I must begin my journey round the world to-morrow, I shall pack my bag and go to-morrow. I shall spend the last evening as I am spending this evening, in telling you all about it.

But what about THE ADELPHI? you say, in a voice of alarm. Don't be alarmed: it's really quite simple. If this magazine is alive, as I believe it is; if there is some sort of living connection between it and its readers; if, as I imagine, it really is a *different* magazine, then it will get on perfectly well without me. (I have a notion that even now it would be the better for a dilution of my personality.) . . . A distinct smell of burning mushrooms!

No, not burning, but—Launcelot Gobbo had the words for it—"they did something smack, something grow to, they had a kind of taste." Anyhow, I have eaten them and I am glad that no one was forced to dine with me.

But, to return to this waiting. I do not know what I am waiting for. If I did, I should probably not be able to wait. It may be one of many things I can think of; it may be none of these many things. I may be waiting for someone to arrive who will take over THE ADELPHI from me; or for a friend to return; or, simply, for some decision, for a road to open in front of me. I have given up taking important decisions with my head: only disasters came of that, for the head is a good servant, but a bad master; he steers one into agitations and despairs. I know him of old. Now I am content to wait, while something else—my instinct or my destiny—decides.

It is queer how long it takes one to reach even this

point. It seems that my whole life up to this moment has been spent in reaching this moment—a moment with nothing particular to say for itself, no rainbow-hues, no magical gleam, nothing in the least distinguished about it, altogether a most ordinary affair—just a sense of waiting and of being content to wait. It does seem queer that one should have come such a long way—through such infinitely more exciting moments—to find just this, and queerer still that one should be satisfied with what one has found. Oh, not for ever. One waits unconsciously for something, without a doubt; and if the something were never to come, it would be a bad business. But the character and quality of this waiting is that one knows that something *will* come, and that one will recognize it when it does. Not to be impatient, not to expect miracles, not to be agitated whether this or that will be—this is itself, for one man at least, a miracle; and even if it does not endure, why, then—

> It shall have been;
> Nor God nor demon can undo the done,
> Unsight the seen.

Now, from this undramatic pinnacle, this little hump on the plain instead of the mountain one used to expect and even to begin climbing so feverishly, one looks back. It is surprising how far and how clearly one can see from this unimpressive eminence. How far and how clearly backward; but the forward view is quite shut out. And to one man it seems that his life behind him falls into phases. There was first the long struggle to reject the conceptions of good and evil that were imposed from without; then the slow birth of the knowledge that one's good and evil are one's own; then the still more painful birth of the knowledge that this knowledge itself is of no avail, that one cannot *know* one's good and evil; then the tortured writhing into a sense that one's good is growth and

ıe's evil is decay ; then the vision that one's growth is ɔt simple and single, that it is not a straightforward pward motion, that there is, as it were, a pole of light ıd a pole of darkness, a pole of striving and a pole of ırrender, a growing down into the darkness and a rowing up into the light, and that these two growths ·e but a single growth : that on the vitality of these vo movements the vitality of the being itself depends. nd further, at every point of new and completer knowdge, a new despair, that one cannot do what must be ɔne simply because one *knows* it must be done. And, ter each new despair, a period of waiting, of a waiting hose depth and quality changes in each phase, until ıe can recognize it almost as a law that the stiller, the ss dramatic, the more ordinary the waiting, the greater ıe chance that a new path will be shown.

It seems so very little to have learned from life, so ılourless, so unexciting. I can see the objections ; but do not feel them. This looking back, this mapping out the wavering zig-zag track, is infinitely thrilling : ore thrilling still that it has brought me here, to this oment I could never have guessed nor foreseen, to ıis moment which, if I had foreseen it, only a few years go, would have appeared as a moment of emptiness to ː avoided, whereas, living in it now, I know it for that ɛsired of all desirables—a moment of peace.

THREE POEMS

By D. H. Lawrence

Cypresses

TUSCAN cypresses,
What is it?

Folded in like a dark thought
For which the language is lost,
Tuscan cypresses,
Is there a great secret?
Are our words no good?

The undeliverable secret,
Dead with a dead race and a dead speech, and yet
Darkly monumental in you,
Etruscan cypresses.

Ah, how I admire your fidelity,
Dark cypresses.

Is it the secret of the long-nosed Etruscans?
The long-nosed, sensitive-footed, subtly-smiling
    Etruscans,
Who made so little noise outside the cypress groves?

Among the sinuous, flame-tall cypresses
That swayed their length of darkness all around
Etruscan-dusky, wavering men of old Etruria:
Naked except for fanciful long shoes,
Going with insidious, half-smiling quietness
And some of Africa's imperturbable sang-froid
About a forgotten business.

What business, then?
Nay, tongues are dead, and words are hollow as hollow
seed-pods,
Having shed their sound and finished all their echoing
Etruscan syllables,
That had the telling.

Yet more I see you darkly concentrate,
Tuscan cypresses,
On one old thought:
On one old slim imperishable thought, while you remain
Etruscan cypresses;
Dusky, slim marrow-thought of slender, flickering men
of Etruria,
Whom Rome called vicious.

Vicious, dark cypresses:
Vicious, you supple, brooding, softly-swaying pillars of
dark flame.
Monumental to a dead, dead race
Embalmed in you!

Were they then vicious, the slender, tender-footed,
Long-nosed men of Etruria?
Or was their way only evasive and different, dark, like
cypress trees in a wind?

They are dead, with all their vices,
And all that is left
Is the shadowy monomania of some cypresses
And tombs.

The smile, the subtle Etruscan smile still lurking
Within the tombs,
Etruscan cypresses.
He laughs longest who laughs last;
Nay, Leonardo only bungled the pure Etruscan smile.

What would I not give
To bring back the rare and orchid-like
Evil-yclept Etruscan?

Among the cypresses
To sit with pure, slim, long-nosed,
Evil-called, sensitive Etruscans, naked except for their
boots;
To be able to smile back at them
And exchange the lost kiss
And come to dark connection.

For as to the evil
We have only Roman word for it,
Which I, being a little weary of Roman virtue,
Don't hang much weight on.

For oh, I know, in the dust where we have buried
The silenced races and all their abominations,
We have buried so much of the delicate magic of life.

There in the deeps
That churn the frankincense and ooze the myrrh,
Cypress shadowy,
Such an aroma of lost human life!

They say the fit survive,
But I invoke the spirits of the lost.
Those that have not survived, the darkly lost,
To bring their meaning back into life again,
Which they have taken away
And wrapt inviolable in soft cypress trees,
Etruscan cypresses.

Evil, what is evil?
There is only one evil, to deny life
As Rome denied Etruria
And mechanical America Montezuma still.

Fiesole.

THREE POEMS

St. Matthew

THEY are not all beasts.
One is a man, for example, and one is a bird.

I, Matthew, am a man.

" And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me "—

That is Jesus.
But then Jesus was not quite a man.
He was the Son of Man
Filius Meus, O remorseless logic
Out of His own mouth.

I, Matthew, being a man
Cannot be lifted up, the Paraclete
To draw all men unto me,
Seeing I am on a par with all men.

I, on the other hand
Am drawn to the Uplifted, as all men are drawn,
To the Son of Man
Filius Meus.

Wilt thou lift me up, Son of Man?
How my heart beats!
I am man.

I am man, and therefore my heart beats, and throws
the dark blood from side to side
All the time I am lifted up.
Yes, even during my uplifting.

And if it ceased?
If it ceased, I should be no longer man
As I am, if my heart in uplifting ceased to beat, to toss
the dark blood from side to side, causing my myriad
secret streams.

After the cessation
I might be a soul in bliss, an angel, approximating to
 the Uplifted;
But that is another matter;
I am Matthew, the man,
And I am not that other angelic matter.

So I will be lifted up, Saviour,
But put me down again in time, Master,
Before my heart stops beating, and I become what I am
 not.
Put me down again on the earth, Jesus, on the brown
 soil
Where flowers sprout in the acrid humus, and fade into
 humus again,
Where beasts drop their unlicked young, and pasture,
 and drop their droppings among the turf,
Where the adder darts horizontal,
Down on the damp, unceasing ground, where my feet
 belong
And even my heart, Lord, forever, after all uplifting:
The crumbling, damp, fresh land, life horizontal and
 ceaseless.

Matthew I am, the man.
And I take the wings of the morning, to Thee,
 Crucified, Glorified.
But while flowers club their petals at evening
And rabbits make pills among the short grass
And long snakes quickly glide into the dark hole in the
 wall, hearing man approach,
I must be put down, Lord, in the afternoon
And at evening I must leave off my [illegible]
As I leave off my braces [illegible] wings of the spiri[illegible]
And I must resume my [illegible] nakedness like a fish, sinki[illegible]
 down the dark r[illegible] Montez [illegible]
Like a fish seeking [illegible] eversion of night
[illegible] the bottom, Jesus,

THREE POEMS

IX θ US

Face downwards
Veering slowly
Down between the steep slopes of darkness, fucus-dark, seaweed-fringed valleys of the waters under the sea
Over the edge of the soundless cataract
Into the fathomless, bottomless pit
Where my soul falls in the last throes of bottomless convulsion, and is fallen
Utterly beyond Thee, Dove of the Spirit ;
Beyond everything, except itself.

Nay, Son of Man, I have been lifted up.
To Thee I rose like a rocket ending in mid-heaven.
But even Thou, Son of Man, canst not quaff out the dregs of terrestrial manhood !
They fall back from Thee.

They fall back, and like a dripping of quicksilver taking the downward track,
Break into drops, burn into drops of blood, and dropping, dropping take wing
Membraned, blood-veined wings.

On fans of unsuspected tissue, like bats,
They thread and thrill and flicker ever downward
To the dark zenith of Thine antipodes
Jesus Uplifted.

Bat-winged heart of man,
Reversed flame
Shuddering a strange way down the bottomless pit
To the great depths of its reversèd zenith.

Afterwards, afterwards
Morning comes, and I shake the dews of night from the wings of my spirit
And mount like a lark, Beloved.

But remember, Saviour,
That my heart which like a lark at heaven's gate singing, hovers morning-bright to Thee,
Throws still the dark blood back and forth
In the avenues where the bat hangs sleeping, upside-down
And to me undeniable, Jesus.

Listen, Paraclete.
I can no more deny the bat-wings of my fathom-flickering spirit of darkness
Than the wings of the Morning and Thee, Thou Glorified.

I am Matthew, the Man:
It is understood.
And Thou art Jesus, Son of Man
Drawing all men unto Thee, but bound to release them when the hour strikes.

I have been, and I have returned.
I have mounted up on the wings of the morning, and have dredged down to the zenith's reversal.
Which is my way, being man.
Gods may stay in mid-heaven, the Son of Man has climbed to the Whitsun zenith,
But I, Matthew, being a man
Am a traveller back and forth.
So be it.

Spirits Summoned West

England seems full of graves to me
Full of graves.

Women I loved and cherished, like my mother;
Yet I had to tell them to die.

THREE POEMS

England seems covered with graves to me,
Women's graves.

Women who were gentle
And who loved me
And whom I loved
And told to die.

Women with the beautiful eyes of the old days,
Belief in love, and sorrow of such belief.
" Hush, my love, then, hush.
Hush, and die, my dear! "

Women of the older generation, who knew
The full doom of loving and not being able to take back.
Who understood at last what it was to be told to die.

Now that the graves are made, and covered ;
Now that in England pansies and such-like grow on the graves of women ;
Now that in England is silence, where before was a moving of soft-skirted women,
Women with eyes that were gentle in olden belief in love ;
Now then that all their yearning is hushed and covered over with earth.

England seems like one grave to me.

And I, I sit on this high American desert
With dark-wrapped Rocky Mountains motionless squatting around in a ring,
Remembering I told them to die, to sink into the grave in England,
The gentle-kneed women.
So now I whisper : *Come away,*
Come away from the place of graves, come west,
Women
Women whom I loved and told to die.

Come back to me now,
Now the divided yearning is over;
Now you are husbandless indeed, no more husband to
cherish like a child
And wrestle with for the prize of perfect love.
No more children to launch in a world you mistrust.
Now you need know in part
No longer, or carry the burden of a man on your heart,
Or the burden of Man writ large.

Now you are disemburdened of Man and a man,
Come back to me.
Now you are free of the toils of a would-be-perfect love
Come to me and be still.

Come back then, you who were wives and mothers
And always virgins
Overlooked.

Come back then, mother, my love, whom I told to die.
It was only I who saw the virgin you
That had no home.

The overlooked virgin,
My love.

You overlooked her too.

Now that the grave is made of mother and wife,
Now that the grave is made and lidded over with turf.

Come, delicate, overlooked virgin, come back to me
And be still,
Be glad.

I didn't tell you to die, for nothing.
I wanted the virgin you to be home at last
In my heart.

THREE POEMS

Inside my innermost heart,
Where the virgin in woman comes home to a man.

The homeless virgin
Who never in all her life could find the way home
To that difficult innermost place in a man.

Now come west, come home,
Women I've loved for gentleness,
For the virginal you.
Find the way now that you never could find in life,
So I told you to die.

Virginal first and last
Is woman.
Now at this last, my love, my many a love,
You whom I loved for gentleness,
Come home to me.

They are many, and I loved them, shall always love
them,
And they know it,
The virgins.
And my heart is glad to have them at last.

Now that the wife and mother and mistress is buried
in earth,
In English earth,
Come home to me, my love, my loves, my many loves,
Come west to me.

For virgins are not exclusive of virgins
As wives are of wives ;
And motherhood is jealous,
But in virginity jealousy does not enter.

Taos.

THE LITTLE GIRL

By Katherine Mansfield

To the little girl he was a figure to be feared and avoided. Every morning before going to business he came into the nursery and gave her a perfunctory kiss to which she responded with "Good-bye, father." And oh, the glad sense of relief when she heard the noise of the buggy growing fainter and fainter down the long road!

In the evening, leaning over the banisters at his home-coming, she heard his loud voice in the hall. "Bring my tea into the smoking-room. . . . Hasn't the paper come yet? Have they taken it into the kitchen again? Mother, go and see if my paper's out there—and bring me my slippers."

"Kezia," mother would call to her, "if you're a good girl you can come down and take off father's boots." Slowly the little girl would slip down the stairs, holding tightly to the banisters with one hand—more slowly still, across the hall, and push open the smoking-room door.

By that time he had his spectacles on and looked at her over them in a way that was terrifying to the little girl.

"Well, Kezia, get a move on and pull off these boots and take them outside. Been a good girl to-day?"

"I d-d-don't know, father."

"You d-d-don't know? If you stutter like that mother will have to take you to the doctor."

She never stuttered with other people—had quite given it up—but only with father, because then she was trying so hard to say the words properly.

"What's the matter? What are you looking so wretched about? Mother, I wish you would teach this child not to appear on the brink of suicide. . . . Here, Kezia, carry my teacup back to the table—carefully; your hands jog like an old lady's. And try to keep your handkerchief in your pocket, *not* up your sleeve."

"Y-y-yes, father."

On Sundays she sat in the same pew with him in church, listening while he sang in a loud, clear voice, watching while he made little notes during the sermon with the stump of a blue pencil on the back of an envelope—his eyes narrowed to a slit—one hand beating a silent tattoo on the pew ledge. He said his prayers so loudly that she was certain God heard him above the clergyman.

He was so big—his hands and his neck, especially his mouth when he yawned. Thinking about him alone in the nursery was like thinking about a giant.

On Sunday afternoons grandmother sent her down to the drawing-room, dressed in her brown velvet, to have a "nice talk with mother and father." But the little girl always found mother reading *The Sketch* and father stretched out on the couch, his handkerchief on his face, his feet propped on one of the best sofa pillows, and so soundly sleeping that he snored.

She, perched on the piano-stool, gravely watched him until he woke and stretched, and asked the time—then looked at her.

"Don't stare so, Kezia. You look like a little brown owl."

One day, when she was kept indoors with a cold, the grandmother told her that father's birthday was next week, and suggested she should make him a pincushion for a present out of a beautiful piece of yellow silk.

Laboriously, with a double cotton, the little girl stitched three sides. But what to fill it with? That was the question. The grandmother was out in the

garden, and she wandered into mother's bedroom to look for "scraps." On the bed table she discovered a great many sheets of fine paper, gathered them up, shredded them into tiny pieces, and stuffed her case, then sewed up the fourth side.

That night there was a hue and cry over the house. Father's great speech for the Port Authority had been lost. Rooms were ransacked—servants questioned. Finally mother came into the nursery.

"Kezia, I suppose you didn't see some papers on a table in our room?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I tore them up for my s'prise."

"*What!*" screamed mother. "Come straight down to the dining-room this instant."

And she was dragged down to where father was pacing to and fro, hands behind his back.

"Well?" he said sharply.

Mother explained.

He stopped and stared in a stupefied manner at the child.

"Did you do that?"

"N-n-no," she whispered.

"Mother, go up to the nursery and fetch down the damned thing—see that the child's put to bed this instant."

Crying too much to explain, she lay in the shadowed room watching the evening light sift through the venetian blinds and trace a sad little pattern on the floor.

Then father came into the room with a ruler in his hands.

"I am going to whip you for this," he said.

"Oh, no, no!" she screamed, cowering down under the bedclothes.

He pulled them aside.

"Sit up," he commanded, "and hold out your

hands. You must be taught once and for all not to touch what does not belong to you."

"But it was for your b-b-birthday." . . .

Down came the ruler on her little, pink palms.

Hours later, when the grandmother had wrapped her in a shawl and rocked her in the rocking-chair the child cuddled close to her soft body.

"What did Jesus make fathers for?" she sobbed.

"Here's a clean hanky, darling, with some of my lavender water on it. Go to sleep, pet; you'll forget all about it in the morning. I tried to explain to father, but he was too upset to listen to-night."

But the child never forgot. Next time she saw him she whipped both hands behind her back, and a red colour flew into her cheeks.

The Macdonalds lived in the next-door house. Five children there were. Looking through a hole in the vegetable-garden fence the little girl saw them playing "tag" in the evening. The father with the "baby Mac" on his shoulders, two little girls hanging on to his coat tails, ran round and round the flower beds, shaking with laughter. Once she saw the boys turn the hose on him—*turn the hose on him*—and he made a great grab at them, tickling them until they got hiccoughs.

Then it was she decided there were different sorts of fathers.

Suddenly, one day, mother became ill, and she and grandmother drove into town in a closed carriage.

The little girl was left alone in the house with Alice, the "general." That was all right in the daytime, but while Alice was putting her to bed she grew suddenly afraid.

"What'll I do if I have nightmare?" she asked. "I *often* have nightmare and then grannie takes me into her bed—I can't stay in the dark—it all gets 'whispery.' . . . What'll I do if I do?"

" You just go to sleep, child," said Alice, pulling off her socks and whacking them against the bedrail, " and don't you holler out and wake your poor pa."

But the same old nightmare came— the butcher with a knife and a rope who grew nearer and nearer, smiling that dreadful smile, while she could not move, could only stand still, crying out, " Grandma, Grandma ! " She woke shivering, to see father beside her bed, a candle in his hand.

" What's the matter ? " he said.

" Oh, a butcher—a knife—I want grannie." He blew out the candle, bent down and caught up the child in his arms, carrying her along the passage to the big bedroom. A newspaper was on the bed—a half-smoked cigar balanced against his reading-lamp. He pitched the paper on to the floor, threw the cigar into the fire-place, then carefully tucked up the child. He lay down beside her. Half asleep still, still with the butcher's smile all about her, it seemed, she crept close to him, snuggled her head under his arm, held tightly to his pyjama jacket.

Then the dark did not matter ; she lay still.

" Here, rub your feet against my legs and get them warm," said father.

Tired out, he slept before the little girl. A funny feeling came over her. Poor father ! Not so big, after all—and with no one to look after him. . . . He was harder than the grandmother, but it was a nice hardness. . . . And every day he had to work and was too tired to be a Mr. Macdonald. . . . She had torn up all his beautiful writing. . . . She stirred suddenly, and sighed.

" What's the matter ? " asked father. " Another dream ? "

" Oh," said the little girl, " my head's on your heart ; I can hear it going. What a big heart you've got, father dear." (1912.)

FROM MY DIARY

By Maxim Gorki

YESTERDAY I had a conversation with Alexander Blok.* We came out together from the office of *World Literature,* and he asked me what I thought of his lecture *The Débris of Humanism?*

Several days ago he read a kind of lecture, or rather a little article, on this theme. The paper seemed to me rather obscure, but full of tragic premonitions. When he read it Blok reminded me of the child in the fairy tale who lost his way in the woods; he feels monsters approaching out of the darkness and mutters charms in the hope of frightening them away. As he held the sheets of his lecture, reading, his fingers trembled. I asked myself: Does the fact of the decline of humanism grieve or rejoice him? In his prose he is not so flexible and talented as in his poems, but he is a man who feels very deeply and destructively. Essentially, a man of the "decadence." It seems to me that Blok's beliefs are not clear to himself; his words, like lichen on a stone, do not penetrate into the depth of his thought, into that which destroys himself together with all that which he calls the "débris of humanism."

Some of the ideas of the lecture appeared to me insufficiently thought out, as for instance:

"To civilize the masses is neither possible nor necessary." "Discoveries have given place to inventions."

The nineteenth and twentieth centuries are so

* Alexander Blok, who died in 1921, was the greatest Russian poet of the present century.

monstrously rich in inventions precisely because they were the epoch of the greatest and most fecund scientific discoveries. And to say that civilization is impossible and unnecessary for the Russian people is obviously a sort of Scythianism, and this I understand as a concession to the organic anti-state feeling of the Russian mass. But what has Blok to do with Scythianism?

I explained my idea to him as cautiously as I could. It is difficult to talk to him: he seems to despise all those to whom his world is strange and unintelligible,—and his world is unintelligible to me. Of late I have been sitting with him twice a week at the editorial meetings of *World Literature*, and have argued more than once with him about the imperfections of the translations from the point of view of the spirit of the Russian language. Such arguments do not help to bring men closer together. Like nearly all the rest of the workers in the editorial office he regarded the work formally and indifferently.

He said he was pleased to see that I was ridding myself of "the Russian intellectual's habit of solving problems of social existence." "I always felt," he said, "that it was not real in you. In your *City of Okurov* one could already see that you were troubled by 'childish questions'; these are the most profound and terrible!"

He is mistaken, but I did not argue; let him think so if it pleases him or if he must think so.

"Why don't you write about these questions?" he insisted.

I said that such questions as the meaning of life, of death, of love—are strictly personal, intimate, questions for myself alone. I do not like to take them into the market place, and if, on rare occasions, I do it involuntarily,—the result is always clumsy and poor.

"To speak of oneself is a fine art,—I don't possess it."

We walked into the Summer Garden, and sat down on a bench. Blok's eyes are almost mad. By their brilliance, by the trembling of his cold, harassed face, I saw that he was thirsting to speak, to ask questions. Rubbing the sunny pattern on the ground with his foot, he reproached me :

"You are hiding. You hide your thoughts of the spirit, of truth. Why do you do it?"

And before I had time to answer he burst into condemnation of the Russian "intellectuals," using threadbare words of criticism, words particularly out of place now, after the revolution.

I said that, in my opinion, this critical attitude towards the "intellectuals" was itself a purely "intellectual" attitude. It could not have been evolved by the *peasants who know the "intellectual" only as repre*sented by the self-sacrificing doctor or the exceptional village teacher ; nor could it have been evolved by the town worker who owed all his political education to the "intellectual." The attitude was mistaken and wrong in itself, apart from the fact that it destroyed the respect of the "intellectuals" for themselves and their historic work as agents of culture. Our "intellectuals" have always played, are now playing, and will continue to play the part of the dray-horse of history. By their indefatigable labours they have raised the proletariat to the point of a revolution which is without precedent for the scope and depth of the problems set by it for immediate solution.

He appeared not to be listening to me ; he looked sternly on the ground ; but when I stopped, he started again about the vacillation of the "intellectuals" in their attitude towards Bolshevism and, incidentally, made a true remark :

"Having conjured up the spirit of destruction from the darkness, it is not honest to say : it is not we who did it, it is the others there. Bolshevism is the inevit-

able conclusion of the whole work of the 'intellectuals' in university chairs, in newspaper offices, and underground." . . .

A lovely woman greeted him affectionately; he looked at her dryly, almost negligently; and she walked away with a confused smile. Looking after her, watching the movement of her small, hesitating feet, Blok asked me:

"What do you think of immortality, of the possibility of immortality?"

His question was persistent; there was a stubborn look in his eyes. I said that perhaps Lamennais was right: seeing that the quantity of matter in the universe is limited, one must admit that its combinations may be repeated an infinite number of times in the infinity of time. From this standpoint it was possible that in some millions of years, one cloudy evening in a Petersburg spring, Blok and Gorki would again be talking of immortality, sitting on a bench, in the Summer Garden.

"You are not talking seriously?" he asked.

His persistence surprised, and rather irritated me, although I realized that he was asking not out of mere curiosity, but as it were out of the desire to extinguish, to suppress a thought which alarmed and disturbed him.

"I have no reasons," I said, "to consider Lamennais's view less serious than all the other views on that subject."

"Well, but you yourself, what do *you* think?" He even stamped his foot. Up to that evening he had seemed to me reserved, taciturn.

"Personally I rather like to represent man to myself as an apparatus that transmutes this so-called 'dead matter' into psychical energy, and some time, in the immeasurably remote future, he will transmute the whole 'universe' into pure psyche."

"I don't understand,—a sort of panpsychism, is it?"

"No. For there will be nothing except thought. Everything will disappear, transmuted into pure

thought. Only thought will exist, embodying in itself all the thinking of mankind from the first glimpses to the moment of the last explosion of thought."

"I can't make it out," Blok repeated, with a shake of his head.

I suggested that he should conceive the universe as an incessant process of dissociation of matter. Matter, in disintegrating, constantly emits such kinds of energy as light, electro-magnetic waves, Hertzian waves and so on; among these are also the phenomena of radio-activity. Thought is the product of the dissociation of the atoms of the brain, the brain being created out of the elements of "dead," inorganic matter. In the brain-substance of man that matter is incessantly transformed into psychic stuff. I allow myself to think that some time all the "matter" absorbed by man will be transmuted by his brain into one energy—psychical. It will find harmony in itself and will rejoice in self-contemplation, in the contemplation of the boundlessly varied creative possibilities hidden in itself.

"It is a gloomy fantasy," Blok said, with a smile. "It is pleasant to think that the law of conservation of matter is against it."

"And I find it pleasant to think that laws created in laboratories do not always coincide with the unknown laws of the universe. I am convinced that if, from time to time, we could weigh our planet we would find that its weight is gradually decreasing."

"All this is boring," said Blok, shaking his head. "The thing is simpler; the fact is that we have become too clever to believe in God, and not strong enough to believe in ourselves alone. As the foundations on which life and belief may rest there exist only God and myself. Mankind? But can one believe in mankind after this war and on the eve of inevitable, still more cruel wars? No, that fancy of yours . . . it is uncanny! I don't think you were speaking seriously."

He gave a sigh.

"If we only could stop thinking altogether for ten years. To put out that illusory light, the will-o'-the-wisp that drives us deeper and deeper into the night of the world, and to listen to the universal harmony with our hearts. The brain, the brain. . . . It is not a safe organ, it is monstrously big, monstrously developed. A tumour, like a goitre. . . ."

He was silent for a while, his lips firmly compressed, then he said softly:

"To stop all motion; for time to cease. . . ."

"It would cease, if you could communicate to all motions the same velocity."

Blok glanced at me askance, raised his brows, and quickly, vaguely began talking—delirious words. I ceased to understand him. I had a strange feeling: it seemed as though he was tearing worn-out rags off himself.

Suddenly he got up, held out his hand, and walked away to the tram. At the first glance his walk seems firm, but when you look more closely you see that his step is undecided and wavering. And, however well-dressed he may be, you feel you would like him to be dressed differently, unlike other people. Whereas some men, even when they are swathed in the furs of a Samoyede, look like everybody else, Blok definitely needs unusual clothes.

(*Authorized translation by S. S. Koteliansky.*)

THE PROBLEM OF WAR-HISTORY

By Cyril Falls

THE subject of the late war is said to be unpopular, but the unpopularity does not, it would appear, extend to war-history. Besides the books dealing with the general history of the war, or of particular campaigns, the politicians' stories of how they forced the generals and admirals to victory, and the generals' and admirals' accounts of how they won despite the politicians, there is appearing a great number of official records of formations and units. These books have their own special public, but it is a large one, above all in districts with a strong territorial tradition. Some people regard them with impatience. I remember being told, when about to embark upon one, that the only sort of work upon the war that a self-respecting man could write nowadays was one that took a "Tolstoyan" view of the catastrophe. I could only reply that I was unhappily no Tolstoy, and that there seemed to be very few of them about; adding that, though the model might be equally difficult, I felt there was equal need of a Julius Caesar. My critic's point of view was, of course, entirely unhistorical. These histories, if too narrow to be called "history," are of the stuff of which it will one day be made. To many people they are precious relics. And, if they are ever to be written, they must be written now. My object here is to suggest that from the writer's point of view they are worth the writing. Of present fame they are likely to bring the historian a comparatively small share, but I fancy that, if he does

his work well, his ghost, revisiting this world about a hundred years hence, may find that his name has survived some that were once more notorious. And no self-respecting historian can be indifferent to his ghost's reception when he revisits the haunts of men.

The historian of a formation or unit works within certain definite limits. He must describe operations from the military point of view first of all. Brilliant descriptive passages are useless if details necessary to the military aspect are omitted or are incorrect. Battles and their details will naturally fill a large proportion of his space. But within those limits he has ample scope. He must never allow the battles more than their share. The rest he must reserve for himself. That is, so to speak, his own soul's share of the palette, with which he has to depict the soul of his unit. He has the opportunity, nay, the duty, to record something of the daily life and circumstances, the thoughts and emotions of that multitude which in the days of war lived and died in a peculiar world of its own, a world that will slip from memory with the passing of this generation if he be not adequate to his task. He has to tell how men were fed, how they lived in trenches and out of them, how they worked, and how they played. He has to define the difference between their existence in the Salient, round the Loos slag-heaps, and in the Somme chalk. He has to suggest the spirit that animated them, how it reacted to adversity, what compensations they found, and what prophylactics against horror. He has to make real, for those who were not eye-witnesses, the small things that to them were so intensely real. Sometimes, of course, he will find himself trying to convey experiences beyond the power of words, such as the morning smell of a chalk dug-out containing a platoon and a coke brazier; and others less amusing to reflect upon.

That is his frame-work, often botched or neglected. But in the descriptions of the battles themselves he has

opportunities perhaps even greater. How many writers have made a battle of the late war live for us? I can at this moment recall only a few passages in the late Wilfred Ewart's *Way of Revelation* in fiction, and three or four in various histories; above all, the fight of Highlanders and South Africans at Longueval and Delville Wood as described by Major John Ewing in his *History of the 9th (Scottish) Division*. The very details, the length of trenches dug and railways laid, the number of shells dumped, the equipment of attacking troops, are precious material if rightly handled. For his military reader they are, indeed, invaluable, but by their means the imagination of the civilian also can be so worked upon that he may be made to visualize the organization of one of the great attacks of trench warfare. How much can be conjured up for the mind's eye by the simple record of the things that were provided for the Battle of Messines, that marvel of staff-work; the water-supply, the communications, the thousands of pack-saddles with their specially made crates, the message-maps, the flares and fans for signalling to aircraft, the rations of oranges, chewing-gum, and lime-juice, with which men went forward on that sweltering day; the cubes of Oxo, the solidified alcohol for cooking it; the mines, on which men had toiled for over a year; the extraordinary complication and precision of the barrage! The whole of the "Q," or administrative and supply side, which in the British Army was generally superior to the "G," or operations side, is rich with an essential interest to the man who knows how to extract it.

So much for detail. There is, however, far more than this to be conveyed. For example, how many writers have taught their civilian readers the meaning of the words "bravery," "courage," "fortitude," which they constantly employ? The average soldier was at once less courageous, if one may dare to say so, and

more heroic, than the civilian has been made to reali
The civilian reads that after a gallant defence our m
were " driven out." He probably does not realize th
when the enemy actually reached the position all bu
few, the sprinkling with Berserk valour, had fallen bac
To enable him to understand that is not to depreci
our soldiers. He must be taught what it meant for o
subaltern to gather together a handful of these me
trembling from the shock of high explosive, sick w
its fumes, dazed and shaken, lost to everything in t
world but the one faint light of their training and d
cipline, and to lead them scrambling and slithering ba
through machine-gun fire, till those that survive fi
the trench again empty save for the Berserks amo
the Germans, who go down before the bayonets as t
British went down half an hour before. He must
shown that good troops have a breaking-point, beyo
which they can endure no more, with the strange exce
tions of a handful of individuals whom it does inde
seem that no human force can break. It should not
concealed from him how weakness arises, not the snea
ing little fiend that whispers in the ear in ordina
danger, but a giant within the breast that seems to sw
till he bursts it. He should learn of the impulse, ke
to agony, to recoil when there is an attack and flan
appear to be uncovered, and how hard the habit
retreat, once acquired, is to eradicate. He must r
believe that it is merely the destructive and demoralizi
engines of modern war that increase its strain for t
infantryman. It is also the absence of physical conta
It may seem platitudinous to describe bravery as t
conquest of natural fear and weakness by the hum
spirit, aided by a mysterious second will supplied
discipline and training, by pride in the record of a u
or formation, by leadership. Yet that is an aspect t
often neglected, or stated in words almost meaningle
the insistence upon which can alone give reality to

record of war. And these deeper influences must be stronger now than ever. They are the cords which bind men together, and, if like results are to be achieved, they must obviously be far stronger nowadays when men are five or ten paces apart, than when there were but six inches between their elbows.

On the other hand, insistence should be laid on the fact that it required "fortitude" in the truest sense to perform the most commonplace actions prescribed. The men who marched calmly up to take over the line in the Lens craters in 1916, when almost every day a German mine was going up to blot out a platoon, and the explosion was followed each time by a mad, bloody scuffle in the midst of flying bombs to occupy the crater, and none knew when his turn was coming; the gunners who were left in action for a month during the Battles of Ypres, 1917, firing eternal barrages, under almost continuous and terrific bombardment from the enemy's heavy pieces, their shelter a hole half full of water; the infantrymen who had to advance in a second wave when they had seen the first wither away like a scrap of muslin thrown on a red fire—these men were not engaged in what is called an outstanding action, but it was one that in any other circumstances would be fitly called "heroic." That is my meaning when I say that men were at once more heroic and less courageous than they are generally painted. The spectacular incidents of war may seem numerous, but in armies of millions fighting for years they did not touch one man in ten thousand. There were hundreds of thousands of men who fought in the front line, sometimes for many months, were killed or wounded, and ended their combatant career without having seen a German.

The ideal military historian would be one who, besides possessing the gifts of the historical sense and the knowledge of how to sift evidence, besides possessing the power of describing the conditions at which I

have hinted, should have seen those conditions both from above and below. Theoretically we should suppose that the organization of war was a triangle with its apex at G.H.Q., and its base in the front line. In fact, it was the apex that was presented to the enemy. We organized and organized, but the final word was always with the harassed executant in front. We organized too much, toward the end, at his expense, robbing him not only of brains but of numbers, so that in the German offensive of 1918, with all our hundreds of thousands behind, there were moments when a hundred, at a certain gap, might have saved the local situation. In nothing in the world is the difference between plan and result, between the work on paper and the work on the ground, so glaring as in warfare. Those who have seen from above only are inclined to think in terms of paper, of Blue and Red and Yellow Lines only. In such a medium one can imagine a "G" clerk at G.H.Q. giving an admirable account of how the war was fought. Those whose sole experience has been from below can hardly fail to underestimate the importance of foresight and staff-work. Far apart as plan and performance must always be, the gap is ten-fold wider when the first is bad than when it is good. Let us continue to "rag" the staff by all means. The impulse is immemorial and its results doubtless excellent. But let those who are inclined to believe that all staff-work is something of a fraud study first what happened when our weary nineteen-year-old boys fought the Battle of the Selle River, in October, 1918, and then the action of the splendid and absolutely fresh American troops in the Battle of the Meuse-Argonne a little earlier.

The task of writing these minor war-histories is one both honourable and important. They are the official tributes, the official expression of the tributes paid in each case by hundreds or thousands of men and women to those who were their comrades or sacrificed them-

selves for them. I feel that a moment will come when, the reaction from the horror having diminished, not so much indeed as to make either this war or the prospect of another agreeable, but enough for interest in it to be revived, the best among these minor histories will have many more readers than they find to-day. There need be no fear that truthful records, written with imagination, will make war to be more lightly contemplated. The reverse will certainly be the case. But I should like to plead with writers who feel they have the gifts necessary not to refuse the task if it is offered to them. We owe it to future generations that they should miss as little as may be of the tragedy, which is, with all its horrors and bestialities, one of the most enthralling in the history of mankind. Some minds literally loathe the subject now ; that is intelligible, but the condition will not last. I have said we owe a clear and imaginative record to the future, we who saw with our eyes and have all the evidence of eye-witnesses. Yet most of all we owe it to the actors themselves and the memory of what they were ; their gentleness and kindliness and simplicity, their good-humoured and selfless philosophy, their temper that shook off the horror and depression which might have been more deadly foes than any Germans, and the smiling faces they turned to misery or to defeat.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

By Pauline Smith

BECAUSE of a weakness of the chest which my grandmother thought that she alone could cure, I went often, as a young girl, to my grandparents' farm of Nooitgedacht in the Ghamka valley. At Nooitgedacht, where my grandparents lived together for more than forty years, my grandmother had always young people about her—young boys and girls, and little children who clung to her skirts or were tossed up into the air and caught again by my grandfather. There was not one of their children or their grandchildren that did not love Grandfather and Grandmother Delport, and when Aunt Betje died it seemed but right to us all that her orphans, little Neeltje and Frikkie and Hans, Koos and Martinus and Piet, should come to Nooitgedacht to live. My grandmother was then about sixty years old. She was a big stout woman, but, as is sometimes the way with women who are stout, she moved very easily and lightly upon her feet. I had seen once a ship come sailing into Zandtbaai harbour, and grandmother walking, in her full wide skirts, with Aunt Betje's children bobbing like little boats around her, would make me often think of it. This big, wise, and gentle woman, with love in her heart for all the world, saw in everything that befell us the will of the Lord. And when, three weeks after Aunt Betje's children had come to us, there came one night from God knows where a stranger asking for shelter out of the storm, my grandmother knew that the Lord had sent him.

The stranger, who, when my grandmother brought

him into the living-room, gave the name of Jan Boetje, was a small dark man with a little pointed beard that looked as if it did not yet belong to him. His cheeks were thin and white, and so also were his hands. He seldom raised his eyes except when he spoke, and when he did so it was as if I saw before me the Widow of Nain's son, risen from the dead, out of my grandmother's Bible. Yes, as if from the dead did Jan Boetje come to us that night, and yet it was food that I thought of at once. And quickly I ran and made coffee and put it before him.

When Jan Boetje had eaten and drunk, my grandparents knew all that they were ever to know about him. He was a Hollander, and had but lately come to South Africa. He had neither relative nor friend in the colony. And he was on his way up-country on foot to the goldfields.

For a little while after Jan Boetje spoke of the goldfields my grandmother sat in silence. But presently she said:

"Mijnheer! I that am old have never yet seen a happy man that went digging for gold, or a man that was happy when he had found it. Surely it is sin and sorrow that drives men to it, and sin and sorrow that comes to them from it. Look now! Stay with us here on the farm, teaching school to my grandchildren, the orphans of my daughter Lijsbeth, and it may be that so you will find peace."

Jan Boetje answered her, "If Mevrouw is right, and sin and sorrow have driven me to her country for gold, am I a man to be trusted with her grandchildren?"

My grandmother cried, in her soft, clear voice, that was so full of love and pity, "Is there a sin that cannot be forgiven? And a sorrow that cannot be shared?"

Jan Boetje answered, "My sorrow I cannot share. And my sin I myself can never forgive."

And again my grandmother said, "Mijnheer! What

lies in a man's heart is known only to God and himself. Do now as seems right to you, but surely if you will stay with us I will trust my grandchildren to you and know that the Lord has sent you."

For a long, long time, as it seemed to me, Jan Boetje sat before us and said no word. I could not breathe, and yet it was as if all the world must hear my breathing. Aunt Betje's children were long ago in bed, and only my grandparents and I sat there beside him. Long, long, we waited. And when at last Jan Boetje said, "I will stay," it was as if he had heard how I cried to the Lord to help him.

So it was that Jan Boetje stayed with us on the farm, and taught school to Aunt Betje's children. His schoolroom was the old waggon-house (grandfather had long ago built a new one), and here my grandmother and I put a table and stools for Jan Boetje and his scholars. The waggon-house had no window, and to get light Jan Boetje and the children sat close to the open half-door. From the door one looked out to the orange-grove, where all my grandmother's children, and many of her grandchildren also, had been christened. Beyond and above the orange-trees rose the peaks of the great Zwartkops mountains, so black in summer, and so white when snow lay upon them in winter. Through the mountains, far to the head of the valley, ran the Ghamka pass by which men travelled up-country when they went looking for gold. The Ghamka river came down through this pass and watered all the farms in the valley. Coming down from the mountains to Nooitgedacht men crossed it by the Rooikranz drift.

Inside the waggon-house my grandfather stored his great brandy-casks and his tobacco, his pumpkins and his mealies, his ploughs and his spades, his whips and his harness, and all such things as are needed at times about a farm. From the beams of the loft also there hung the great hides that he used for his harness and his

veldschoen. Jan Boetje's schoolroom smelt always of tobacco and brandy and hides, and when the mud floor, close by the door, was freshly smeared with *mist* it smelt of bullock's blood and cow-dung as well.

We had, when Jan Boetje came to us, no books on the farm but our Bibles and such old lesson books as my aunts and uncles had thought not good enough to take away with them when they married. Aunt Betje's children had the Bible for their reading-book, and one of my grandfather's hides for a blackboard. On this hide, with blue clay from the river-bed, Jan Boetje taught the little ones their letters and the bigger ones their sums. Geography also he taught them, but it was such a geography as had never before been taught in the Platkops district. Yes, surely the world could never be so wonderful and strange as Jan Boetje made it to us (for I also went to his geography class), in my grandfather's waggon-house. And always when he spoke of the cities and the wonders that he had seen I would think how bitter must be the sorrow, and how great the sin, that had driven him from them to us. And when, as it sometimes happened, he would ask me afterwards, "What shall we take for our reading-lesson, Engela?" I would choose the fourteenth chapter of Chronicles or the eighth chapter of Kings.

Jan Boetje asked me one day, "What makes you choose the Prayer in the Temple, Engela?"

And I, who did not know how close to love had come my pity, answered him, "Because, Mijnheer, King Solomon who cries, 'Hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-place, and when thou hearest forgive,' prays also for the stranger from a far country."

From that day Jan Boetje, who was kind and gentle with his scholars, was kind and gentle also with me. Many times now I found his eyes resting upon me, and when sometimes he came and sat quietly by my side as I sewed, there would come a wild beating at my heart

that was joy and pain together. Except to his scholars he had spoken to no one on the farm unless he first were spoken to. But now he spoke also to me, and when I went out in the veld with little Neeltje and her brothers, looking for all such things as are so wonderful to a child, Jan Boetje would come with us. And it was now that I taught Jan Boetje which berries he might eat and which would surely kill him, which leaves and bushes would cure a man of many sicknesses, and which roots and bulbs would quench his thirst. Many such simple things I taught him in the veld, and many, many times afterwards I thanked God that I had done so. Yes, all my love was ever to do for Jan Boetje was but to guide him so in the wilderness.

When Jan Boetje had been with us now six months and more, it came to be little Neeltje's birthday. My grandmother had made it a holiday for the children, and Jan Boetje and I were to go with them, in a stump-cart drawn by two mules, up into a little kloof that lay beyond the Rooikranz drift. It was such a clear still day as often happens in our Ghamka valley in June month, and as we drove, Neeltje and her brothers sang together in high sweet voices that made me think of the angels of God. Because of the weakness of my chest I myself could never sing, and yet that day, with Jan Boetje sitting quietly by my side, it was as if my heart were so full of song that he must surely hear it. Yes, I that am now so old, so old, was never again to feel such joy as swept through my soul and body then.

When we had driven now about fifteen minutes from the farm we came to the Rooikranz drift. There had been but little rain and snow in the mountains that winter, and in the wide bed of the river there was then but one small stream. The banks of the river here are steep, and on the far side are the great red rocks that give the drift its name. Here the wild bees make their honey, and the white wild-geese have their home. And that

day how beautiful in the still clear air were the great red rocks against the blue sky, and how beautiful against the rocks were the white wings of the wild-geese!

When we had crossed the little stream Jan Boetje stopped the cart and Neeltje and her brothers climbed out of it and ran across the river-bed shouting and clapping their hands to send the wild-geese flying out from the rocks above them. Only I was left with Jan Boetje, and now when he whipped up the mules they would not move. Jan Boetje stood up in the cart and slashed at them, and they backed towards the stream. Jan Boetje jumped from the cart, and with the stick end of his whip struck the mules over the eyes, and his face, that had grown so dear to me, was suddenly strange and terrible to see. I cried to him, "Jan Boetje! Jan Boetje!" but the weakness of my chest was upon me and I could make no sound. I rose in the cart to climb out of it, and as I rose Jan Boetje had a knife in his hand and dug it into the eyes of the mules to blind them. Sharp above the laughter of the children and the cries of the wild-geese there came a terrible scream, and I fell from the cart on to the soft grey sand of the river-bed. When I rose again the mules were far down the stream, with the cart bumping and splintering behind them, and Jan Boetje after them. And so quickly had his madness come upon him that still the children laughed and clapped their hands, and still the wild-geese flew among the great red rocks above us.

God knows how it was that I gathered the children together and, sending the bigger boys in haste back to the farm, came on myself with Neeltje and the little ones. My grandfather rode out to meet us. I told him what I could, but it was little that I could say, and he rode on down the river. When we came to the farm the children ran up to the house to my grandmother, but I myself went alone to the waggon-house. I opened the

door and closed it after me again, and crept in the dark to Jan Boetje's chair. Long, long, I sat there, with my head on my arms on his table, and it was as if in all the world there were nothing but a sorrow that must break my heart, and a darkness that smelt of tobacco and brandy and hides. Long, long I sat, and when at last my grandmother found me, "My little one," she said. "My dove! The light of my heart, and my treasure."

The mules that Jan Boetje had blinded were found and shot by my grandfather, and for long the splinters of the cart lay scattered down the bed of the river. Jan Boetje himself my grandfather could not find, though he sent men through all the valley looking for him. And after many days it was thought that Jan Boetje had gone up-country through the pass at night. I was now for a time so ill that my father came down from his farm in Beaufort district to see me. He would have taken me back with him but in my weakness I cried to grandmother to keep me. And my father, to whom everything that my grandmother did was right, once again left me to her.

My father had not been many days gone when old Franz Langermann came to my grandparents with news of Jan Boetje. Franz Langermann lived at the toll-house at the entrance to the pass through the mountains, and here Jan Boetje had come to him asking if he would sell him an old hand-cart that stood by the toll-gate. The hand-cart was a heavy clumsy one that the road-men repairing the road through the pass had left behind them. Franz Langermann had asked Jan Boetje what he would do with such a cart? And Jan Boetje had answered, "I that have killed mules must now work like a mule if I would live." And he had said to Franz Langermann, "Go to the farm of Nooitgedacht and say to Mevrouw Delport that all that is in the little tin box in my room is now hers in payment of the mules. But

there is enough also to pay for the hand-cart if Mevrouw will but give you what is just."

My grandmother asked Franz Langermann, "But what is it then that Jan Boetje can do with a hand-cart?"

And Franz Langermann answered, "Look now, Mevrouw! Through the country dragging the hand-cart like a mule he will go, gathering such things as he can find and afterwards selling them again that he may live. Look! Already out of a strap that I gave him Jan Boetje has made for himself his harness."

My grandmother went to Jan Boetje's room and found the box as Franz Langermann had said. There was money in it enough to pay for the mules and the hand-cart, but there was nothing else. My grandmother took the box out to Franz Langermann and said:

"Take now the box as it is, and let Mijnheer give you himself what is just, but surely I will not take payment for the mules. Is it not seven months now that Jan Boetje has taught school to my grandchildren? God help Jan Boetje, and may he go in peace."

But Franz Langermann would not take the box. "Look now, Mevrouw," he said, "I swore to Jan Boetje that only for the hand-cart would I take the money, and all the rest would I leave."

My grandmother put the box back in Jan Boetje's room, and gave to Franz Langermann instead such things as a man takes on a journey—biltong, and rusks and meal, and a little kid-skin full of dried fruits. As much as Franz Langermann could carry she gave him. But I, that would have given Jan Boetje all the world, in all the world had nothing that I might give. Only when Franz Langermann had left the house and crossed the yard did I run after him with my little Bible and cry:

"Franz Langermann! Franz Langermann! Say to Jan Boetje to come again to Nooitgedacht! Say to him that so long as I live I will wait!"

Yes, I said that. God knows what meaning my message had for me, or what meaning it ever had for Jan Boetje, but it was as if I must die if I could not send it.

That night my grandmother came, late in the night, to the room where I lay awake. She drew me into her arms and held me there, and out of the darkness I cried :

" Grandmother! Grandmother! Is love then such sorrow? "

And still I can hear the low clear voice that answered so strangely, " A joy and a sorrow—a help and a hindrance—love comes at the last to be but what one makes it."

It was the next day that my grandmother asked me to teach school for her in Jan Boetje's place. At first, because always the weakness of my chest had kept me timid, I did not think she could mean it. But she did mean it. And suddenly I knew that for Jan Boetje's sake I had strength to do it. And I called the children together and went down to the waggon-house and taught them.

All through the spring and summer months that year, getting books from the Pastor in Platkops dorp to help me, I taught school for my grandmother. And because it was easy for me to love little children and to be patient with them, and because it was for Jan Boetje's sake that I did it, I came at last to forget the weakness of my chest and to make a good teacher. And day after day as I sat in his chair in the waggon-house I would think of Jan Boetje dragging his hand-cart across the veld. And day after day I would thank God that I had taught him which berries he might eat, and which bulbs would quench his thirst. Yes, in such poor and simple things as this had my love to find its comfort.

That year winter came early in the Ghamka valley, and there came a day in May month when the first fall of snow brought the river down in flood from the moun-

tains. My grandfather took the children down to the drift to see it. I did not go, but sat working alone with my books in the waggon-house. And always on that day when I looked up through the open half-door, and saw, far above the orange-grove, the peaks of the Zwartkops mountains so pure and white against the blue sky, there came a strange sad happiness about my heart, and it was as if I knew that Jan Boetje had at last found peace and were on his way to tell me so. Long, long, I thought of him that day in the waggon-house, and when there came a heavy tramping of feet and a murmur of voices across the yard I paid no heed. And presently the voices died down, and my grandmother stood alone before me, with her eyes full of tears and in her hand a little damp and swollen book that I knew for the Bible I had sent to Jan Boetje. . . . Down in the drift they had found his body—his harness still across his chest, the pole of his cart still in his hand.

That night I went alone to the room where Jan Boetje lay and drew back the sheet that covered him. Across his chest, where the strap of his harness had rubbed it, the skin was hard and rough as leather. I knelt down by his side, and pressed my head against his breast. And through my heart there ran in farewell such foolish, tender words as my grandmother used to me—" My joy and my sorrow. . . . The light of my heart, and my treasure."

THE SENSE OF POSSIBILITIES

By J. W. N. Sullivan

: interesting contention has been put forward by Havelock Ellis that science and mysticism were inally the same thing, and that one of the great nguishing marks of our own civilization compared ι, for instance, that of the ancient Greeks, is the plete separation we now make between these two udes. We need not ask either for a definition of the ntific or of the mystical outlook to know what Mr. s means. To one who is not a mystic, indeed, a nition of mysticism is probably of no use; the nition, when given, turns out to be unintelligible. we can at least give Mr. Ellis's statement an inter-:ation which raises very interesting questions. ether we are talking of mysticism, or of some poor ond cousin of mysticism, or of something which has ning to do with mysticism, we understand by the d a certain kind of originality which is characteristic :ertain work, and which rouses in the observer a ous sense of possibilities, giving him a vision obably temporary) of himself and the universe, ccustomed and partial, but which appears to be of a e *real* character than his normal outlook. Most men e been aware, at some time or another, of this sual sense of possibilities. It comes to different men lifferent ways. Some men find that the music they y care about is just the music that gives them this ghtened consciousness. There is some poetry which

is either unintelligible or else creates this state in the reader. There are some writers, such as Melville and Dostoevsky, who give one the paradoxical impression that they are on the very verge of saying something which is profoundly true but inexpressible. And it is very evident that there are some mathematicians for whom Einstein's theory, the most *original* scientific theory that has ever been created, has transformed the universe in a way very different from what is usually meant by " the progress of science."

Now, whether or not it is Mr. Ellis's question, the question whether there is any incompatibility between these flashes of insight (for we believe them when we have them) and the scientific outlook is worth discussion. We may agree at once that there is an apparent incompatibility. Popular writers on science, like Mr. Joseph McCabe, and popular writers against science, like Mr. G. K. Chesterton, agree that the scientific outlook and the kind of thing we have been vaguely describing are at opposite poles. And it is true that we should be surprised to find the mystic, with his apparatus of planes and spheres unknown to geometry, a scientific man, and still surprised, although much less so, to find a scientific man who believes in the Poltergeist and is intelligent enough to realize the implications of that belief. But in taking scientific men of the present day we are being unfair to the supposed incompatibility. The modern physicist, at any rate, is so accustomed to true fairy stories that he would scarcely refuse belief to anything merely because it was marvellous or apparently outraged logic. The marvellous things he disbelieves he disbelieves because of the very delicate *taste* he has acquired in these matters. If he disbelieved in Mr. D. H. Lawrence's " voluntary ganglions," for instance, it would be because his instantaneous reaction on hearing of them would be to laugh. But the scientific outlook, so far as a community is aware of it

in this philosophical sense, takes time to penetrate, and it is very probably true that the general conception of it it still described by Huxley's phrase that science is "organized common sense."

This phrase has a history. Newton, in the preface to his Principia, states that part of his purpose is to replace the "occult qualities" attributed to bodies by something simpler and more familiar. The astounding success with which he did what he set out to do is not realized by us simply because we have inherited it. We have, in fact, been brought up to take for granted a good deal more than Newton's actual achievement. Enormous as was that achievement he did not banish all occult qualities; he left, for instance, Gravitation, as one or two of his contemporaries pointed out. But the fact remains that, in terms of matter, the laws of motion and gravitation, he gave a mechanical explanation of the macrocosmic phenomena of the material universe. Newton, much more than any other single man, started off the Age of Reason and gave men grounds to hope that occult qualities would ultimately be banished from every part of the universe, including man himself. This spirit, like the cold, invigorating sanity of a sea-breeze, swept over all Europe. We cannot suppose that human nature suddenly changed when Galileo began to preach in the open air; Galileo's work, magnificently crowned by that of Newton, liberated a certain spirit in man which had long been stifled and oppressed. That spirit was what we may call the rationalistic spirit; it includes, in the sense in which we use it, all that is meant by Huxley's organized common sense, and it includes the emotional basis of that outlook. Released from the vague jumble of theology, imagination, and illogical reasoning which had dominated thought for centuries, inspired by the masterly manner in which, sticking to familiar things, the new outlook conquered more and more of the

universe, it became possible for a great man of science, at the end of the eighteenth century, to say that it was possible for a sufficiently great mathematical intelligence to predict, from the original distribution of the ultimate particles of matter, the future history of the world. This triumphant attitude was based on the conviction that mystery had vanished from the universe. There was complexity, but there was no mystery.

The point of this whole outlook, the basis of these wonderful acts of faith was, as we see now, the standing accorded to the ultimate entities known to science. Science had not become self-conscious. Scientific entities, in a way that it is now difficult for us to understand, were ultimate realities. It is this naïve, unsophisticated way of regarding science which is still, we believe, the basis of what is ordinarily meant by the rationalistic outlook. The root of it seems to be the belief that everything can ultimately be explained in terms of the familiar. This is, or was, not only true of physics, but also of psychology. By the simple apparatus of the old-fashioned psychologists it was hoped, ultimately, to describe the whole complex phenomenon we call a man. We can understand the whole of this outlook more clearly if we see it as the opposite of the outlook it replaced. It was not only more intelligible, but it gave a different and, except to a few philosophers, much more satisfactory *kind* of explanation.

The rationalistic outlook had great advantages. It gave a clear, definite picture of the world and it replaced the old chaos of lazy, gratuitous "principles" by honest thinking. But it had the disadvantage of not being rationalistic enough. The scientific universe became a sort of closed universe; the region within which explanations were to be sought was, as it were, well marked out. The foundation stones out of which any future theory was to be built had been discovered

once for all. It does not appear that there was anything voluntary about this. Not to question assumptions is hardly the mark of the supreme rationalist, but it was certainly the characteristic of rationalism. But as science progressed it became evident that the universe had been closed too early. The first hint that everything was not quite so straightforward as it had appeared came with the creation of the non-Euclidean geometries. Again, we are hardly in a position to appreciate the extraordinary nature of this discovery. Gauss, the greatest mathematician in Europe, was actually afraid to publish his discoveries. For two thousand years the Euclidean geometry had been considered an absolute necessity of thought, and the actual universe, of course, if science is to be possible at all, must be compatible with necessities of thought. Philosophers had drawn some of their strongest proofs of whatever it was they wanted to prove from the supposed necessity of Euclid's axioms. The destruction of their whole basis had results which are not yet fully realized. But the chief value of the new discoveries was in pure mathematics and in logic. So far as science was concerned they made very little difference; there were one or two men, such as Bernhard Riemann and W. K. Clifford, who were led to very strange speculations concerning the nature of the universe, but for the most part the scientific outlook preserved its rationalistic mood, *i.e.*, its fundamental entities were "matter" and Newton's laws of motion.

There is certainly a personal element in scientific theories. A theory proceeds from a context which consists of the scientific tradition and of something which is peculiar to the mind of the discoverer. This personal element is much more marked in some cases than in others. During the nineteenth century we have the impression that science was proceeding, for the most part, along the highroad. Most of the great achieve-

ments were, so to say, *orthodox.* In reading the enormously able work of a man like Kelvin, for instance, we have no trace of that feeling of "possibilities" we mentioned at the beginning of this essay. He illuminates the world by throwing a stronger light on it than we possess, but his light is of the same kind. When he is difficult to understand it is because he is using a difficult technique; we are not required to think strange thoughts, to see the universe in a totally different light. Compared with Riemann and Clifford, for instance, Kelvin extends the point of view we already have; they suggest that there is an entirely different point of view from which the whole universe may be regarded. From this point of view, as a man possessing this quite different kind of originality, Maxwell stands out as the most important physicist of the nineteenth century. He was, as is usual with this type, too original to be appreciated immediately. It is typical and interesting that to the end of his long life Kelvin never accepted the electromagnetic theory of light. He resisted it, in the same spirit that some men now resist Einstein's theory. It called upon him to admit that his fundamentals were not fundamentals; it opened a crack in the universe, as it were.

Once a crack has appeared in a closed universe, it goes on spreading. Since Maxwell's day the cracks have so multiplied and spread that already nothing remains of the old Newtonian universe except a few fragments. It has not even the validity of a first sketch, for the main lines in a sketch are right. But the modern universe of physics is *essentially* different from the universe of the eighteenth century. All the primary entities are quite different. The directions in which explanations are sought are quite different. The relation of man to the universe is quite different. The universe of modern science has fundamentally nothing in common with the scientific universe on which rationalism was

built. It is not merely that hypotheses have changed. The rôle of the hypothesis has changed. The universe, which was to be explained in terms of little billiard balls and the law of the inverse square is now a universe where even mystics, to say nothing of poets and philosophers, have a right to exist. The present scientific picture of the universe, although incomparably more profound than that of the eighteenth century, allows much more room to possibilities. It allows them, and is not concerned to conflict with them.

So that we reach the conclusion that mysticism and science can quite well live together. Except on the basis of a rationalism whose foundations have long since crumbled there is no conflict whatever between mystical insight and science. And the man who prides himself on the complete absence of mystery in his view of the world is not only not representing the scientific outlook but will speedily become quite unable to understand it.

A SINNER'S DEATH

Now like a thief he dips his silent oar
In Lethe waters, and without adieu
Leaves us for that irrevocable shore
Where he need nevermore
His sullen tears rehearse, and penitence renew.
He has passed out of life unlingering,
And no salute upon the dead wind's wake
Is wafted to his helm, nor sea-nymphs sing
His threnody : the white sea-fowl forsake
His empty sails, and yet—from land's low brim
One bird above the grey foam sorrowing
Keeps pace awhile, then falters as the shore grows dim.

A. Y. M.

RELIGIO LOCI

By Helen Waddell

THAT there is a reasonable soul in houses, those only will deny who have lived in such houses as themselves deny it, and so confirm the truth by their own heresy. Even in those houses which the late century spawned in streets there was a soul, albeit mean and wriggling, the soul of a Tadpole or Porwigle as Sir Thomas Browne would call it; yet conscious of itself, pretentious and eager. Eyes it had to see; and with time it took to itself legs to leap, and organs and a voice; behold the Frog-chorus of the new Democracy.

But this house, of whose faith I write as in an epitaph, was not of these. That epitaph has been a long time in writing, for when first begun it was a half-jesting comment on the living, and under correction from each fresh exercise of its most efficacious presence. The house is dead now: another man owns it and has not chosen to live in it—I cannot blame him, remembering its drains—and the rats have eaten it, and the rains sodden it, dripping through the broken tiles, and what life it will have fifty years from now—for a three-foot thickness of seventeenth-century masonry is tenacious of life—will be the insentiency of stones and rocks. Itself is dead, it may be because it turned infidel to itself, doubting itself, which is a sort of suicide, a giving up of one's own ghost—" We term sleep a death, and yet it is waking that kills us "—but that is another story.

It was a disquieting house in which to grow up; none so sure to waken mental unrest. Partly because it was beautiful, with the dignified, pitiful beauty of old age, and beauty is the pleasing torture of youth; partly

because the pageants of natural religion acted themselves with unusual state there; at sunset, rather than at sunrise. The country fell away from it to east and west, but in the east there was the barrier of the Mourne Mountains for the sun to climb, and so was asserted the strong confidence of earth against heaven. But to the west the earth arched itself and bent like a wave crouching to see the great light go down: and when the clouds came slowly up and marshalled themselves like great beasts round the sky, attending the couching of the god, one saw the stuff of which St. John made the beasts of Revelation. Moreover, though nowhere was the sensuous life so rich as in its ruinous garden of grass and roses gone to wood and straggling musk, the light in the house was the cold north light, than which there is none so apt for intellectual vision: and the dark windows looked into its green sunny places as an alchemist might look through his window at a rose, and turn from that divine and transitory alchemy of the clods to his own transmuting of the imperishable.

The house had its own unrest; and so it lived and had efficacy on generation after generation of youth: since it is not the complacency of the finder but the restlessness of the seeker that communicates itself, and that which holds us in the *Pilgrim's Progress* is not the city burning in the sunset but the road crossing the sky line on a hill. The evidence of that communicated restlessness was in its books, the remainder fossils of each age. They were not a race of theologians; yet each generation had left its jetsam behind it, the snailshells of theology in which it had sought shelter from the white radiance or the balefire of the eternity of its individual vision. It was through these that I learned to know the house; negatively, recognizing its rejections. That it did not like the Wesleys, for instance: that it did not like the year '59, from which half the North of Ireland dates its soul's birth, calling it the Year of Grace, and

which one stubborn Ishmael among the fathers denounced for strange fire, calling it the Year of Delusion. I learned it, half comically, through the medium of a bead mat.

The bead mat lay on a mahogany secretaire in a room long and low and dim, its windows opening into the green heart of elms, so that as you chose you were in the plot of beechen green and shadows numberless, or with the drowned galleons and the great whales and the spent lights of the Forsaken Merman's caves. Now mahogany is among woods as the ruby among precious stones: and its generous darkling surfaces—for the frame work was massive—had the effect of a sermon by John Donne. Upon it lay the bead mat, worked by a great-aunt Sarah, dead of scarlet fever—like a heroine of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge—at eighteen: the verse was that which begins—

> "A charge to keep I have"

and ends—

> "A never dying soul to save,
> And fit it for the sky."

One instinctively straightened the bead fringe which encompassed the mat, and made invisible scratches on the mahogany. It behoved one to be punctilious, surrounded thus by small uneasy spiritual activities. Above it stood a little dingy row of duodecimo works of devotion, with discoloured vignettes on the title-page and faded angular inscriptions: among them, *Pyke's Persuasives to Early Piety*. Standing before the bead mat I opened it, as the least curious will open any book which is dusted daily, and so read the story of the young lady with great natural gifts of mind and heart, who in stress of soul quenched the Spirit and went to an evening party with her young companions: thereafter dying in great mental agony, despite the ministrations of the author: convinced, as indeed he was himself—that she

had sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost. It was June, I remember, and the holidays just begun : outside there were sleepy cabbage roses and the moving shadows of trees and the old kind worldly wisdom of sunwarmed boxwood. The house itself was dark : but in that moment I envisaged its rebellion, its almost fierce antagonism : saw in a flash the solid rows of half-calf on the cabinets downstairs for what they were, an Incubus, a mass of nineteenth-century piety superimposed on a house fundamentally pagan.

It was a blind reaction : and in that lightning flash of conviction I did not see clearly. That " fundamental paganism " was a jet of foolish youth, youth that has always something in it of sympathy with Julian the Apostate. And the house had something of that sympathy : it served to keep it young, like its passion for Byron. It pleased itself with the imagining that above the leaf-choked stone well, which it could not see for the giant growth of rhododendrons, there was the broken figure of a spouting god. It was a rococo paganism at best. If Diana had parted the boxwood and come out upon the green, even in the strangest moonlight, the house would not have blinked : it would have taken her for a strayed compliment to Elizabeth. It is indeed a question if any house is pagan that has been built since the Italian renaissance. Eighteenth-century houses are never pagan : they may be atheistical, or Deist. Nineteenth-century houses are conscious, like Matthew Arnold, of a cultured agnosticism. Twentieth-century houses are Positivist in streets : these form Ethical Societies, which on Sunday they may be observed attending. But no seventeenth-century house is Positivist, this house least. It has been too great a while dying : has seen too many mornings the light lying like water on the green level fields of Armagh. No house disbelieves the Resurrection that has felt three hundred springs.

The pagan hypothesis did not survive the summer: restless nights of July, heavy with unshowered grass and barred with moonlight, when the timbers waked and grieved, and my great-uncle slept ill, like a withered apple-tree with the sap paining through it. The house waked with him, brooding on the middle age not of the wisest and the more untoward youth that had crippled it with mortgages and sunk it in debt. It had need to be tolerant of human infirmity: its mistrust of human weakness was as profound as that wherein lies the great strength of the Catholic Church. Contemporary as it was of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, their mighty opening counsel of perfection struck no response from it: it had seen too much of man's chief ends. It was in another opening sentence, again contemporary—"For my Religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all"—that it heard its own voice speaking in the wood: and for it there was no cure of souls like the *Religio Medici* and no author like Sir Thomas Browne.

Yet between them, as was fitting between contemporaries, there were all manner of excellent differences: and it was rather in the natural than the revealed points of his religion that it was one with him. "To pray in all places where quietness inviteth" it silently commended: it too has wished that prayer for the dead had been consonant to Truth, and not offensive to Religion; but at his confession that he never heard the Ave Mary bell without an elevation, it hailed him as one hails a fellow in heresy. The century of its building was Puritan: the century of the Penal Laws its maturity: it is a countryside inveterately Protestant. The nearest Catholic Chapel is at Tullyorier, a shabby chapel and in no way venerable: but when the feeble voice of its bell comes across the bog on a still evening, the house listens with a sort of angry and thwarted devotion. They were akin moreover in their attitude to what Sir Thomas

alls the " wingy mysteries of Divinity." Like him, it hought there are not impossibilities enough in religion or an active faith, yet the matters in which it chose to xercise and breathe its faculty were not his. It was erhaps the racial difference: Sir Thomas was a Southerner and an Englishman. He posed his apprehension with the enigmas of the Incarnation and the Resurrection : this occupied itself with the dryer bones, he Northerly aspects of theology, disputing of the Will, f the Essence of Faith. These themes it pursued with he impersonal relentlessness of him who is himself nmune : and one molten summer of my youth it made nightmare to me with Samuel Rutherford's *Triumph f Faith.* I bear it no grudge : it is small loss to anyone o have translated life for once—albeit in the summer— n terms of the conscience and the will.

For religion in terms of the emotions, the house had oth embarrassment and fear. At the naming of Rutherford's Letters it withdrew itself with the same neasiness which I had observed under speech of the Wesleys. Itself passionate, the emotional expression f passion was hateful to it, unless sublimated above the ommon speech. Blake it read, but not Christina Rossetti, finding her voluptuous : and even Blake, only hen his phrases were literally arrows of desire. Yet, consistently, in Donne, where if ever

" Christ's Cross and Adam's Tree stood in one place,"

read unflinchingly.

It was in its old age that it came upon St. Augustine nd the mediaeval hymns. Its Latinity was always uspect to me, but it had a natural inclination towards obscurity : and at last it had found the passion for which craved set beyond profanation in an unfamiliar tongue. f it translated, it was as man believes unto righteousness, with the heart. " Sero te amavi, pulchritudo tam

antiqua, et tam nova, sero te amavi"—"Late, late have I loved thee, O Beauty, so old and yet so new."

"Rex tremendae majestatis"

fell gratefully on ears that over-familiarity had often vexed: in

"Quaerens me sedisti lassus"

it found passion enough to bankrupt whole anthologies.

"Requiem aeternam dona eis . . . lux perpetua luceat eis."

The house is dead, and fell before its death upon days so evil that, as I have said, it died an infidel. Another century should see it sunk to the level of the green ramparts in which it stood, the ramparts that the fabled Danes threw up, or an older and more fabled people than the Danes: and when the grass has grown above its foundations the curse on all who make or meddle with a fairy rath will be fulfilled. The empty house still braves it: the great elm beside the gable that has always threatened it fell in the last March storm, but forward, not sideways: there is still no breach. The trees still stand about it in a ring, with their curious air of waiting. It was always apparent, but especially at twilight; translated to me what St. Paul had seen when he spoke of "the earnest expectation of the creature." Yet, looking back, I know that it is for no Christian Apocalypse they wait: it is the coming of the People of the Sidhe.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON THE FAR EAST AND OTHER THINGS.—*Balikpapan, July 9th, 1923.*—My dear Murry: Your letter of May 31st followed me to this corner of the Malay Archipelago—it is in East Borneo, in case you don't know where on the map to look for it. You seem scared by the success of THE ADELPHI. It is uncanny. There does seem to be a lapse somewhere, an oversight, when a venture into journalism succeeds which was not a performance on a tea-tray with a spanner. I can assume even in Borneo, without having seen THE ADELPHI, that at least you muffled the spanner. But it maybe that the public really has got tired of solos on brassware—it is well worth chancing it that a little change from violent noises in one note would be moderately welcomed by a few here and there.

I'm having a rum time. This sudden change from Massingham to Dyaks has so confused me that I'm hardly articulate yet. From Adelphi Terrace to the Malay Islands in a month—out of the grey and bitter easterly spring of the dark place where we were all war-warped to the dawns and islands of these Seas, which quite often are curiously like the picture of the Garden of Eden in grandmother's Bible with coloured illustrations—is rather too much and too rapid. I look at these cheerful, good-natured, friendly, and graciously mannered brown folk, with their bamboo-houses, palms, rice, buffaloes, and no sense whatever of that damned nuisance called time, and I can't believe it yet. If it is all real, then I'm bound to declare that the industrial civilization of the north must be the work of men with hearts like crab-apples. But perhaps it isn't real. Any

one sunset here would furnish a whole English summer with the colour for all its holiday skies. I woke the other morning just in time to see from the port window of my cabin the sun rise beside the high volcanic crags of the island of Lombock, and I couldn't go to sleep again. It was awful. A Chinese boy saw I was awake, and brought coffee, and handed me my pipe as though bestowing a sceptre. What the deuce could any man make of such incidents, and of harbours full of catamarans and sharks, and dark little men who carry knives with gold hilts at their backs, and women who never look at a stranger though their chromatic dresses have English sovereigns as buttons—what could he make of that after years of book-reviewing and Lloyd George? I shall have to get another fountain-pen. This one's no good for the job I'm on. Something *has* happened to me, though. I haven't heard a word of English political news since I left London, and yet I've often been more upset through missing a collar-stud. I think I shall give my vote to the dustman, when I get back. But keep THE ADELPHI going, anyhow. I shall want to buy that, one day at London Bridge. While talking of literature, it is interesting to note what a distinction the infrequent booksellers in these Seas make between Dutch and English travellers. The Dutchmen seem to get the best of everything English, translated into Dutch, and they read it, too. I talked with a Dutch commercial traveller at Macassar a few days ago, who told me he had read *Paradise Lost* in both English and his own language. He had read all Joseph Conrad, and the way he put his hands up, and slowly wagged his head in adoration, was both beneficial and surprising. You may see at the general stores on some islands here lots of English literature, tucked in a corner between the coffee berries, rice, white shirts, and tinned tripe ; you could go away with an armful of it, rejoicing, except for the fact that it is in Dutch. And what do I find for

myself? Only the tinned tripe. In a general store with an English name at Sourabaya recently I went through hundreds of English books, hoping for the best, and holding the guilders in my willing hand. I shouldn't have been more disappointed if my ship had sailed without me. I might as well have looked along the rows of bottles and pots which you see at a barber's where extra special attention is given to the ladies. There was nothing for me to buy except *My Lady Nicotine,* and that I bought because I remembered I had read it in Devonshire, when on my first holiday with my wife. But I noticed a remarkable display of choice tennis racquets.—Yours ever, H. M. TOMLINSON.

SHELLEY.—M. André Maurois (justifiably admired in Britain as the author of *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*) has written a book called *Ariel ou la Vie de Shelley* (Bernard Grasset, 9 francs). It is a most diverting and instructive work. It is also quite short, probably not over 70,000 words, probably the shortest biography of Shelley ever written for persons of taste. All English-written biographies are too long, even those by Boswell and Lockhart. Some of them are so long that they never end. The French are not as a race very interested in literature, but at any rate they have had the sense not to tolerate long biographies in several tomes weighing ten pounds a tome. M. Maurois' book takes nearly the form of a novel. In his preface he implies that it somehow is a novel, though factually (and of course spiritually) true to life. He guarantees its truth by the statement that he has given to Shelley no phrase and no thought not to be found in Shelley's letters, his poems, or the memoirs of his friends. The guarantee is insufficient. Any journalist who knows his business can stick to facts, and, by omitting facts, produce a totally false impression. M. Maurois has omitted facts. He has omitted almost all the facts

relating to Shelley the poet. His main interest is Shelley's domesticity, and he has handled the subject with gleeful, cruel, and tender irony. His style has not quite the polish of Voltaire's or Anatole France's, but it is elegant enough and urbane without mercy. For myself I know nothing except what one picks up from encyclopaedias and reviews about the life of Shelley. I always suspected that the Shelley circle must be a queer lot, but I had no idea that they were so queer as M. Maurois beautifully shows them to have been. What a crew of fanatics, zealots, conscienceless idealists, simpletons, sex-ridden women, maladroit and pretentious dabblers in the great art of existing on earth! And the Godwins! My God! The Godwins! Byron perhaps comes out best. He was capable of behaving infamously, but in life he had a sense of style. Shelley had not, though according to Byron he could walk through a drawing-room with more style than anybody. He must have been fantastically terrible to live with. Some of his far-famed generosity strikes me as being worse than silly; it approaches the criminal. His death was the direct consequence of inexcusable folly; and instead of weeping for Adonais one is inclined to exclaim curtly: "The fellow asked for it." Considered as a study in the essential frivolity of self-complacent theorists, M. Maurois' book is masterly, ruthless, side-splitting, absorbing. Naturally as a novelist he has simplified, and so sharpened, his major effects; but not, I think, unfairly. I count his book as an antidote to Dowden. (Not that I have read Dowden or ever shall, but one has one's notions of Dowden.) It is a pity that he has not handled Shelley the poet. The more I read Shelley the more I am convinced of his immense greatness, which to my mind exceeds the greatness of, for example, Keats. And I should have liked the chance of seeing my Anglo-Saxon estimate of it corrected by the sardonic Latin judgment of an ironist

such as M. Maurois is. For the general good of Britain and the United States *Ariel,* despite its restricted scope, ought to be translated.—ARNOLD BENNETT.

MAN AS A MACHINE.—The conception of man as a machine has always had a peculiar fascination for the mass of mankind. In religion we find the tendency to stereotype not only humanity but also God. Inspiration is crystallized into dogma, morality into law. In religion, says the priest, we cannot admit exceptions. Every rule must be an universal rule. So the original inspiration is documented, exhibited and taught to us as the strictest of all codes. And mankind accepts the code with relief. It satisfies his longing for the comprehensible, logical regularity of the machine.

The process has been carried still further with philosophy which is free from the necessity to make one or two prime, mystical, assumptions in order to relate the machine to the power that drives it. In the last decade of the nineteenth century, we had an almost complete mechanistic hypothesis by which we could trace the elements of emotion, inclination and will back to the simple tropism of the plant. And, to-day, the most fascinating of recent philosophies is Behaviourism which permits a purely mechanical explanation of all our mental life.

We find the same expression of a desire for the regularization of thought and conduct in politics and social life. Our political parties represent a determined effort to classify and stereotype the general concepts of government. The average voter complains that "you never know where you are," with a Coalition Government, because the representative longing is for a clearly recognizable issue. The extremes of opinion, such as Conservative and Labour, will eventually always find more adherents than the indefinite policy of compromise or the middle way. "Trimmer" is a term of reproach,

and we call the man who changes his party a renegade. What we ask for is stability, rigidity; for opinions that reflect the anticipated attitude with the certainty of a machine.

In our social life the general effort is, also, towards an ideal of uniformity, the acceptance of this, that, or the other code. We desire a standard of manners and speech not less than a standard of moral conduct. From our infancy we are taught that there is "a right and a wrong way of doing things."

I suppose that the answer to this riddle of man's longing for the mechanical is to be found in our desire to avoid effort. The man of regular opinions and regular habits escapes much of the conflict and worry of life. He is never agonized over the making of a decision nor terrified by the necessity to explore the unfamiliar. In life, as a business concern, the ideal is found in the regularization of detail, in doing things everyday in the same way at the same time; assuming once and for always that that way is the best possible. By doing this we are, we believe, setting the mind free for the greater concerns of existence by relieving ourselves of thought about the less. Unhappily it seems to be true that once the process is started it cannot be stopped. If we adopt the mechanical as a means to carrying on the small affairs we shall use the same method in all. How can the man of fixed opinions in politics have free opinions in religion?

So the ideal of the machine comes to have a peculiar fascination for us; and as the general movement in civilization is always towards democracy, the social reformer pictures for us an increasingly regularized form of social life. Utopia, in the scheme of Fabian Socialism, is reached when the great machine of society works without friction, when all men and women have their appointed duties and direct their individual aspirations towards the welfare of the group, the nation, the whole of humanity.

And the object-lesson is provided for us by Nature in the organization of the social hymenoptera. Well might Solomon advise the sluggard to go to the ant. In that community, the mental sluggard would find peace.

Of G.B. and Peasants and Cuckoos.—Because in No. 2 of The Adelphi I wrote of the undiscriminating effect of "Modern Reviewing," and added a footnote in No. 3, G. B., I think, rather stupidly, speaks of my "periodic outbursts against reviewers." He then endorses all that I have to say with an air of protecting somebody from ill-treatment. We are all reviewers I suppose, more or less, all of us who write, and I should have thought it was plain enough that what I objected to was the current method of distributing books for notice among a reviewing staff in such a way that it is impossible to give exceptionally good books exceptional distinction. I don't think the reviewers can help themselves very much; it is a question of the handling of books by newspapers, a question of getting the news of a good book over to the public. I never "damned the reviewers off-hand" in those paragraphs, never in fact wrote the word "reviewers" at all—for I think the heading of my postscript "The Reviewers Again" was editorial. G. B. has still to learn to read exactly.

But my object in writing these paragraphs was not so much to call attention to the ineffectiveness of the news about books in the papers as to tell the readers of The Adelphi of several amusing and admirable books they might be glad to hear about. This time I would like to ask them to tell me about two books that may or may not exist. One is a book which will tell me plainly how cultivation in France has been affected by the railway and steamship, how the life and work of a French peasant to-day differs from the life and work, the economy generally, of his predecessor of 1830, because of these things. And the other book I want,

is one about cuckoos. We always read about *the* cuckoo. But there are a lot of different cuckoos, cuckoos in different parts of the world. There are cuckoos that are not parasitic, home-loving cuckoos with nests of their own. There are also cuckoos that lay eggs only in the nests of one sort of foster-parent bird. Is there a great monograph on cuckoos of their habits and morals somewhere? The riddle of how our disreputable British cuckoo came to live the life it does, is a very pretty riddle indeed.—H. G. WELLS.

ON THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.—I read with something like despair certain of the criticisms of my article on the elementary school, for they showed how blind to reality may be even those who sincerely desire an improved education system. It is significant that two of my critics have had little experience of elementary school teaching, while the severest has had none at all. My sole concern is to show that the conditions I described apply to the vast majority of schools, and are not the nightmare imaginings of a disgruntled faddist. Hence I will quote orthodox authority.

It is denied that the elementary school prepares children for a predestined station in life. (I did not say that vocational training was given.) But the existence of the social predestination idea was admitted in the Board of Education's Report on the Teaching of English where it was denounced as the "educational lie in the soul." The Report says, "The fact that the majority of elementary school children will take up some form of manual labour must not limit the kind of education they are to receive; education is a preparation for life, not for livelihood." The Report was published not twenty but two years ago.

To read my critics it might be imagined that herd teaching was a thing of the past. Listen, then, to a far fiercer indictment than mine. A short time ago the

Director of Education for Burnley said, "Of recent years the class and not the individual has become the educational unit, and the efficiency of a school is, as a rule, estimated by the study of the teacher teaching and not of the pupil learning." And the class of over sixty has not entirely disappeared, it exists even in comparatively fortunate London.

I regret I did not recognize the recent improvements in Training Colleges. The London Day Training College, however, is not typical. Most teachers are trained in denominational, residential colleges, stuffy institutions where sex, theological, and professional segregation prevails. "The Training College suffers" (I quote from a paper recently read by a Training College Principal) "from the lack of association with the general activities of a university."

I repeat that the elementary teacher's fear of inspectors is general. The fact is as indisputable as it is deplorable. Before me are two letters written by teachers, one in the Midlands, one in the North of England. The first says, "The picture you have drawn of the dread of inspectors is rather mild than exaggerated." The second, "The funk does exist and not only among the older teachers." For this fear I do not blame the inspectors; it is, as I said, a foolish irrational fear due mainly to tradition; but, so long as it exists, education will suffer.—CHARLES H. BARKER

OF HACKS AND A GONDOLIER.—There is no such thing as hack-work, though there are many hacks. No work can be hack-work if it is undertaken in the right spirit. This was first really impressed upon me by the enthusiasm of a quiet little man whose brother had been made head waiter in an important hotel. "He was always a genius. When he began as a shoeblack, his shoes always shone brighter than anybody else's; when he drove a cab, his cab was always better than any

other in the square; and now that he is head waiter, his hotel will be the best in the place. He has even learnt arithmetic." This was the crowning achievement in a part of the world where illiteracy was sadly prevalent.

It was finally driven home for me by a noble old gondolier, who was grumbling bitterly at the changed times as he rowed me out to S. Giorgio and complaining that neither of his sons would become a gondolier, preferring to go into a factory. "Yes, gondoliering is a fine trade," I remarked casually, and probably without much conviction. "Il migliore di tutti—the best of all," he answered sharply, ceasing to row for a moment, and drawing himself up proudly. "Gondoliere di Venezia—a gondolier of Venice." And as he stood there silhouetted against the flattening rays of the setting sun, he has always remained for me the living embodiment of the spirit of the Venice of old in her greatest days. It was because of an insult to his honour as a gondolier that he bore a lasting grudge against the German tourists, who outnumbered all others on Markusplatz before the war—"Gente curiosa, anzi curiosissima," as he called them—a strange people, strange indeed. And he went on to describe how once he was bringing a honeymoon couple from the station and noticed that they clung most affectionately to each other whenever he uttered his deep warning cry as he came to the corners of the canals, but thought that it was only their usual embarrassing demonstrativeness When he had deposited them at their hotel, the porter came rushing out to know what he had done to frighten them; and then he learnt that they knew he had meant to murder them in one of the dark canals, only there had always been another gondola about, and they were determined to die in each other's arms: "As if I had been a Red Skin," he commented, scornfully. —L. COLLISON-MORLEY.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

By The Journeyman

I knew it would happen, of course; nevertheless, and also of course, I was disappointed that it did. Charlie Chaplin's *The Pilgrim* was dismissed by the *Times* in four lines of minuscule type as " burlesque melodrama," which it certainly is not, and frowned upon by the *Observer* for being inferior to *The Kid*, which I doubt. I did not see the other newspapers: I never do, except the *Morning Post* and perhaps the *Star*. Sooner or later, on one page or another, the other newspapers make me sick. These four, or these three and a half are decent newspapers. There are others, but they do not belong to London. There is the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Yorkshire Post*, the *Newcastle Chronicle*; but they seldom come my way. And, anyhow, all this is beside the point.

Why is it, I wonder, that there is no real criticism of the cinema? Occasionally, a dramatic critic lets himself go—and lets himself go. Two years ago a whole host of them wallowed in *The Kid*; they told us of strong City men, with large watch-chains and stomachs, who wept hot tears; they began to talk about Chaplin the great actor, just as though he had never existed before. Not one of them, apparently, had seen *A Dog's Life*, or *Easy Street*, or *The Immigrant*, or *Charlie the Champion*; not one of them had any conception, based on real knowledge, of what Chaplin could and could not do, or a notion of the way he might develop his astounding genius. But since there was a good deal of sentimentality in *The Kid*, besides some moments of

marvellous acting, they all declared it was Chaplin's masterpiece. It was nothing of the kind.

There are many possible attitudes towards the cinema. You may regard the whole institution as nauseous, and dismiss it entirely. You may acknowledge that it exists and be superior and pontifical about it : like the gentlemen who lose no opportunity of saying what a marvellous educational influence the cinema would be, if only there were more educational films. (I have seen some—*The Marriage of a Polyp* and the *Courtship of a Flounder*, where what is going on is utterly invisible to the naked eye.) Or you may regard the whole thing as a strange new social fact, to be understood and estimated : and this, I think, is the most terrifying aspect of the cinema; from this angle it becomes, together with wireless and listening-in, one of the most monstrous portents of modern times. And there is another attitude still—but that may wait.

The first—the wholly negative—attitude has nothing to do with us now. The second—the pontifical—attitude is merely silly : people will not go to see educational films, and until someone who knows something of the mere technique of the cinema takes them in hand, nobody ever will go to see them. But the cinema as a social fact is interesting and alarming. I suppose not less than a million people go to the cinema every day in England. And the stuff they sit through! Without a murmur; for all one can see, utterly apathetic. They seem to be in a condition of perpetual coma, like a python after swallowing a cow. They will swallow any number of cows apparently, slowly and monotonously ingurgitate whatever the idiots who manufacture film by the ton choose to put before them. You have the sense, as you sit there, trying to digest the cannon-ball of your own awful boredom, that no one knows anything whatever about the process in which you have rashly involved yourself. There is a great machine for the

production and consumption of film. From the million-dollar man at the top to the ninepenny front-row man at the bottom there runs one endless chain of black and abysmal ignorance. The million-dollar man would probably like to supply what the public wants: the public doesn't *want* anything: it neither likes nor dislikes what is provided at the cinema: it wants nothing except *to go to the cinema.* Beyond that, it has no reaction whatever. So the million-dollar man, having nothing whatever to guide him, takes for his standard the only one that means anything to him when he is left to his own resources—money. He spends more and more money, quite witlessly. If a dog appears for a second in the film, then it must be a million-dollar dog. No horse that is not a thoroughbred; no car that is not a Rolls-Royce. It is terrifying.

The first, the foremost, and the most awful fact about the cinema is that the cinema public will swallow anything. It is one of the most powerful pieces of apparatus for the mechanization of the human universe that has yet been invented; and, for the most part, it works entirely on its own, without guidance or control. Anyone who has imagination or sensitiveness enough to feel horror, must be horrified by it. The cinema, as a social fact, does not bear thinking about too much.

Nevertheless, within this nightmare world of mechanism, which does exist and cannot be abolished by turning one's back upon it, there are a handful of men of individuality, and one man of genius. They have imposed themselves somehow: in this desert of flickering sameness they are different, some just a little, some considerably, one absolutely. On these men, and on this one man in particular, the possibility of keeping this mechanical monster under some sort of human, living control depends. Chaplin awakes the audience out of its coma into some kind of awareness: how great the awareness is, how deep it goes, I do not know. I

simply have the sense that while he is on the screen the apathetic audience becomes momentarily alive. If it laughs where there is nothing to laugh at, it does not matter; it is doing and feeling something. The gloom of mere insentience is lifted. At every point he conquers the machine: he is his own million-dollar man. He composes his scenario, he produces his own film, he is his own chief actor, and he creates himself. The worst Chaplin film—and I cannot remember one that was really bad—is by a whole degree better than the best of any other man. It belongs to a different kind.

First, because in its whole genesis it is a different thing. The making of a Chaplin film is obviously different from the making of any other. A mind, or an instinct, with an ultimate purpose is in control. What he desires, that—in so far as he can do it—he does. He is not wasting his energy in trying to outwit some imbecile who insists on spending a million to achieve a result that is better achieved for sixpence. Second, because his ultimate purpose is different. He aims at amusing an audience, no doubt; just as, in Wordsworth's sense, the poet aims first at giving pleasure. But the giving of this pleasure is conditioned. It is conditioned by this creation of himself—the Charlie Chaplin of the hoardings and the pictures, who is so different from Mr. Charles Chaplin, the beautiful young man who is a millionaire in California—by means of which the pleasure has to be given. And this creation of himself, this figure of "Charlie," is a thing of import and significance. It represents an attitude of rebellion against the mechanism of life. Chaplin, as I call him when I want to distinguish the creator from the creature "Charlie," has somewhere and somehow been under the wheels of modern civilization; and he remembers it. "Charlie" is the embodiment of some of his resentment and contempt: he is the under-dog, who wages his incessant and spontaneous warfare against institutions

and the lie of moribund ideals. I do not believe that "Charlie" is the *conscious* creation of Chaplin, or that the things which "Charlie" does in a film are really predetermined. They come from a natural and spontaneous adjustment to the universe; and I imagine that Chaplin himself would have almost as great a difficulty as I have in forcing the implications of his own creation into his conscious mind.

Take, for a single instance, the most wholly surprising incident in *The Pilgrim*. Charlie, the escaped convict, become by the accident of circumstance the minister of a Western American town, has to take the service the moment he arrives. He knows nothing about services. He manages to get through to the sermon. Then he is inspired. He mimes the fight between David and Goliath: as an achievement of miming it is astonishing, superb. His congregation is scandalized and thunderstruck: one small boy bursts in whoops of applause. I was so carried away by the moment that I simply could not realize the implicit satire on conventional religion. I remember saying to myself with heartfelt conviction: "I wish all sermons were like that: I should go to church more often." But it was only afterwards that I understood how extraordinarily real that fight between the little man and the giant had been, how "Charlie" had surrendered himself to it, how I had been carried away by it—as a thing in itself, not as part of a scene in a Wild West conventicle. And that congregation, which should have been as overcome as I was, is simply scandalized, save for one small boy! I can read into the episode now a whole universe of meaning, and it will bear it all. And "Charlie" himself—is he not perpetually the David against the Goliath? And is not the attitude of his audience generally about as comprehending as the attitude of the congregation of Devil's Gulch?

I say again, I do not believe that Chaplin is wholly

conscious of what he does : that would be superhuman. But there is some essential truth, some fundamental rightness, in the whole attitude towards life which he has embodied in the creation of himself into "Charlie." This essential truth it is which makes his smallest act significant. In some way, he cannot go wholly wrong : so long as he allows "Charlie" to react instinctively to his circumstances. The truth of spontaneity is in his bones ; it disciplines all his astonishing feats of sheer technique into a single effect ; it makes his films yield more and more at a second and a third seeing ; it enables this little David to win victory after victory over the Goliath of mechanism—in the world, in the machine of cinema itself, in the soul of an audience, which if dead to all else, stirs at his approach.

Chaplin is a great artist in the deepest sense of the word. He is not a great actor ; he belongs to another and a higher order. Those who desire to see him (as he is reported to desire to see himself) interpreting the creations of other men, do not understand what he is or what he has done. Possibly he does not understand it himself ; but somewhere certainly he *knows*. If he will only trust himself, all will be well. All that criticism can do—and if it had any sense of values it would be busy with the work—is to help him to trust himself completely.

MULTUM IN PARVO

A Worthy Offering.—In the Homeric age of Greece their companions in arms and their countrymen used to march round the funeral pyres of the heroes, throwing into the flames the possessions that each one held most dear; some actually sacrificed their horses, others their slaves or even themselves. I do not ask as much of the Italians: I desire political parties to live on, because they are the reason of liberty. But I should like these parties, from the Monarchists, who boast that Giuseppe Garibaldi is their ally, to the Socialists, who hold that they owe to him their birth or their worth, to throw into the pyre that will smoke by the seashore not the things they hold most dear, but all the evil that is in them. (*Carducci.*)

The King's Brown Boots.—The following paragraph lately appeared among the editorial notes on the first page of a London *literary* weekly:—

> Have you ever noticed the perfection of the polish on the brown boots of His Majesty? His boots are looked after by the second valet, who, I am told, is the inventor of a special brown boot polish of super-excellent quality. The only other person outside our own Royal Family who enjoys the use of this polish is the Queen of Spain, and she has to obtain it from the valet who keeps the manufacture a closely guarded secret.

Englishmen and Newspapers.—The first thing the English do in the first place where they establish themselves is to start a newspaper. And when they have started one newspaper, they start another. Here, in

Jersey, a place with 60,000 inhabitants, there are six newspapers : two in English and four in French.

To-day, if there were a desert island and an Englishman on it, there would be a newspaper. Robinson Crusoe would be the editor and Friday the subscriber. (*Victor Hugo.*)

An Odd Obituary.—The following obituary notice appeared in a recent number of the *Bethnal Green News* :—

> The death took place on Friday of last week, the 20th inst., at the London Hospital, of Mr. Samuel Alfred Montague, of 19, King Edward Road, South Hackney. The deceased during the heat-wave then prevailing, at 2.45 in the afternoon of the 17th inst., had a stroke while in the garden. He was, on medical advice, taken to the hospital, but never regained consciousness, the cause of death being cerebral hemorrhage. The deceased, who was seventy-one years of age, was very well known in Bethnal Green and South Hackney. He carried on business, firstly, as a wholesale glass and china merchant, and latterly, and for many years, as a carman and contractor in Cambridge Road, from which he retired a few years ago. He was twice married, on the first occasion, when only twenty-one years of age, to Miss Eliza Selby, by whom he had one child, which lived but three days. On the death of his wife he married, on March 14th, 1886, a Miss Florence Eleanor Bowler, a charming girl, aged eighteen, of Waltham Abbey, at South Hackney Parish Church, when he was thirty-four, and by whom he had fifteen children, nine of whom are still living, six sons and three daughters. His wife survives him.
>
> The deceased, indeed, was a most strange man. Although bringing the children into the world, he had
>
> A STRONG ANTIPATHY
>
> to them being in his house, while their mother naturally championed their remaining, which caused unhappiness. In his business life he was an arrogant, autocratic, and quarrelsome man, and a dictator of the worst order. He at any time of his life had but a few friends, and those he soon lost. His mannerisms were distasteful to the last degree, and his expressions on the sanctity of marriage will be treated with ridicule, for it is known for some years past he showed his

affection for many. He was, in plain words, a hypocrite. For three or four months past he had suffered from a carbuncle, which had made him more strange in his manner. It is a recognised saying, "Speak not ill of the dead"; but what can be said of a man who dies and leaves his fortune to others, and to a loving and faithful wife not a penny to provide for a large family? This is the action of Mr. Samuel Montague.

The funeral of the deceased took place to-day (Friday) afternoon at 2.30, and he was interred in the family's private grave at Woodgrange Park Cemetery.

Messrs. W. English and Son, of Bethnal Green Road, carried out the funeral arrangements in a satisfactory manner.

A HUMAN MIND.—The next-door lady has a private income of some £300 a year, and a very small modern house to run; she has thus a considerable amount of time in which to exercise her mind.

Here are two examples of the results of this exercise:

"No good whatever can come of these women getting into Parliament—with these all-night sittings you'll see the place will become a Perfect Hot-Bed of Vice, fit for no respectable person to enter."

"My window-cleaner is an Absolute Gentleman; I was in the house alone to-day, and I let him come in, and clean the inside windows; although he was in the house more than half an hour, he never said a Single Wrong Word to me!"

The lady is fifty, arid and angular, there was surprise and a faint wistfulness in her tone as she told of Sir Galahad the window-cleaner.—C. S.

POLITICS AND THE PEOPLE.—His heart was big within him, swollen in his breast. Because in truth he did love the working people, he knew them capable of a great, generous love for one another. And he did also believe, in a way, that they were capable of building up this great Church of Christ, the great beauty of a People, upon the generous passion of mate-love. All

this theoretical socialism started by Jews like Marx, and appealing only to the will-to-power in the masses, making money the whole crux, this has cruelly injured the working people of Europe. For the working people of Europe were generous by nature and money was not their prime passion. All this political socialism—all politics in fact—have conspired to make money the only god. It has been a treacherous conspiracy against the generous heart of the people. And that heart is betrayed: and knows it. (*D. H. Lawrence: "Kangaroo."*)

READERS' BOOKS.—From time to time we receive from our readers names of books which they recommend. Unfortunately, it is impossible for us to verify these verdicts for ourselves. The books are many and the hours are few. Nevertheless, it may be of advantage and interest to publish the names of these books, even though we take no responsibility for the recommendation. Here are a few :—

La Vie du Bouddha, par A. Ferdinand-Herold, is declared to be the life of Buddha which is of interest to the general reader.

The Tree of the Garden, by Edward C. Booth. The recommender of this urges that the reader should not be discouraged by the author's use of dialect. "He is a great story-teller and a poet, and I feel he ought to have more notice taken of him."

The Hawkeye and *Vaudemark's Folly*, by Herbert Quick. An American reader assures me that these two American novels contain more of the true history of the great Middle West than any other books he knows.

A STRAYED REVELLER.—As I was walking down Whitehall this afternoon, I saw a little girl in blue—all legs and a tiny short skirt—trying to catch a thistledown with both hands. A thistledown in Whitehall!

But more was to come. It blew, while she clutched at it, into the door of the *Paymaster-General's Office!*

Seen in Passing.—In a second-hand bookshop in Brixton, over three dirty copies of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, "The story of the film. Only 3d. each."

In a similar establishment in the Strand, "Cheap edition of *Decameron Nights*, by Boccaccio, author of the play now running at Drury Lane."

Drowning Souls.—In tremendous extremities human souls are like drowning men; well enough they know they are peril; well enough they know the causes of that peril; nevertheless, the sea is the sea, and these drowning men do drown. (*Herman Melville.*)

Gutter Snipes and Their Reading.—When I first went into an Elementary school, twelve years ago, I heard the teacher talk for two hours,—a marvellous improvization. Even in the Reading lesson, tradition compelled the teacher to keep the whole class reading the same pages at the same moment at the same pace, and to take the lesson in an oral kind of way. In consequence, books were bought on a bizarre system. "Readers," *i.e.*, text-books in Geography, History, or English, were bought in bunches of forties or sixties, and the children, poor things, read them sometimes three times in a year. Often they got nothing else to read. So odd a fact calls for an explanation. The cause was that not many real books were cheap enough for the schools. But long before the war, certain publishers began to issue delightful small cheap books, such as *Books for the Bairns*, and ordinary human reading for pleasure began in the class-rooms. What has the result been? In the poorest districts I know, the children spend pennies weekly on booklets, in the slum shops around their homes. Now the pessimist laughs

aloud, and cries, "Yes, and what do they read?" He holds up *Gnome Jam-pot, Sweetie the Fairy, Prince Charming and the Enchanted Motor-Bike,*—"It's trash they read!" he says. It is; it is a wonder that any human being should bother to go from one page to the next. Good stories for twopence I do not know of, since the war. I have tried to induce publishers to produce them; there is a market for them, and I cannot see why there should be a profit on dull stupid stories, and not on exciting ones, nor why wishy-washy imitations of fairy-tales should be cheaper to print than fairy-tales themselves. Would that penny books would fall from Heaven! They are needed.—N. M.

PROBLEM No. 5.—The following is a problem set by a mediaeval arithmetician. A ship carrying as passengers 15 Turks and 15 Christians encounters a storm, and the pilot declares that in order to save the ship and crew, one half the passengers must be thrown into the sea. The passengers are placed in a circle and it is agreed that every ninth man shall be cast overboard, reckoning from a certain point. In what manner must they be arranged so that the lot may fall exclusively upon the Turks?

Answer to August problem:

$$\frac{2\,D\,(V-\sqrt{V^2-c^2})}{V^2-c^2}$$

Where D is the width of the river, V the swimmer's velocity in still water, and c the velocity of the stream.

Answer to September problem:

4 to 1.

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DITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MU

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The Adelphi

VOL. I. NO. 6. NOVEMBER, 1923

ON TOLSTOI AND OTHER THINGS

By John Middleton Murry

FOR more than a fortnight I have been under the spell of Tolstoi's *War and Peace*. I have been wandering about, in the North of England—strange, strong and half-terrifying country for the soft Southerner that I am—in South Germany, where it costs 5 million marks to leave your bag in a cloak-room—and I have come to a momentary rest in Switzerland in a familiar house with a familiar friend. And all the way the spell of Tolstoi has been upon me.

I stood at the window of the *Hotel der Römischer Kaiser* in Freiburg in the Breisgau: the resting-place of the Roman Caesars, under the shadow of one of the tall towers of the old city, where in the mellow past more than one Holy Roman Emperor had stayed, and in the warm autumn evening I felt the magic of that great tradition. It seemed that all that was hard and stubborn and stern in the *imperium Romanum* was softened and subdued into an element akin to the old gold of the early October sun. I was in a place where alien threads of European destiny were knotted and intertwined, where old identities had been lost in a warm golden haze; a matrix, a womb of Europe, where things sank backward and were changed, where the Rhine begins her northward and the Rhone her southward

flow. The city seemed ripe like a medlar and sweet in its decay. On each monument stood some Holy Roman Emperor of stone, clad in rococo Roman armour with plumes sprouting out of his Roman helmet, and a ponderous Latin inscription to celebrate his virtues. And while I stood listening at the window there came to me, as there comes inevitably to anyone whose mind and senses are alert at the touch of an unfamiliar emanation from men or the earth which shapes them, the symbol of all that held me enchanted and wondering there. The Salvation Army came marching by. Oh, not the Salvation Army we know. I was aware of it first as a choir of rich, velvet voices singing a German hymn; then I heard the thrumming of many guitars, a sound intolerably sweet and sun-warmed and old—humanly old, a cadence softened by many centuries. I put my head out of the window and looked down. I don't know what I expected to see. Perhaps a band of those rococo Roman legionaries with a forest of swollen plumes in their helmets; perhaps Freiburgers in eighteenth-century knee-breeches and Breisgau girls in flowery hats of straw. But nothing of these at all. Real Salvation Army caps, and Salvation Army bonnets. It was inevitable and right; but I could never have guessed it. "Blood and Fire" and those voices, those guitars! There was the name, there was the uniform, but the spirit how changed! Just as I know not which homely and Imperial, holy and Roman, Conrad or Otto or Friedrich had smiled his amiable smile at me from under his Roman helmet, and nodded acquaintance with his sumptuous plumes of stone.

Yet in all this Tolstoi was somehow involved. All that I felt, all that I saw, seemed to fall into its place in the vast landscape of *War and Peace*. A sense of the inevitable in human history, of something against which the puny personal and conscious will cannot prevail, of destinies of earth and men that must be accomplished,

enfolded Freiburg in the story of Moscow. Napoleon had overrun the Breisgau also, held it for many years. What mark had he left? No more than he left on the plains of Russia. He had dissolved the Holy Roman Empire; yet its queer shadowy reality remains as sensible as the smell of an autumn vineyard. Neither he nor Bismarck has changed it, for it is an attitude of the human soul. Sit still in Freiburg for an hour, with your mind and senses open to what may be wafted in, and you will know that in spite of Napoleon who forced it together and Bismarck who welded it in "blood and iron," the German Empire may fall asunder to-morrow, like

> the ripest mulberry
> That will not hold the handling;

not through the machinations of the French or the failure of the English, but simply because the instinctive will to be a German Empire is not there. "Blood and Iron," like "Blood and Fire," is only a phrase in Southern Germany. The reality is soft and indifferent and old, sweet-smelling, rotten-ripe with centuries of *la douceur de vivre*.

But that, I suppose, is politics. Anyhow, Tolstoi knew far more politics than the politicians, as he knew far more about war than the generals. He knew that politics and warfare are, when the empty labels and the foolish histories are discarded, a manifestation of the instinctive human soul. Knowledge of the human soul beneath all its pretences and self-delusions: by that a man is truly great, and that Tolstoi had. In such measure that he was

> like a Colossus; and we petty men
> Peep under his huge legs and peep about
> And find ourselves dishonourable graves.

What that man knew and told in *War and Peace* is so tremendous that we are left wondering at what he knew and did not tell. He did not tell all his knowledge, any

more than Shakespeare told all his. Perhaps it wa knowledge of a kind that cannot be told; knowledge o a kind that indeed would make Tolstoi's dismissal o himself and of Shakespeare a simple and inevitabl gesture. Shakespeare stopped writing, Tolstoi stoppe writing. I know in my bones that it was from the sam cause; they knew they were engaged in an attempt t express the inexpressible; they were tired of the failur they knew to be inevitable. They went back to simpl things and held their peace.

These last years I have been haunted by tw mysteries: the mystery of Shakespeare and the myster of Tolstoi: they occupy my mind whenever it is vacant and it seems to me now that I understand them mor nearly than ever before. I have always felt—and I d not believe it is altogether vain imagination—that othe writers yielded up their secret when I have wrestle with them: but these two have remained. And now I begin to understand them also. They are not les mysterious. A mystery is not less a mystery for bein understood; because we never do *understand* it. W know it. And this knowing of a mystery is not accomplished by the mind: it comes only with a sense of a lik mystery in ourselves. It is a direct communion betwee mystery and mystery. My mystery may be a little one theirs, I know, were big ones: but they are of the sam kind, and they communicate.

But how to describe this mystery? I do not know unless it could be done in terms of that process of growt which brings us to the point when we suddenly realiz that certain things are important and the rest trivial. The mystery peeps out for me quite plainly when in hi later years Tolstoi asks in his conversation about a writer: "Does he believe in God?" Or when he says having read Andreyev's work, "That man believes i God and is terrified." Questions and judgments whic seem to some people silly. If they would only conside

what manner of man he was that asked, and what he knew and had done, they might begin to suspect that the questions and the judgments contain a deeper meaning than they are yet fit to know. What God it was that Tolstoi worshipped, I cannot describe; but I think I know. It was a God that includes Christ; it was a God that, unlike Christ, was also dark and terrible; it was the God who is the God of the Matthew of Mr. Lawrence's poem. I, too, have an inkling of that God, and I, too, am terrified—terrified and fascinated, terrified and uplifted.

Tolstoi kept quiet about his knowledge. But that he had it no one who has some understanding of what was happening to him can doubt. Gorki glimpsed it in him. It shines strangely and darkly through his later conversations. It is the reason why he cared no more for his own miraculous writing. Yet it seems there are people who will, for their own comfort's sake, go on supposing that this Titan became a baby. After all, it is not comfortable to think out a thought about Tolstoi to the bitter end, any more than it is comfortable to think out an honest thought about Shakespeare. It is so much easier, so much less disturbing to think dishonest thoughts, and feel dishonest feelings. Shakespeare is "serene" and Tolstoi pietistic at the last. God's in his heaven, all's right with the world. And the people who profess not to believe in God are just as cowardly as the rest. Shakespeare was bored and Tolstoi *gaga*, and what we haven't the courage to look at we can't possibly see.

I don't know that there is anything to be done for these people. Theirs is evidently a case of invincible ignorance. For I observe that one of the most vocal of them, my young friend the classicist, Master Mortimer, has been at it again. He has been "reviewing" Mr. Lawrence's novel, *Kangaroo*. He finds it very, very painful; so painful that he is forced to the dangerous

conclusion that " either Mr. Lawrence is mad or I am." Which is not, by the way, the correct dilemma; it should run less excitingly: Either Mr. Lawrence is mad or Master Mortimer is stupid. And, somehow, the dilemma has only to be stated that way to be solved. (But I leave Thomas Carlyle to settle with my young friend.)

But apparently it is impossible for some people, of whom Master Mortimer is the apprentice-spokesman, to understand certain elemental realities. And because they cannot or will not understand these things, because they cannot admit (from vanity or stupidity or cowardice) that there are more things in heaven and earth than are spoken of in their philosophy, it is inconceivable, strictly impossible, that they can understand either Shakespeare or Tolstoi or Whitman or Dostoevsky or Nietzsche or Tchehov or Melville—or any one of the great prophets of the modern consciousness, or life itself with which those prophets have wrestled until the going down of the sun. These silly little playboys—unless they begin to mend their ways and learn—will be condemned to pass to a dishonourable old age with nothing more accomplished than the experiencing "an acute emotion before a Matisse," of which one of them so rashly tells us. Oh, these "acute emotions"! Oh, my acute emotions when I hear of them!

Well, to return. I had been saturating myself in Tolstoi for days, every day marvelling more and more at, and more and more intimately revering the stature and the knowledge of that gigantic man. And as I made towards my Swiss resting-place, everything I saw and heard on the journey seemed to be part of *War and Peace*. When two Italian Swiss peasants in the railway-train called me in to umpire a dispute concerning the merits of the wine called Barbera, which

they had evidently been looking upon while it was red, I felt like Pierre Bezuhov talking to Platon Karataev in the prisoners' hut. The very sunshine on the hills was part of Tolstoi's enchantment ; and I found myself moving about, getting into trains and out again, accepting chance encounters, with an odd kind of submission, an unfamiliar acquiescence, as though I also had been bodily incorporated into the elemental scheme. I was playing a predestined part in the panorama of history of which Tolstoi was the demiurge.

I don't suppose it was wholly due to Tolstoi. It has been borne in upon me of late that our vital encounters are not fortuitous. One reads a book, one rejoins a friend, because one is prepared. Some subterranean travail has been going on, working our elements into a condition in which some new combination is inevitable. We are waiting for the spark which shall explode and re-order them. And in this condition we instinctively refuse all contacts which are less than decisive. Unconscious purpose drives us on to reject the accidental and penultimate. We are governed and we submit. As with men and women, so with books, for those at least to whom books are the impress of a living soul and not a pastime or a titillation. The mystery accumulating in ourselves is drawn towards a kindred mystery, by knowing which we shall know ourselves. That is the law.

So it has seemed in these last few days that I had never really read *War and Peace*. But now it was waiting for me and I for it : now for the first time, I lived it through and understood. It was part of me for ever. Uplifted with this knowledge, and with thoughts like these wheeling about my head, I made my way up the mountain to my Swiss resting-place,—one full of memories for me. I found, as I knew I should find, that I could bear all these memories and look them in the face. I was at peace.

And then a strange thing happened. On the next day another guest arrived, a man scarcely older than myself. We talked at tea.

"I've never been in Switzerland before," he said.

"I thought everybody went to Switzerland," said I.

"Every Englishman perhaps; but an Irishman doesn't believe in any mountains except the Macgillicuddy Reeks. And besides, there are only two European countries that attract me—Spain and Russia."

"So you know Russia?"

"Yes, I know Russia pretty well. I lived for six months with Tolstoi at Yasnaia Poliana."

Of course—I got my intelligence to work—it was quite possible. And yet, if he had said he had lived six months with Shakespeare, I should not have been more astonished, or more disturbed. My brain tells me that there are probably hundreds of men living to-day who have talked with Tolstoi. But whether it was that this was a man of my own generation, whose place I myself might have taken, or whether—as sometimes happens with me—I had been conversing so long with Tolstoi in the spirit that I could not imagine contact with him in the body, I was amazed and silent, brooding over the manifest predestination of this encounter also.

And, because of this sense that things would happen as they must, I found it impossible to ask him about what happened there, or what Tolstoi said and did. I waited. Later in the evening he gave an account of how he entered the house, and how he sat down to dinner. Tolstoi spoke to him suddenly.

"Are you a virgin?" he asked.

That was all. I was satisfied. Again I should not have guessed it; but I knew it must be so. "Does he believe in God?" "Are you a virgin?" The truly great are those who know the significance of elemental things.

POEMS

By Katherine Mansfield

The Arabian Shawl

" IT is cold outside, you will need a coat—
  What! this old Arabian shawl!
Bind it about your head and throat,
  These steps . . . it is dark . . . my hand . . .
      you might fall."

What has happened? What strange, sweet charm
  Lingers about the Arabian shawl . . .
Do not tremble so! There can be no harm
  In just remembering—that is all.

" I love you so—I will be your wife,"
  Here, in the dark of the Terrace wall,
Say it again. Let that other life
  Fold us like the Arabian shawl.

" Do you remember?" . . . " I quite forget,
  Some childish foolishness, that is all,
To-night is the first time we have met . . .
  Let me take off my Arabian shawl!"

Sleeping Together

SLEEPING together . . . how tired you were . . .
How warm our room . . . how the firelight spread
On walls and ceiling and great, white bed!
We spoke in whispers as children do,

And now it was I—and then it was you
Slept a moment, to wake—" My dear,
I'm not at all sleepy," one of us said. . . .

Was it a thousand years ago?
I woke in your arms—you were sound asleep—
And heard the pattering sound of sheep.
Softly I slipped to the floor and crept
To the curtained window, then, while you slept,
I watched the sheep pass by in the snow.

O flock of thoughts with their shepherd Fear
Shivering, desolate, out in the cold,
That entered into my heart to fold!
A thousand years . . . was it yesterday
When we, two children of far away,
Clinging close in the darkness, lay
Sleeping together? . . . How tired you were. . . .

The Quarrel

Our quarrel seemed a giant thing,
It made the room feel mean and small,
The books, the lamp, the furniture,
The very pictures on the wall—

Crowded upon us as we sat
Pale and terrified, face to face
" Why do you stay?" she said, " my room
Can never be your resting place."

" Katinka, ere we part for life,
I pray you walk once more with me."
So down the dark, familiar road
We paced together, silently. . . .

The sky—it seemed on fire with stars!
I said:—"Katinka dear, look up!"
Like thirsty children, both of us
Drank from that giant loving cup. . . .

"Who were those *dolls?*" Katinka said.
"What were their stupid, vague alarms?"
And suddenly we turned and laughed
And rushed into each other's arms.

The Meeting

We started speaking,
Looked at each other, then turned away.
The tears kept rising to my eyes
But I could not weep.
I wanted to take your hand
But my hand trembled.
You kept counting the days
Before we should meet again.
But both of us felt in our hearts
That we parted for ever and ever.
  The ticking of the little clock filled the quiet room.
"Listen," I said. "It is so loud,
Like a horse galloping on a lonely road,
As loud as that—a horse galloping past in the night."
  You shut me up in your arms.
But the sound of the clock stifled our hearts' beating.
You said "I cannot go: all that is living of me
Is here for ever and ever."
Then you went.
  The world changed. The sound of the clock grew
    fainter,
Dwindled away, became a minute thing.
I whispered in the darkness, "If it stops, I shall die."

1911.

The Gulf

A gulf of silence separates us from each other.
I stand at one side of the gulf, you at the other.
I cannot see you or hear you, yet know that you are there.
Often I call you by your childish name
And pretend that the echo to my crying is your voice.
How can we bridge the gulf? Never by speech or touch.
Once I thought we might fill it quite up with tears.
Now I want to shatter it with our laughter.

1911.

The Storm

I ran to the forest for shelter,
Breathless, half sobbing;
I put my arms round a tree,
Pillowed my head against the rough bark.
" Protect me," I said. " I am a lost child."
But the tree showered silver drops on my face and hair.
A wind sprang up from the ends of the earth;
It lashed the forest together.
A huge green wave thundered and burst over my head.
I prayed, implored, " Please take care of me!"
But the wind pulled at my cloak and the rain beat upon me.
Little rivers tore up the ground and swamped the bushes.
A frenzy possessed the earth: I felt that the earth was drowning
In a bubbling cavern of space. I alone—
Smaller than the smallest fly—was alive and terrified.

Then, for what reason I know not, I became triumphant.
" Well, kill me ! " I cried and ran out into the open.
But the storm ceased : the sun spread his wings
And floated serene in the silver pool of the sky.
I put my hands over my face : I was blushing.
And the trees swung together and delicately laughed.

1911.

The Earth-Child in the Grass

In the very early morning
Long before Dawn time
I lay down in the paddock
And listened to the cold song of the grass.
Between my fingers the green blades,
And the green blades pressed against my body.
" Who is she leaning so heavily upon me ? "
Sang the grass.
" Why does she weep on my bosom,
Mingling her tears with the tears of my mystic lover ?
Foolish little earth-child !
It is not yet time.
One day I shall open my bosom
And you shall slip in—but not weeping.
Then in the early morning
Long before Dawn time
Your lover will lie in the paddock.
Between his fingers the green blades
And the green blades pressed against his body. . . .
My song shall not sound cold to him.
In my deep wave he will find the wave of your hair,
In my strong sweet perfume, the perfume of your kisses.
Long and long he will lie there. . . .
Laughing—not weeping."

1911.

There was a Child Once

THERE was a child once.
He came to play in my garden;
He was quite pale and silent.
Only when he smiled I knew everything about him,
I knew what he had in his pockets,
And I knew the feel of his hands in my hands
And the most intimate tones of his voice.
I led him down each secret path,
Showing him the hiding-place of all my treasures.
I let him play with them, every one,
I put my singing thoughts in a little silver cage
And gave them to him to keep. . . .
It was very dark in the garden
But never dark enough for us. On tiptoe we walked among the deepest shades;
We bathed in the shadow pools beneath the trees,
Pretending we were under the sea.
Once—near the boundary of the garden—
We heard steps passing along the World-road;
O how frightened we were!
I whispered: "Have you ever walked along that road?"
He nodded, and we shook the tears from our eyes. . . .

There was a child once.
He came—quite alone—to play in my garden;
He was pale and silent.
When we met we kissed each other,
But when he went away, we did not even wave.

1912.

Voices of the Air

BUT then there comes that moment rare
When, for no cause that I can find,
The little voices of the air
Sound above all the sea and wind.

The sea and wind do then obey
  And sighing, sighing double notes
Of double basses, content to play
  A droning chord for little throats—

The little throats that sing and rise
  Up into the light with lovely ease
And a kind of magical, sweet surprise
  To hear and know themselves for these—

For these little voices: the bee, the fly,
  The leaf that taps, the pod that breaks,
The breeze on the grass-tops bending by,
  The shrill quick sound that the insect makes.

1916.

There is a Solemn Wind To-night . . .

THERE is a solemn wind to-night
  That sings of solemn rain;
The trees that have been quiet so long
  Flutter and start again.

The slender trees, the heavy trees,
  The fruit trees laden and proud,
Lift up their branches to the wind
  That cries to them so loud.

The little bushes and the plants
  Bow to the solemn sound,
And every tiniest blade of grass
  Shakes on the quiet ground.

1917.

ACROSS THE SEA

By Giovanni Verga

She listened, wrapped up in her furs and leaning back against the outside of the cabin, her large pensive eyes staring into the vague shadows of the sea. The stars glittered above their head, and no sound was heard around them save the heavy throb of the engines, and the moan of the waves which were lost upon the boundless horizon. In the bows, behind them, somebody was softly humming a popular song, to the accompaniment of the accordion.

Perhaps she was thinking of the hot emotions she had felt the previous evening at the theatre of San Carlo in Naples, or of the Chiaia foreshore blazing with light, which they had left behind them. She had loosely taken his arm, with the abandon of that isolation in which they found themselves, and she had gone to lean on the ship's rail, looking at the phosphorescent stripe which the steamer made, deep under which the screw broke open unexplored abysses, as if she wanted to fathom the mystery of other unknown existences. On the opposite side, towards the land above which Orion sloped over, other unknown, almost mysterious lives quivered and suffered who knows what poor joys, poor sorrows, how like to those he was telling! The woman was thinking of them vaguely, with compressed lips, her eyes fixed on the darkness of the horizon.

Before they separated they remained a while in the cabin doorway in the wavering glimmer of the swinging lamp. The steward, tired out, was squatted asleep on the stairs, dreaming perhaps of his little home in Genoa.

In the poop the compass-light faintly lit up the muscular figure of the man at the helm, who was motionless, his eyes fixed on the quadrant and his mind who knows where. From the bows all the while came the sad Sicilian folk-song, telling in its own way of joys and sorrows, or of humble hopes, amid the monotonous moaning of the sea and the regular, impassive beat of the piston-rod.

It was as if the woman could not bring herself to let go his hand. At last she raised her eyes and smiled sadly at him. "To-morrow!" she sighed.

He nodded his head without speaking.

"You will never forget this last evening?"

He did not answer. "I never shall," added the woman.

At dawn they met again on deck. Her delicate small face seemed quenched with insomnia. The breeze lifted her soft black hair. Already Sicily was rising like a cloud out of the far horizon. Then Etna all at once lit up with gold and ruby, and the paling coast broke here and there into gulfs and obscure promontories. On board the crew began to busy themselves about the first morning work. Passengers came up one by one on deck, pale, dazed, wrapped up in various ways, chewing a cigar and staggering about. The crane began to screech, and the song heard through the night was silent as if dismayed and lost in all that bustle. On the gleaming blue sea great spreading sails passed by the poop, swaying their vast hulls that seemed as if they were empty, the few men on board shading their eyes to see the proud steamer go by. In the distance were other still smaller boats, like black dots, and the coast swathed in foam; on the left Calabria, and on the right the sandy Pharos Headland, Charybdis stretching her white arms towards rocky, lofty Sicily.

Unexpectedly, in the long line of the shore that seemed all one, you perceived the Straits like a blue

river, and beyond, the sea again widening out once more, boundless. The woman uttered an exclamation of wonder. Then she wanted him to point out to her the mountains of Licodia and the Plain of Catania, or the Lake of Lentini with its flat shores. He showed her far away, beyond the blue mountains, the long, melancholy lines of the whitish plain, the soft slopes grey with olives, the harsh rocks with the cactus thickets, the scented, many-planted little mountain roads. It was as if all those places were peopled with people out of a legend, as he pointed them out to her one by one. Thereabouts the malaria; on that slope of Etna the village where Liberty burst out like a vendetta; below, beyond, the humble dramas of the Mystery Play, and the ironic justice of Don Licciu Papa. As she listened she even forgot the quivering drama in which they two were acting, whilst Messina was drawing towards them with the vast semi-circle of its palace fronts. All at once she started and murmured, "There he is!"

From the land a rowing-boat was advancing, and in it a white handkerchief waving salutes like a white gull in a storm.

"Good-bye!" murmured the young man.

The woman did not answer, and bent her head. Then she clasped his hand fast under her furs and took a stride away from him.

"Not good-bye! Au revoir!"

"When?"

"I don't know. But not good-bye."

And he saw her offer her lips to the man who had come to meet her in the boat. Sinister visions passed through his mind, ghosts of the people in his stories, with crooked frown and knife in hand.

Her blue veil disappeared towards the shore, amid the crowd of boats and anchor-chains.

The months passed by. At last she wrote to him that he could come to her. "In a lonely little house

among the vines—there will be a cross chalked on the door. I shall come by the path between the fields. Wait for me. Don't let anybody notice you, or I am lost."

It was still autumn, but it rained and blew like winter. Hidden behind the door, with his heart thudding inside him, he eagerly watched for the strokes of rain that struck furrows past the window-hole to thin down. The dry leaves whirled behind the threshold like the rustle of a dress. What was she doing? Would she come? The clock always answered No, no, every quarter of an hour, from the neighbouring village. At last a ray of sun came through a broken tile. All the country shone. The carob trees above the roof rustled loudly, and beyond, behind the dripping avenues, the footpath opened out blossoming with yellow and white marguerites. It was there her little white umbrella should appear, down there, above the low wall on the right. A wasp buzzed in the golden ray that penetrated through the cracks, and bumped against the window-frame saying: Come! Come! All at once somebody roughly pushed open the garden-door on the left.—Like a stroke through the blood!—It was she! White, all white, from her dress to her pale face. The moment she saw him she fell into his arms, with her mouth against his mouth.

How many hours passed by in that rough, smoky little room! How many things they said to one another! The changeless, insentient wood-worm continued gnawing the beams of the roof. The clock in the neighbouring village let fall the hours one by one. Through a hole in the wall they could see the reflection of the shaken leaves outside, shadow alternating with green light as at the bottom of a lake.

Such is life. All at once she was as if bewildered, she passed her hands over her lips, then opened the door to see the setting sun. Then resolutely she threw

her arms round his neck, saying, "I won't leave you any more."

Arm in arm they walked together to the little station not far off, lost in the deserted plain. Not to part any more! What boundless and trembling joy! To go clasped one against the other, silent, as if dazed, through the still country, in the mingled hour of evening.

Insects were buzzing about the ridge of the footpath. From the crumbled earth a heavy, confused mist arose. Not a human voice, not a dog that barked. Far away a lonely light twinkled in the shadows. At last the train came, plumed and puffing. They set off together; to go far away, far away, into those mysterious mountains of which he had spoken to her, so that she seemed to know them already.

For ever!

For ever. They rose at daybreak, rambled round the fields, in the first dews, they sat at midday in the thick of the plants, or in the shadow of the poplars whose white leaves trembled without a wind, happy at feeling themselves alone, in the great stillness. They lingered on till late evening, to see the day die on the tips of the mountains, when the window-panes suddenly took fire and revealed the far-off cabins. Darkness rose along the little roads of the valley, which now took on a melancholy air; then a gold-coloured beam rested for an instant on a bush that grew on top of the low wall. This bush also had its hour and its ray of sun. Tiny insects hummed around, in the tepid light. When winter came the bush would disappear, and sun and night would alternate once more upon gloomy bare stones, wet with rain. So had disappeared the hut of the lime-burner, and the inn of "Killwife" on the top of the little deserted hill. Only the crumbling ruins showed themselves black in the crimson of sunset. The lake spread always the same in the background of the plain, like a tarnished mirror. Nearer at hand the vast

fields of Mazzaro, the thick grey olive-groves on which the sunset came down more darkly, the endless pasturage which disappeared into the glory of the West, on the crowns of the hills; and other people appeared in the doorways of the farms as big as villages, to see other travellers pass by. Nobody knew anything more about Cirino, or about neighbour Carmine, or the rest. The phantoms had passed away. Only the solemn and changeless landscape remained, with its large eastward spaces and its hot, robust tones. Mysterious sphinx, representing the passing phantoms with a character of fatal necessity. In the village the children of the victims had made peace with the blind, bloody instruments of Liberty; shepherd Arcangelo dragged out a late old age at the expense of the young master; one of neighbour Santo's daughters had gone as bride into the home of Master Cola. At the inn by the Lake of Lentini a hairless, half-blind old dog that had been forgotten at the door by the various inn-keepers as they succeeded one another, still barked gloomily at the rare travellers passing by.

Then the bush also went colourless, and the owl began to hoot in the distant wood.

Farewell, sunsets of the distant land. Farewell, solitary poplars in whose shade she has so often listened to the stories he told, which have seen so many people pass, and the sun rise and set so often away down there. Farewell! She too is far away.

One day ill news came from the city. One word was enough, from a distant man whom she could not hear mentioned without going pale and bending her head. In love, young, rich, the pair of them, both of them having said that they wanted to be together for ever, and yet a word from that man had been enough to part them. It wasn't need of bread, such as had made Pino the Tome fall, nor was it the sharp knife of a jealous man. It was something subtler and stronger

which parted them. It was the life in which they lived and by which they had been formed. The lovers became dumb and bowed their heads to the will of the husband. Now she seemed as if she feared the other one, and wanted to flee away from him. At the moment of parting from him she wept her many tears, which he greedily drank up; but she went all the same. Who knows how often they recall that time, in the midst of their divers excitements, at their feverish balls and parties, in the swirling succession of events, in the harsh necessities of life? How many times has she called to mind that far-off little village, that desert in which they were alone with their love, that old stump in whose shade she had lain with her head on his shoulder, saying to him with a smile, "Shade for the camellias."

There were plenty of camellias, and superb ones, in the splendid conservatory where the merry sounds of the feast arrived faintly, long afterwards, when another had plucked her a crimson blossom red as blood, and had put it in her hair. Farewell, far-off sunsets of the far-off countryside! And he too, when he raised his tired head to gaze into the aureole of his lonely lamp, at the phantoms of the past, what numerous images he saw, what memories came back! one place or another in the world, in the solitude of the fields, in the whirlpool of the great cities. How many things had come to pass! and how much they had lived through, those two hearts now separated far apart!

At last they met again in the wild excitement of carnival. He had gone to the festival to see her, with his soul weary and his heart wrung with anguish. She was there, dazzling, surrounded by a thousand flatteries. But she had a tired face too, and a sad, absent smile. Their eyes met and flashed. Nothing more. Late in the evening they found themselves as if by chance near to one another, in the shade of the big, motionless palms. "To-morrow!" she said to him. "To-

morrow, at such and such a time, in such and such a place. Let happen what may! I want to see you!" Her white, delicate bosom was in storm beneath the transparent lace, and her fan trembled in her hands. Then she bent her head, with her eyes fixed and abstracted, while light and fleeting blushes passed over the nape of her neck that was of the colour of a magnolia. How hard his heart was beating! How exquisite and fearful the joy of that moment! But when they saw each other the next day, it wasn't the same any more. Why not, who can tell? They had tasted the poisoned fruit of worldly knowledge; the refined pleasure of the look and the word exchanged in secret in the midst of two hundred people, of a promise which is worth more than a reality, because it is murmured behind a fan and amid the scent of flowers, to the glitter of gems and the excitation of music. So that when they threw themselves into one another's arms, when they said with their mouths that they loved one another, they were both of them thinking with regretful, keen desire about the rapid moment of the previous evening, when they had said to each other in a low voice, without looking at one another, almost without words, that both their hearts were in a whirl in their breasts at being near to one another again. When they parted once more, and were holding hands on the threshold, they were both gloomy, and not simply because they had to say good-bye—but as if something were missing from them. Still they held each other by the hand, and to each of them came the impulse to ask, "Do you remember?" But they dared not ask it. She had said she was leaving the next day by the first train, and he let her go.

He saw her go away down the deserted avenue, and he stood there, with his forehead against the laths of that venetian blind. Evening fell, a hand-organ played in the distance at the door of a public-house.

She left the next day by the first train. She had said

to him, "I must go with *him!*" He too had received a telegram which called him far away. On that leaf she had written : *For ever,* and a date. But life took them both again, one this way and one that, inexorably. The following evening he also was at the station, sad and alone. People were embracing and saying good-bye; husbands and wives were parting smiling; a mother, a poor old woman of the peasantry, trailed weeping after her boy, a stout young fellow in *bersagliere's* uniform, with his sack on his shoulder, who went from door to door looking for the way out.

The train started. First the city passed by, the streets swarming with lights, the suburbs lively with merry companions. Then it began to pass like lightning through the lonely country, the open fields, the streams that glittered in the shade. From time to time a hamlet smoking, people gathered in front of a doorway. On the low wall of a little station where the train had stopped for a moment puffing, two lovers had left their obscure names written in big charcoal letters. He was thinking that she too had passed that way in the morning, and had seen those names.

Far, far away, long after, in the immense misty and gloomy city, he still recalled at times those two humble, unknown names, amidst all the crowded, hurrying throng, and the incessant noise, and the fever of immense general activity, exhausting and inexorable; among the luxurious carriages, and men who must walk through the mud bearing two boards covered with advertisements, and in front of the splendid shop-windows glittering with gems, or beside squalid slum-shops which displayed human skulls and old boots spread out in rows. From time to time he heard the whistling of a train passing under earth or through the air overhead, rushing to disappear in the distance, towards the pale horizon, as if it longed for the country of the sun. Then again came into his mind the names

of those two unknown folk who had written the story of their humble joys on the wall of a house in front of which so many people must pass. Two blond, calm young creatures were walking slowly through the wide avenues of the garden, hand in hand; the youth had given the girl a little bunch of crimson roses for which he had bargained anxiously for a quarter of an hour with a ragged, miserable old woman; the girl, with her roses in her bosom like a queen, was disappearing along with him far from the crowd of amazons and superb carriages. When they were alone under the big trees of the water-side, they sat down side by side, talking together in low tones, in the calm expansion of their affection.

The sun sank in the livid West, and even there, down the deserted avenues, came the sound of the hand-organ with which a beggar from far-away villages was going round begging his bread in an unknown tongue.

Farewell, sweet melancholy of sunset, silent shadows and wide, lonely horizons of our unknown country. Farewell, scented lanes where it was so lovely to walk together arm in arm. Farewell, poor, ignored people who opened your eyes so wide, seeing the two happy ones pass by.

Sometimes, when the sweet sadness of those memories came over him, he thought again of the humble actors in the humble dramas, with a vague, unconscious inspiration of peace and of forgetting, and of that date and of those two words—*For Ever*—which she had left with him in a moment of anguish, a moment that had remained more living in heart and mind than any of the feverish joys. And then he would have liked to set her name on a page or on a stone, like those two unknown lovers who had written the record of their love on a wall of a far-away railway station.

(*Translated by D. H. Lawrence.*)

EXITS

By Henry Chester Tracy

Memory—that doesn't cover it all. Once he thought it did, and he made a memory garden; but it was all over-grown with words.

This is how it came to him that the thing is more than a "memory," that it has texture, and fluid, and beat—a life of its own:

He had taken a room at the droll little beach town which was as remote as any from affairs. Even here some picture concern was busy filming a thing of London's about the South Seas. Endless fire-hose supplied rain for tropical storms and a power propeller made night vibrant blowing the down-pour of this wet on fatuous seamen who ran aimless errands on a ship rocked by ropes from the shore. There was the reeling of tired camera-men down apartment halls at all hours of the night. Not until the last truck marked with a U and an F had rumbled out of hearing did the nights settle down to what a western night should be.

Then it was that he woke without provocation and could hear the sound of surf. It was dark, and although he was not asleep it happened that a way was widened for him through some rift into the past. It was not a thinking "I remember this picture or that"; it was rather a going out. He went without pause or preliminary, right out into the fields where he would go. They were fields of young wheat, with small paths between, on some high upland, away from the sea; some compound of loam and clay where grasses and flowers had strong hold, and there were poppies

there, bright in that wheat. There was a great silence of green, and against that the colours played. Now there was larkspur growing, in purple, and the culms all around it wet by the rain. A freshness was in the air and those wild larkspurs gave a glory and a light. There was some pungent scent that always rose from the fields after the rain.

He felt that he had found these fields by flower-light, when everywhere it was dark, and that he could find them again. It would not be a matter of remembering; it would be a *homing* to that world.

That world closed like a flower. This opened. He went out and looked at the sea. It was a grey gloom, all but one fluttering light of some fisherman, busy on the pier; it was not yet day.

It was pleasant to sit on the upper porch of the apartment and watch the morning begin to be, as advertised by a faint orange against the east; a droll dawning, fit for a crude seaside town whose fronts are all "Oregon Pine." Along the grey line of hills, clouds stood in a grotesque row of shapes, like geyser-puffs caught at their height and kept there, as if rented for the day; simply stood there, and made no move to go away.

He was not thinking so much of the shapes, or the dull orange of the sky. He was wondering whether he would again find the door into that other place, at any time, by dawn or dark. It seemed suddenly important to do so. The newspaper seemed utterly unimportant; and so many other things seemed unimportant with it. He went back to his room and fell into a light sleep. . . . . Now he was not in the fields of wheat. He had no choice, it seemed, but to enter a walled vineyard that he knew, that lay in billows of warm loam, out of which the frost had gone and there were springing some shoots of pale green. A yellow star was there,

hung between two wisps of green. There was a Viola there, some ancestral prelude to the Pansy, stature about one inch; chiefly a helmet of calyces, with the visor up, showing a facelet piquant with yellow light and browed with blue. Arch facelet! A pigmy thing. And Zeus sends out such a starveling to hold an outpost for his sky! *Muscari* is there, another blue. It holds its area securely, till the vines come into leaf. Then it will sink into the mystery of its bulb. These things would naturally be so. They would pass unnoticed. . . . No, they would permanently be. He possessed them—or they possessed him; it did not matter which way, it was all the same.

And so with the skull-cap in the hedge, and the yellow scallop-cups that had no name. They couldn't be shared—it was quite as well they had no name; it made them the more peculiarly his. He was a large owner in the worthless things of the world.

Now you thought of it, how characteristic that was! Nameless or half-named wisps of happiness in petals or on wings. He was a large proprietor in these. Well, he was glad it was so. He would re-enter his holdings, refurbish his estate. . . . He had not been dreaming. He was fully awake, but awake, merely, to a different world. His! A certain kind light clung to it, that was not on the streets of towns: an early light on the universe, as yet virgin to all use—that was it, and that was his world.

A stone owl appeared and blinked from one of the niches of that vineyard wall. The builder leaves a brick out, no one knows why, but it makes a destiny for the owl which he accepts, stolidly, as an owl would. The magpie who nests in the sterile pear tree near by is there for all the year. He does not mar the largeness of the rhythm.

Day-time must have taken him unawares. One

world seemed still asleep—that world where business is done at the cost of souls—and another had swum up out of the dark and was turning its face toward the day. There blew over it a tender morning wind toward which it was good to uncover throat and breast. It brought the voices and the fluttering of birds, out of a garden in the east. Wide gardens, zoned by earth-gray walls, spread from the town to the hills; lapped up the shadows in the glen, where it marked the last heaving of the plain. The water was there, feeding walnuts and vines. Grape-prunings topped the weathered walls; clematis bound them in place. Coronilla, wild in the tangle, yellowed the descent, and trailing vetches. . . .

For him there was silence in that world. Even the picnickers, on their turf under the great tree, had turned to shades; their laughter absorbed into the wide light that eddied everywhere over green leaves. The few who passed that way, by the trail under the *yuvez* row, moved noiselessly, for their errands were from Time to Time, and had no power over the Present that was his: the gift of the god.

Now the banner of that light extended over the wide circle of the plain. It swept up the slope of foot-hills, bare and tufted thorn bush, where the eggs of the rock partridge are laid on bare stony ground. It found out the wheat-ear and stone-chat, in their silences, aloof from wrongs. It followed the course of the roller and lit the cobalt torch on his wing. It lay upon a fringe of villages, in the hollows of the plain, where storks waded brook-shallows and full-breasted women brought earthlings to people that domain. Shadow-folk, all of them; charmed into a peace that was uttered long before them, in grass-pinks on a mountain road, and small-flowered immortelles that line the way to a shrine. There the mummeries are long since dead, but the peace persists; with the soul of the murmur of water

and the spirit of the trickle of a brook, and the green shadow of revivification that rests on the mountain of ice-born springs. . . . The peace is there.

POEMS

By Anna Ahmatova

* * * *

THE strains of music in the garden
Were full of grief words cannot tell.
The smell of sea came fresh and pungent
From oysters on a dish in ice.

He said : " I am a faithful friend,"
And with light fingers touched my dress.
How different from an embrace
Are the faint touches of those hands !

That's how one strokes a cat or bird,
That's how one looks at circus-riders.
In his calm eyes there's only laughter
Under the pale gold of the lashes.

And the voices of mournful violins
Sing behind the spreading smoke :
" Rejoice and render thanks to heaven—
Alone at last with him you love."

* * * *

We are all sinners here and profligates.
How dull we are together !
The flowers and birds on the walls
Are longing for the clouds.

You are smoking a short black pipe,
How strange is the smoke above it!
I have put on a narrow skirt
To make myself look more slender.

The windows are closed forever.
Is there storm or frost outside?
Like the eyes of a cautious cat
Are your eyes.

Oh, how my heart is aching!
Is it the hour of death I am waiting for?
And the girl who is dancing now
Will surely be in hell.

* * * *

My eyes helplessly ask for mercy.
What am I to do with them
When in my hearing is spoken
The short, sonorous name?

I go by a footpath into the field
Past long grey piles of timber.
The light wind here in the open
Is fitful and fresh as in spring.

And my love-sick heart can hear
Secret tidings from far away.
I know: he lives, he is breathing,
He dares to be not sad.

* * * *

True tenderness is not to be mistaken
For any other thing—and it's quiet.
It is no use carefully wrapping
My breast and shoulders in furs.

And it is no use your talking
So humbly about first love.
How well I know that staring,
That greedy look in your eyes!

* * * *

There is a smile I have—
Just a faint curve of the lips.
It is for you I keep it—
It's been given me by love.

What if you are cruel and impudent,
What if you love other women—
Before me is the golden altar,
With me—the grey-eyed bridegroom.

A Fragment

AND someone unseen among the dark trees
Rustled in the fallen leaves,
And cried: "What has he done to you, he whom
you love?
What has he done to you!

"As though touched with thick black pencil
Are your heavy eyelids.
He has given you over to the choking anguish
Of poisonous love.

"You have long ceased counting the wounds;
Your breast is dead under the steel.
And it is in vain you pretend to be gay,
You were better buried alive."

I said to the insulter : " Black, cunning one,
You must be shameless, indeed.
He is gentle, he is tender, he is obedient to me,
He is forever in love with me."

To the Muse

The Muse, my sister, looked me in the face,
Her eyes were clear and bright,
And she took away my ring of gold,
The first gift of the spring.

Muse! You see how happy all are,
Women, widows, girls.
I would sooner perish on the rack
Than wear these chains.

I know I shall not try my fate
On the tender daisy petals.
Everyone on earth has to go through
The agony of love.

I sit till dawn by candle light
And there's no one that I miss.
But I don't want, I don't want, I don't—
To know how another is kissed.

To-morrow the mirror will say to me, laughing,
" Your eyes are not clear, not bright."
I shall answer it softly : " She took away
God's own gift."

*(Translated from the Russian by
Nathalie A. Duddington.)*

INDIANS AND AN ENGLISHMAN

By D. H. Lawrence

SUPPOSING one fell on to the moon, and found them talking English, it would be something the same as falling out of the open world plump down here in the middle of America. "Here" means New Mexico, the Southwest, wild and woolly and artistic and sage-brush desert.

It is all rather like comic opera played with solemn intensity. All the wildness and woolliness and westernity and motor-cars and art and sage and savage are so mixed up, so incongruous, that it is a farce, and everybody knows it. But they refuse to play it as farce. The wild and woolly section insists on being heavily dramatic, bold and bad on purpose; the art insists on being real American and artistic; motor-cars insist on being thrilled, moved to the marrow; highbrows insist on being ecstatic, Mexicans insist on being Mexicans, squeezing the last black drop of macabre joy out of life, and Indians wind themselves in white cotton sheets like Hamlet's father's ghost, with a lurking smile.

And here am I, a lone lorn Englishman, tumbled out of the known world of the British Empire on to this stage: for it persists in seeming like a stage to me, and not like the proper world.

Whatever makes a proper world, I don't know. But surely two elements are necessary: a common purpose and a common sympathy. I can't see any common purpose. The Indians and Mexicans don't even seem very

keen on dollars. The full moon of a silver dollar doesn't strike me as overwhelmingly hypnotic out here. As for a common sympathy or understanding, that's beyond imagining. West is wild and woolly and bad-on-purpose, commerce is a little self-conscious about its own pioneering importance — Pioneers, O, Pioneers! — highbrow is bent on getting to the bottom of everything, and saving the lost soul down there in the depths, Mexican is bent on being Mexican and not gringo, and the Indian is all the things that all the others aren't. And so everybody smirks at everybody else, and says tacitly, "Go on, you do your little stunt, and I'll do mine," and they're like the various troupes in a circus, all performing at once, with nobody for Master of Ceremonies.

It seems to me, in this country, everything is taken so damn seriously that nothing remains serious. Nothing is so farcical as insistent drama. Everybody is lurkingly conscious of this. Each section or troupe is quite willing to admit that all the other sections are buffoon stunts. But it itself is the real thing, solemnly bad in its badness, good in its goodness, wild in its wildness, woolly in its woolliness, arty in its artiness, deep in its depths—in a word, earnest.

In such a masquerade of earnestness, a bewildered straggler out of the far-flung British Empire, myself! Don't let me for a moment pretend to *know* anything. I know less than nothing. I simply gasp like a bumpkin in a circus ring, with the horse-lady leaping over my head, the Apache war-whooping in my ear, the Mexican staggering under crosses and bumping me as he goes by, the artist whirling colours across my dazzled vision, the highbrows solemnly declaiming at me from all the cross-roads. If, dear reader, you, being the audience who has paid to come in, feel that you must take up an attitude to me, let it be one of amused pity.

One has to take sides. First, one must be either pro-

Mexican or pro-Indian; then, either art or intellect; then, Republican or Democrat, and so on. But as for me, poor lamb, if I bleat at all in the circus-ring, it will be my own shorn lonely bleat of a lamb who's lost his mother.

The first Indians I really saw were the Apaches in the Apache Reservation of this State. We drove in a motor-car, across desert and mesa, down canyons and up divides and along arroyos and so forth, two days, till at afternoon our two Indian men ran the car aside from the trail and sat under the pine tree to comb their long black hair and roll it into the two roll-plaits that hang in front of their shoulders, and put on all their silver-and-turquoise jewellery and their best blankets: because we were nearly there. On the trail were horsemen passing, and wagons with Ute Indians and Navajos.

"*Da donde viene, Usted?*" . . .

We came at dusk from the high shallows and saw on a low crest the points of Indian tents, the tepees, and smoke, and silhouettes of tethered horses and blanketed figures moving. In the shadow a rider was following a flock of white goats that flowed like water. The car ran to the top of the crest, and there was a hollow basin with a lake in the distance, pale in the dying light. And this shallow upland basin, dotted with Indian tents, and the fires flickering in front, and crouching blanketed figures, and horsemen crossing the dusk from tent to tent, horsemen in big steeple hats sitting glued on their ponies, and bells tinkling, and dogs yapping, and tilted wagons trailing in on the trail below, and a smell of wood-smoke and of cooking, and wagons coming in from far off, and tents pricking on the ridge of the round *vallum*, and horsemen dipping down and emerging again, and more red sparks of fires glittering, and crouching bundles of women's figures squatting at a fire before a little tent made of boughs, and little girls in full petticoats hovering, and wild barefoot boys

throwing bones at thin-tailed dogs, and tents away in the distance, in the growing dark, on the slopes, and the trail crossing the floor of the hollows in the low dusk.

There you had it all, as in the hollow of your hand. And to my heart, born in England and kindled with Fennimore Cooper, it wasn't the wild and woolly West, it was the nomad nations gathering still in the continent of hemlock trees and prairies. The Apaches came and talked to us, in their steeple black hats, and plaits wrapped with beaver fur, and their silver and beads and turquoise. Some talked strong American, and some talked only Spanish. And they had strange lines in their faces.

The two kivas, the rings of cut aspen trees stuck in the ground like the walls of a big hut of living trees, were on the plain, at either end of the race-track. And as the sun went down, the drums began to beat, the drums with their strong-weak, strong-weak pulse that beat on the plasm of one's tissue. The car slid down to the south kiva. Two elderly men held the drum, and danced the pàt-pat, pàt-pat quick beat on flat feet, like birds that move from the feet only, and sang with wide mouths, *Hie! Hie! Hie! Hy-a! Hỳ-a! Hỳ-a! Hie! Hie! Hie! Ay-away-away!!* Strange dark faces with wide, shouting mouths and rows of small, close-set teeth, and strange lines on the faces, part ecstasy, part mockery, part humorous, part devilish, and the strange, calling, summoning sound in a wild song-shout, to the thud-thud of the drum. Answer of the same from the other kiva, as of a challenge accepted. And from the gathering darkness around, men drifting slowly in, each carrying an aspen twig, each joining to cluster close in two rows upon the drum, holding each his aspen twig inwards, their faces all together, mouths all open in the song-shout, and all of them all the time going on the two feet, pàt-pat, pàt-pat, pàt-pat, to the thud-thud of the drum and the strange, plangent yell of the chant,

edging inch by inch, pàt-pat, pàt-pat, pàt-pat, sideways in a cluster along the track, towards the distant cluster of the challengers from the other kiva, who were sing-shouting and edging onwards, sideways in the dusk, their faces all together, their leaves all inwards, towards the drum, and their feet going pàt-pat, pàt-pat, on the dust, with their buttocks stuck out a little, faces all inwards, shouting open-mouthed to the drum, and half laughing, half mocking, half devilment, half fun. *Hie! Hie! Hie! Hie-away-awaya!* The strange yell, song-shout rising so lonely in the dusk, as if pine trees could suddenly, shaggily sing. Almost a pre-animal sound, full of triumph in life, and devilment against other life, and mockery, and humorousness, and the pàt-pat, pàt-pat of the rhythm. Sometimes more youths coming up, and as they draw near laughing they give the war-whoop, like a turkey giving a startled shriek and then gobble-gobbling with laughter—Ugh!—the shriek half laughter, then the gobble-gobble-gobble like a great demoniac chuckle. The chuckle in the war-whoop.—They produce the gobble from the deeps of the stomach, and say it makes them feel good.

Listening, an acute sadness, and a nostalgia, unbearable yearning for something, and a sickness of the soul came over me. The gobble-gobble chuckle in the whoop surprised me in my very tissues. Then I got used to it, and could hear in it the humanness, the playfulness, and then, beyond that, the mockery and the diabolical, pre-human, pine-tree fun of cutting dusky throats and letting the blood spurt out unconfined. Gobble-agobble-agobble, the unconfined loose blood, gobble-agobble, the dead, mutilated lump, gobble-agobble-agobble, the fun, the greatest man-fun. The war-whoop!

So I felt. I may have been all wrong, and other folk may feel much more natural and reasonable things. But so I felt. And the sadness and the nostalgia of the song-

calling, and the resinous continent of pine trees and turkeys, the feet of birds treading a dance, far off, when man was dusky and not individualized.

I am no ethnologist. The point is, what is the feeling that passes from an Indian to me, when we meet? We are both men, but how do we feel together? I shall never forget that first evening when I first came into contact with Red Men, away in the Apache country. It was not what I had thought it would be. It was something of a shock. Again something in my soul broke down, letting in a bitterer dark, a pungent awakening to the lost past, old darkness, new terror, new root-griefs, old root-richnesses.

The Apaches have a cult of water-hatred; they never wash flesh or rag. So never in my life have I smelt such an unbearable sulphur-human smell as comes from them when they cluster: a smell that takes the breath from the nostrils.

We drove the car away half a mile or more, back from the Apache hollow, to a lonely ridge, where we pitched camp under pine trees. Our two Indians made the fire, dragged in wood, then wrapped themselves in their best blankets and went off to the tepees of their friends. The night was cold and starry.

After supper I wrapped myself in a red serape up to the nose, and went down alone to the Apache encampment. It is good, on a chilly night in a strange country, to be wrapped almost to the eyes in a good Navajo blanket. Then you feel warm inside yourself, and as good as invisible, and the dark air thick with enemies. So I stumbled on, startling the hobbled horses that jerked aside from me. Reaching the rim-crest one saw many fires burning in red spots round the slopes of the hollow, and against the fires, many crouching figures. Dogs barked, a baby cried from a bough shelter, there was a queer low crackle of voices. So I stumbled alone over the ditches and past the tents,

down to the kiva. Just near was a shelter with a big fire in front, and a man, an Indian, selling drinks, no doubt Budweiser beer and grape-juice, non-intoxicants. Cow-boys in chaps and big hats were drinking too, and one screechy, ungentle cow-girl in khaki. So I went on in the dark up the opposite slope. The dark Indians passing in the night peered at me. The air was full of a sort of sportiveness, playfulness, that had a jeering, malevolent vibration in it, to my fancy. As if this play were another kind of harmless-harmful warfare, overbearing. Just the antithesis of what I understand by jolliness : ridicule. Comic sort of bullying. No jolly, free laughter. Yet a great deal of laughter. But with a sort of gibe in it.

This, of course, may just be the limitation of my European fancy. But that was my feeling. One felt a stress of will, of human wills, in the dark air, gibing even in the comic laughter. And a sort of unconscious animosity.

Again a sound of a drum down below, so again I stumbled down to the kiva. A bunch of young men were clustered—seven or eight round a drum, and standing with their faces together loudly and mockingly singing the song-yells, some of them treading the pàt-pat, some not bothering. Just behind was the blazing fire and the open shelter of the drink tent, with Indians in tall black hats and long plaits in front of their shoulders, and bead-braided waistcoats, and hands in their pockets; some swathed in sheets, some in brilliant blankets, and all grinning, laughing. The cow-boys with big spurs still there, horses' bridles trailing, and cow-girl screeching her laugh. One felt an inevitable silent gibing, animosity in each group, one for the other. At the same time, an absolute avoidance of any evidence of this.

The young men round the drum died out and started again. As they died out, the strange uplifted voice in

the kiva was heard. It seemed to me the outside drumming and singing served to cover the voice within the kiva.

The kiva of young green trees was just near, two paces only. On the ground outside, boughs and twigs were strewn round to prevent anyone's coming close to the enclosure. Within was the firelight. And one could see through the green of the leaf-screen, men round a fire inside there, and one old man, the same old man always facing the open entrance, the fire between him and it. Other Indians sat in a circle, of which he was the key. The old man had his dark face lifted, his head bare, his two plaits falling on his shoulders. His close-shutting Indian lips were drawn open, his eyes were as if half-veiled, as he went on and on, on and on, in a distinct, plangent, recitative voice, male and yet strangely far-off and plaintive, reciting, reciting, reciting like a somnambulist, telling, no doubt, the history of the tribe interwoven with the gods. Other Apaches sat round the fire. Those nearest the old teller were stationary, though one chewed gum all the time and one ate bread cake and others lit cigarettes. Those nearer the entrance rose after a time, restless. At first some strolled in, stood a minute, then strolled out, desultory. But as the night went on, the ring round the fire inside the wall of green young trees was complete, all squatting on the ground, the old man with the lifted face and parted lips and half-unseeing eyes going on and on, across the fire. Some men stood lounging with the half self-conscious ease of the Indian behind the seated men. They lit cigarettes. Some drifted out. Another filtered in. I stood wrapped in my blanket in the cold night, at some little distance from the entrance, looking on.

A big young Indian came and pushed his face under my hat to see who or what I was.

"*Buenos!*"

"*Buenos!*"

"*Qué quiere?*"

"*No hablo español.*"

"Oh, only English, eh?—You can't come in here."

"I don't want to."

"This Indian Church."

"Is it?"

"I don't let people come, only Apache, only Indian."

"You keep watch?"

"I keep watch, yes; Indian Church, eh?"

"And the old man preaches?"

"Yes, he preaches."

After which I stood quite still and uncommunicative. He waited for a further development. There was none. So, after giving me another look, he went to talk to other Indians, *sotto voce,* by the door. The circle was complete, groups stood behind the squatting ring, some men were huddled in blankets, some sitting just in trousers and shirt, in the warmth near the fire, some wrapped close in white cotton sheets. The fire-light shone on the dark, unconcerned faces of the listeners, as they chewed gum, or ate bread, or smoked a cigarette. Some had big silver ear-rings swinging, and necklaces of turquoise. Some had waistcoats all bead braids. Some wore store shirts and store trousers, like Americans. From time to time one man pushed another piece of wood on the fire.

They seemed to be paying no attention, it all had a very perfunctory appearance. But they kept silent, and the voice of the old reciter went on blindly, from his lifted, bronze mask of a face with its wide-opened lips. They furl back their teeth as they speak, and they use a sort of resonant tenor voice, that has a plangent half-sad, twanging sound, vibrating deep from the chest. The old man went on and on, for hours, in that urgent, far-off voice. His hair was grey, and parted, and his

two round plaits hung in front of his shoulders on his shirt. From his ears dangled pieces of blue turquoise, tied with string. An old green blanket was wrapped round above his waist, and his feet in old moccasins were crossed before the fire. There was a deep pathos, for me, in the old, mask-like, virile figure, with its metallic courage of persistence, old memory, and its twanging male voice. So far, so great a memory. So dauntless a persistence in the piece of living red earth seated on the naked earth, before the fire; this old, bronze-resonant man with his eyes as if glazed in old memory, and his voice issuing in endless plangent monotony from the wide, unfurled mouth.

And the young men, who chewed chewing gum and listened without listening. The voice no doubt registered on their under-consciousness, as they looked around, and lit a cigarette, and spat sometimes aside. With their day-consciousness they hardly attended.

As for me, standing outside, beyond the open entrance, I was no enemy of theirs; far from it. The voice out of the far-off time was not for my ears. Its language was unknown to me. And I did not wish to know. It was enough to hear the sound issuing plangent from the bristling darkness of the far past, to see the bronze mask of the face lifted, the white, small, close-packed teeth showing all the time. It was not for me, and I knew it. Nor had I any curiosity to understand. The soul is as old as the oldest day, and has its own hushed echoes, its own far-off tribal understandings sunk and incorporated. We do not need to live the past over again. Our darkest tissues are twisted in this old tribal experience, our warmest blood came out of the old tribal fire. And they vibrate still in answer, our blood, our tissue. But me, the conscious me, I have gone a long road since then. And as I look back, like memory terrible as bloodshed, the dark faces round the fire in the night, and one blood beating in me and

them. But I don't want to go back to them, ah, never. I never want to deny them or break with them. But there is no going back. Always onward, still further. The great devious onward-flowing stream of conscious human blood. From them to me, and from me on.

I don't want to live again the tribal mysteries my blood has lived long since. I don't want to know as I have known, in the tribal exclusiveness. But every drop of me trembles still alive to the old sound, every thread in my body quivers to the frenzy of the old mystery. I know my derivation. I was born of no virgin, of no Holy Ghost. Ah, no, these old men telling the tribal tale were my fathers. I have a dark-faced, bronze-voiced father far back in the resinous ages. My mother was no virgin. She lay in her hour with this dusky-lipped tribe-father. And I have not forgotten him. But he, like many an old father with a changeling son, he would like to deny me. But I stand on the far edge of their firelight and am neither denied nor accepted. My way is my own, old red father; I can't cluster at the drum any more.

WOUNDS OF THE SPIRIT AND WOUNDS OF THE BODY.—A spiritual wound that comes from a rending of the spirit is like a physical wound; and, after it has healed externally and the torn edges are scarred over, yet, strange to say, like a deep physical injury, it only heals inwardly by the force of life pushing up from within. (*Tolstoi.*)

SELF-DEPRECATION.—All censure of a man's self is oblique praise. It is in order to show how much he can spare. It has all the invidiousness of self-praise, and all the reproach of falsehood. (*Dr. Johnson.*)

THE TRIUMPH OF A FOOL

By Raymond Mortimer *and* Thomas Carlyle

The following is a review of Mr. Lawrence's KANGAROO *by Mr. Raymond Mortimer, which appeared in* THE NEW STATESMAN *of September 29th* :—

"In literature the importance of modernity is, if anything, greater than in the visual arts, because literature deals more directly with the results of knowledge, and knowledge is always increasing. However passionate our admiration for Jane Austen and Stendhal, we must admit that there are whole tracts of our experience which neither they nor any of their contemporaries could touch. The difficulty is to discover where expression is being given to these new parcels of our consciousness. The dead sheep have been separated by time from the dead goats, and only those as learned as Professor Saintsbury can tell us how enormously the goats outnumber the sheep even in those ages whose taste we most admire and idealize. To-day the goats have become so prolific and numerous that there is admittedly some excuse for refusing to search for possible sheep among them. But if a man gives the least indication of being a serious artist, one cannot be too careful not to dismiss him for any apparent silliness.

"I should say, by a last use of my scriptural metaphor, that in the past Mr. Lawrence has shown himself to be definitely ovine. It is therefore particularly unfortunate that he, one of the first writers whose name would be mentioned in a refutation of the *passéistes*, should now produce a novel which can only encourage their belief that in artistic matters contem-

porary is synonymous with contemptible. It has long been obvious that there is in Mr. Lawrence's mind a streak of what it is polite to call eccentricity. Two of his books recently published and professing to deal with psychology have made it clear that this streak goes deeper than one's worst fears had suspected. But they left the hope that in future he might make some sort of division between his philosophy and his fiction. Magnificent works of art have been based on the most grotesque ideas, and Mr. Lawrence is free, as far as the reader is concerned, to believe in any sort of nonsense, if only he continues to write his astonishing and poetic stories. The three tales in the volume called *The Ladybird*, published in the spring, encouraged this hope. They were based on what seemed to me a ridiculous and barbarous, if not entirely unreal, view of life, but they were literature. In *Kangaroo* the philosophy has stifled the poetry. The story wanders on without any direction that I can perceive, and page after page is filled with words which convince me that either Mr. Lawrence is mad or I am. Here is a characteristic paragraph :

> " Ah, my soul," said Richard to himself, " you have to look more ways than one. First to the unutterable dark of God : first and foremost. Then to the unutterable and sometimes very loud dark of that woman Harriet. I must admit that only the dark god in her fighting with my white idealism has got me so clear : and that only the dark god in her answering the dark god in me has got my soul heavy and fecund with a new sort of infant. But even now I can't bring it forth. I can't bring it forth. I need something else. Some other answer."

" Mr. Lawrence's defence of this is apparently contained in a paragraph a few pages later :

> Now a novel is supposed to be a mere record of emotion-adventures, flounderings in feelings. We insist that a novel is, or should be, also a thought-adventure, if it is to be anything at all complete.

But if ever a book consisted of 'flounderings in feelings' it is *Kangaroo*. I cannot help being reminded of a girl who was recommended by her mother to a friend of mine as 'a great undeveloped creature with a heart full of love.' Mr. Lawrence flings himself gawkily at the world, only to turn in exasperation from its inadequate response. He loves, he hates, he despises, and he wants to understand. In his former novels, and particularly in *The Ladybird,* he was occupied with personal relations, chiefly those between man and woman. In *Kangaroo* he concerns himself with men *en masse,* democracy, government, the mob. The book seems largely autobiographical, the hero, R. L. Somers, and his wife being hardly distinguishable from the 'I' and the 'Queen-Bee' of *Sea and Sardinia.* Such plot as the book contains deals with the contest between a Labour leader and a sort of Australian Fascist for the adhesion of R. L. Somers. Neither secures it. The scene is Australia throughout, and those who possess the patience needed to finish the book are left at the end with at least a few vivid impressions of that savage country: the Bush, the Pacific, and the untidy, make-shift human settlements, strewn with tin-cans and shabby bungalows. There is also a retrospective chapter, the twelfth in the book, in which Mr. Lawrence describes the petty persecutions to which English war-feeling subjected an independent-minded man with a German wife. This is far the best thing in the book, and can be enjoyed out of its context. I think it explains the horror of the crowd which informs the whole of *Kangaroo.*

"It is usual, and I believe reasonable, to say that Mr. Lawrence has genius. He not only feels with superlative intensity, but succeeds in expressing his feelings. But even from genius certain things are inadmissible. Mr. Lawrence has in the past achieved fine poetic effects by his use of a peculiar vocabulary.

But when he pretends that his metaphors are philosophical truths, he becomes as intolerable as Cagliostro, Swedenborg, or Joanna Southcott. He contributes nothing to our experience, and it is difficult to believe that what seems only rant to us can, even for its author, have any definite meaning."

The following is taken from a review of Novalis's SCHRIFTEN *by Thomas Carlyle, which appeared in the* FOREIGN REVIEW, *No. 7, 1829:—*

"Without at all entering into the merits of Novalis, we may say that we should reckon it a happy sign of literature were so solid a fashion of study here and there established in all countries: for directly in the teeth of most 'intellectual tea-circles,' it may be asserted that no good Book, or good thing of any sort, shows its best face at first: nay, that the commonest quality in a true work of Art, if its excellence have any depth and compass, is that at first sight it occasions a certain disappointment; perhaps even, mingled with its undeniable beauty, a certain feeling of aversion. Not as if we meant, by this remark, to cast a stone at the old guild of literary Improvisators, or any of that diligent brotherhood, whose trade it is to blow soap-bubbles for their fellow-creatures; which bubbles, of course, if they are not seen and admired this moment, will be altogether lost to men's eyes the next. Considering the use of these blowers in civilized communities, we wish them strong lungs, and all manner of prosperity: but simply we would contend that such soap-bubble guild should not become the sole one in Literature; that being indisputably the strongest, it should content itself with this pre-eminence, and not tyrannically annihilate its less prosperous neighbours. For it should be recollected that Literature positively has other aims than this of amusement from hour to hour; nay, perhaps that this, glorious as it may be, is not its highest or true aim.

We do say therefore that the Improvisator corporation should be kept within limits; and readers, at least a certain small class of readers, should understand that some few departments of human inquiry still have their depths and difficulties; that the abstruse is not precisely synonymous with the absurd; nay, that light itself may be darkness in a certain state of the eyesight; that, in short, cases may occur when a little patience and some attempt at thought would not be altogether superfluous in reading . . ."

Carlyle then refers to the attitude of the reviewers to Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria,* which they dismissed as unintelligible.

"It is admitted, too, on all hands that Mr. Coleridge is a man of 'genius,' that is, a man having more intellectual insight than other men; and strangely enough, it is taken for granted, at the same time, that he has less intellectual insight than any other. For why else are his doctrines to be thrown out of doors, without examination, as false and worthless, simply because they are obscure? Or how is their so palpable falsehood to be accounted for to our minds, except on this extraordinary ground: that a man able to originate deep thoughts (such is the meaning of genius) is unable to *see* them when originated; that the creative intellect of a Philosopher is destitute of that mere faculty of logic which belongs to 'all Attorneys, and men educated in Edinburgh'? The Cambridge carrier, when asked whether his horse could draw inferences, readily replied, 'Yes, anything in reason'; but here, it seems, is a man of genius who has no similar gift."

"We ourselves we confess are too young in the study of human nature to have met with any such anomaly. Never yet has it been our fortune to fall in with any man of genius whose conclusions did not correspond better with his premises, and not worse, than those of other men; whose genius, when it once came to be

understood, did not manifest itself in a deeper, fuller, truer view of all things human and divine, than the clearest of your so laudable practical men had a claim to.

"Such we say has been our uniform experience; so uniform that we now hardly ever expect to see it contradicted. True it is, the old Pythagorean argument of 'the master said it,' has long since ceased to be available: in these days, no man, except the Pope of Rome, is altogether exempt from error of judgment; doubtless a man of genius may chance to adopt false opinions; nay rather, like all other sons of Adam, *must* occasionally adopt such. Nevertheless, we reckon it a good maxim, that no error is fully confuted till we have seen not only *that* it is an error, but how it came to be one; till finding that it clashes with the principles of truth established in our own mind, we find also in what way it had seemed to harmonize with the principles of truth established in that other mind, perhaps so unspeakably superior to ours. Treated by this method, it still appears to us, according to the old saying, that the errors of a wise man are literally more instructive than the truths of a fool. For the wise man travels in lofty, far-seeing regions; the fool in low-lying, high-fenced lanes: retracing the steps of the former, to discover where he deviated, whole provinces of the Universe are laid open to us; in the path of the latter, granting even that he have not deviated at all, little is laid open to us but the two wheel-ruts and two hedges.

"On these grounds we reckon it more profitable, in almost any case, to have to do with men of depth than men of shallowness; and were it possible, we would read no book that was not written by one of the former class: all members of which we would love and venerate, how perverse soever they might seem to us at first; nay though, after the fullest investigation, we still found many things to pardon in them. Such of our readers as at all participate in this predilection will not

blame us for bringing them acquainted with Novalis, a man of the most indisputable talent, poetical and philosophical; whose opinions, extraordinary, nay, altogether wild and baseless as they often appear, are not without a strict coherence in his own mind and will lead any other mind that examines them faithfully, into endless considerations: opening the strangest inquiries, new truths, or new possibilities of truth, a whole unexpected world of thought, where, whether for belief or denial, the deepest questions await us.

"In what is called reviewing such a book as this, we are aware that to the judicious craftsman two methods present themselves. The first and most convenient is, for the Reviewer to perch himself resolutely, as it were, on the shoulder of his Author, and therefrom to show as if he commanded him and looked down upon him by natural superiority of stature. Whatsoever the great man says or does, the little man shall treat with an air of knowingness and light condescending mockery; professing with much covert sarcasm, that this and that other is beyond his comprehension, and cunningly asking his readers if they comprehend it! Herein it will help him mightily, if, besides description, he can quote a few passages, which, in their detached state, and taken most probably in quite a wrong acceptation of the words, shall sound strange, and, to certain hearers, even absurd; all which will be easy enough, if he have any handiness in the business and address the right audience; truths, as this world goes, being true only for those that have *some* understanding of them. On the other hand, should our Reviewer meet with any passage, the wisdom of which, deep, plain and palpable to the simplest, might cause misgivings in the reader, as if here were a man of half-unknown endowment, whom perhaps it were better to wonder at than to laugh at, our Reviewer either suppresses it, or citing it with an air of meritorious candour, calls upon his Author, in

a tone of command and encouragement, to lay aside his transcendental crotchets, and write always thus, and *he* will admire him. Whereby the reader again feels comforted; proceeds swimmingly to the conclusion of the 'Article,' and shuts it with a victorious feeling, not only that he and the Reviewer understand this man, but also that, with some rays of fancy and the like, the man is little better than a living mass of darkness.

"In this way does the small Reviewer triumph over great Authors; but it is the triumph of a fool. In this way, too, does he recommend himself to certain readers, but it is the recomendation of a parasite and of no true servant. The servant would have spoken truth in this case; truth, that it might have profited, however harsh: the parasite glozes his master with sweet speeches, that he may filch applause, and certain 'guineas per sheet' from him; substituting for ignorance which was harmless, error which is not so. And yet to the vulgar reader, naturally enough, that flattering unction is full of solacement. In fact, to a reader of this sort few things can be more alarming than to find that his own little Parish, where he lived so snug and absolute, is, after all, *not* the whole Universe; that beyond the hill which screened his house from the east wind and grew his kitchen-vegetables so sweetly, there are other hills and other hamlets, nay mountains and towered cities; with all which, if he would continue to pass for a geographer, he must forthwith make himself acquainted. Now this Reviewer, often his fellow-Parishioner, is a safe man; leads him pleasantly to the hill-top; shows him that indeed there are, or seem to be, other expanses, these too of boundless extent; but with only cloud mountains and *fata morgana* cities; the true character of that region being Vacuity or at best a stony desert peopled by Gryphons and Chimaeras.

"Surely, if printing is not, like courtier speech, 'the art of *concealing* thought,' all this must be blamable

enough. Is it the Reviewer's real trade to be a pander of laziness, self-conceit and all manner of contemptuous stupidity on the part of his reader; carefully ministering to these propensities; carefully fencing off whatever might invade that fool's paradise with news of disturbance? Is he the priest of Literature and Philosophy, to interpret their mysteries to the common man; as a faithful preacher, teaching him to understand what is adapted for his understanding, to reverence what is adapted for higher understandings than his? Or merely the lackey of Dullness, striving for certain wages, of pudding or praise, by the month or the quarter, to perpetuate the reign of presumption and triviality on earth? If the latter, will he not be counselled to pause for an instant, and reflect seriously, whether starvation were worse or were better than such a dog's existence?"

LIFE AND GOD.—Life is everything. Life is God. All is changing and moving, and that motion is God. And while there is Life, there is the joy of the consciousness of the Godhead. To love life is to love God. The hardest and most blessed thing is to love this life in one's sufferings, in undeserved suffering. (*Tolstoi.*)

THE TWOFOLD WONDER.—From without no wonderful effect is wrought within ourselves, unless some interior, responding wonder meets it. That the starry vault should surcharge the heart with all rapturous marvellings, is only because we ourselves are greater miracles and superber Trophies than all the stars in universal space. Wonder interlocks with wonder; and then the confounding feeling comes. (*Herman Melville.*)

LETTERS OF TCHEHOV TO GORKI

May 9th, 1899.
Melihovo.

DEAR ALEXEY MAXIMOVITCH,

I am sending you a play by Strindberg, *Countess Julia*. When you've read it, send it back to the owner.

Once upon a time I loved shooting, but now I'm indifferent to it. I saw *The Seagull* performed without scenery; I can't judge the play in cold blood. . . .

But on the whole it's all right; it took me by surprise. In places I couldn't believe that I had written it.

Just now I am living in Melihovo. Hot, rooks shouting, peasants always coming. For the time being it's not boring.

I've bought a gold, but banal watch.

When are you coming here?

Keep well, happy, gay. Don't forget me; write, if only once in a while.

If you should think of writing a play, write it, and then send it to me to read. Write it, and keep it secret until you've finished it, otherwise you'll be knocked off your stride, and your mood will be broken.

I grasp your hand firmly.

A. T.

June 22nd, 1899.
Moscow.

What are you despondent about, dear Maxim Alexeyevitch? Why do you scold your *Foma Gordeyev*

so furiously? It seems to me (with your kind permission) there are two reasons in particular for this. You began as a writer with success, you began noisily, and now anything that seems to you ordinary and average doesn't satisfy you, makes you droop. That is one reason. The second is: a writer cannot live in the provinces with impunity. Whatever you may say, you have eaten of the apple of literature, you are hopelessly poisoned already, you are a writer, and a writer you will remain. And the natural condition of a writer, is always to keep close to literary circles, to live near writers, to breathe literature. So don't struggle against nature, submit once for all—and move to Petersburg or Moscow. Quarrel with writers, disown them, despise half of them, but live with them.

I've been in Petersburg, got nearly frozen there. I saw Mizov. Now I am reading my proofs for Marx; in testimony of which I send you two stories. . . .

June 27th, 1899.
Moscow.

When I wrote to you that you had begun noisily and with success as a writer, I hadn't any spiteful design concealed—no reproach or pin-prick. I didn't reflect on anyone's merits, but simply wanted to tell you that you haven't been through the seminary of literature, but started straight away as a priest; and now you're bored at having to take a service without a choir. I wanted to say: Wait a year or two, you will calm down, and see that your lovely *Foma Gordeyev* has absolutely nothing to do with it.

So you're going on a walking tour across Russia? *Bon voyage*, and may the road be as smooth as a tablecloth, although I can't help thinking that while you're still young and healthy, you ought to travel for two or three years, but not on foot, nor third class, in order to get to know more about the public that reads you.

Then, after two or three years, you could begin your walking.

You'll say "Damn him, why does he read me lectures?" It's in answer to a lecture you read me: Why don't I live in Yalta, instead of going sour in Moscow? I admit it, it is rotten in Moscow. But I can't leave now, I've certain things to do, which I wouldn't like others to have to do for me. I'm probably going to Yalta about July 15th. In Moscow I shall sit in the Mala Dmitrovka Street, walk on the Tverskoy Boulevard, talk to women who are no better than they should be, and dine at the Restaurant International.

Won't you come to Kuchukoy in September?

I grip your hand, and wish you all the best.

Your A. T.

August 24th, 1899.
Moscow.

DEAR ALEXEY MAXIMOVITCH,

The rumours about my writing a novel must be built on a mirage, since I haven't even thought of a novel. I write practically nothing, really, I'm only engaged in waiting for the moment when at last I shall be permitted to sit down and write. I've been in Yalta lately, and return to Moscow for the rehearsal of my play. But I've got rather seedy here, and must go back to Yalta again. I'm going there to-morrow. Whether I shall be able to stay there long, whether I'll write anything—I don't know. For a start I shall have to camp out, as my house isn't finished yet.

I read your *Foma Gordeyev* in bits. I used to open the magazine every now and then, and read a page. I'll read the whole of it when it's finished. I simply cannot read in monthly snippets. I couldn't read *Resurrection* for exactly the same reason.

Guilyarovsky descended on me like a whirlwind, and told me he had made your acquaintance. He sang your

praises. I've known him nearly twenty years; we began our careers together in Moscow, and I've watched him from close at hand. He's a man with a simple soul, pure in heart, and in him there's a complete absence of the element of treachery which is so characteristic of newspaper men. He's always telling stories, wears a watch with a . . . stereoscopic view, and when he is in his best humour, he does card tricks.

I am weary of my doing nothing, I am out of temper. When are you coming to Yalta? About what date in September? I should be very, very glad to see you and talk about things that are happening. Bring your photographs and your books.

Now, keep well and God preserve you. Write to me at Yalta.

I shake your hand.

Your A. T.

3rd September, 1899.
Yalta.

DEAR ALEXEY MAXIMOVITCH,

How do you do? I am answering your letter.

First, as a rule I am against dedications of anything to living people. Once I made a dedication, and now I feel that perhaps I ought not to have done it. That is the general rule. But in the particular case, the dedication of *Foma Gordeyev* will give me nothing but pleasure and honour. But how have I deserved it? Well, it is for you to judge, and for me to bow and thank you. Make the dedication without a lot of words, that is, write only "Dedicated to ——" that is enough. Now, I'll give you some practical advice, if you like: don't print less than five or six thousand copies. The book is sure to go off quickly. The second edition could be printed at the same time as the first. Still more advice: when reading the proofs strike out all qualifications of nouns and verbs wherever you can. You

have so many qualifications that it is difficult for the reader to follow and he gets tired. Anyone can understand me when I write "the man sat on the grass"; they can understand me because it is clear and arrests the attention. On the other hand one cannot easily understand me, it is a load on one's brains, if I wrote "a tall narrow-chested, middle-sized man, with a ginger-coloured beard sat on the green grass, trampled down by pedestrians; he sat down quietly, timidly, nervously looking round." This cannot get into one's brain straightaway, and writing must get into the brain at once, in a second. Then one thing more: by nature you are lyrical; the timbre of your soul is delicate. If you were a composer, you would not compose marches. To be rude, noisy, to bite, to make angry denials—that is alien to your talent. Hence you will understand why I advise you not to be sparing of your corrections of the stories that are appearing in *Zhizn*.

Am I to expect you at the end of September? But why so late? Winter begins early this year, the autumn will be short, you must come quickly.

Now be well. Keep well.

Your A. T.

The performances at the Moscow Art Theatre begin on September 30th. *Uncle Vanya* will be played on October 14th.

Your best story is *In the Steppe*.

November 25th, 1899.
Yalta.

How do you do, dear Alexey Maximovitch? A thousand thanks for your book. I have read some of the stories before, some I have not—they are a pleasure in store for me in my boring country life. When is *Foma Gordeyev* coming out? I have read it only in snippets; I want to read it all, in two or three big gulps.

I am writing a story for the January *Zhizn*.

Dorovatovsky has written to me asking me to send my photograph for the book. That is all my literary news.

Your book is splendidly printed.

All this time I have been waiting for you, in vain, and finally I gave up hope. It is snowing in Yalta, damp, windy. The local grandfathers swear there will still be fine days.

Penniless consumptives wear me out. If I were a Governor, I would deport them by martial law, they disturb my warm and well-fed peace so much.

To see their faces when they ask for money, and their pitiful blankets when they die, is too painful. We have decided to build a sanatorium, I have written an appeal; I have written it because I cannot see any other way. If you possibly can, circulate this appeal through the Nijni Novgorod and Samara newspapers, where you have friends and connections. Perhaps they will send something. The other day in the ward for the hopeless cases the poet Yepifanov died lonely and neglected. Two days before his death he asked for apple jelly and when I brought it to him he livened up and joyfully croaked with his bad throat "That's it! It's the very same!" Exactly as if he'd seen his sweetheart.

You haven't written to me for ages. What's the meaning of that? I do not like the idea of your having stayed in Petersburg so long—it is so easy to get seedy there now.

Now, keep well and be merry, God preserve you. I grip your hand firmly.

A. T.

September 24th, 1901.
Moscow.

DEAR ALEXEY MAXIMOVITCH,

I am in Moscow and have received your letter here. Before I left Yalta I went to see Leo Nicolayevich [Tolstoi]. He likes the Crimea tremen-

dously, it awakens in him joy, purely childish joy. But I was not pleased about his health. He has got very old, and his chief disease—is old age, which has taken hold of him already. In October I shall be in Yalta again. It would be splendid if they would let you come there. [Gorki was then living in Arzamas, where he had been exiled by the political police.] There are very few people in Yalta in the winter, no one to annoy us or to prevent us working,—that is the first thing, and the second is : Leo Nicolayevich is plainly bored for lack of people and we could go and see him often.

Finish your play, old man. You feel it's not coming off, but don't trust your feeling, it deceives you. It is usually true that a man does not like his play while he is writing it, nor afterwards. But let others judge and decide. But don't let anybody read it, nobody ; send it straight to Moscow, to Nemirovich-Danchenko, or to me to hand over to the Art Theatre. And then, if there is something that is not quite right in it, you can change it in rehearsal, or even on the night before the performance.

Can you give me the end of your *Three?*

I am sending you on a letter, quite useless one. They sent me the same.

Well, God be with you. Keep well, and if it is possible in your capacity of resident in Arzamas, happy. Greetings and remembrances to Katerina Pavlovna and your children.

Your A. T.

Do write.

(*Translated by S. S. Koteliansky.*)

THE STRUCTURE OF THE ATOM

By J. W. N. Sullivan

It is not so very long ago that the atom was described as the ultimate particle of matter. Matter was supposed to be built up of indivisible little particles called atoms. This word "indivisible" proved perplexing to some people : they argued that an atom, however small, must occupy space and possess a shape. One could, therefore, imagine an atom being halved, and so on. These difficulties, however entertaining they may be in themselves, rested on a misapprehension of the scientific assertion that the atom was indivisible. The indivisibility ascribed to the atom had reference to practical scientific processes—in particular, to chemical processes. The atom was the smallest particle of matter that took part in any chemical process.

This way of regarding the constitution of matter, the atomic theory, proved extraordinarily illuminating. An immense number and variety of chemical and physical phenomena were made comprehensible by the theory, and men of science came to regard the atom, not merely as a convenient conception which might be replaced by a better one, but as an actual objective entity. But for some time, nevertheless, the atom was thought about in a rather perfunctory manner. It was vaguely considered to be a very small, hard, and probably spherical piece of matter. But the more philosophically minded were bothered by the fact that there are several elementary material substances—eighty or ninety, in fact. (These

elements, singly or in combination, make up every substance in the world. Each element has its own kind of atom, so that there are about ninety different kinds of atoms in existence. Now the mind somehow rebels at this particular example of Nature's diversity. Why should there be just this number of elementary substances, each one, as it were, specially created? It is like the difficulty one experiences in admitting all the species of animals to be separate creations. The difficulty became acute when Newlands and, afterwards, Mendeleyev showed that the chemical elements fell into groups, such that each succeeding group approximately repeated the chemical properties of the preceding group. There were differences between the groups, but there was a most remarkable fundamental similarity. And to obtain the grouping it was only necessary to arrange the ninety odd atoms in order of increasing weight. This remarkable fact suggested at once that atoms have a structure and that corresponding elements in the different groups have similar structures, the heavier elements being, as it were, more complicated versions of the same ground plan. Prout, long ago, had suggested that all atoms were built up out of the lightest atom, viz., hydrogen. But in that case the weights of all the atoms should be whole multiples of the weight of hydrogen, and this was found not to be the case. Some ultimate constituent, much lighter than the hydrogen atom, would have been necessary to agree with the known atomic weights.

But a new turn was given to these speculations on the structure of the atom when, in 1897, the electron was experimentally discovered. Here we had a tiny particle whose mass was only about 1/1800 of that of a hydrogen atom. It was immediately apparent that here was an excellent unit for atom building. But the electron is an electrified particle; it carries a charge of negative electricity. By itself, therefore, it could not constitute

atoms, for atoms are normally electrically neutral, not negatively electrified. It was assumed, therefore, that there enters into the constitution of the atom a positive electric charge which is just sufficient to neutralize the sum of the negative charges carried by the constituent electrons.

By the time matters had got so far a revolutionary change in our notions of matter had taken place. We have spoken of the electron as a tiny particle carrying an electric charge. Now it can be shown that the mass of such a body is partly due to its electric charge. The question arose, How much of the mass of an electron is due to its electric charge? The astonishing result was reached that, in all probability, the *whole* of its mass is due to its electric charge. The electron is not a particle of matter carrying electricity—it is just electricity. This immediately suggested a purely electric theory of matter. The positive charge which enters into the constitution of the atom was also supposed not to require a " material particle " to rest on, and so the atom became a purely electric phenomenon. It will be noticed that, in this process, electricity was "atomized." Electricity had been regarded by the mathematicians of the early nineteenth century as a " fluid," as an essentially continuous structure, but long before the experimental discovery of the dissociated atom of electricity, the electron, some of Faraday's researches made it very probable that electricity entered into certain processes in an atomic form. This tendency of the mind, in its attempt to understand Nature, to atomize things, does not stop short, as we shall see, with electricity.

The electric theory of matter having come upon the scene, then, how are we to regard these two sorts of electricity, the positive and the negative, as constituting an atom? We may pass over the early attempts, interesting and instructive as they were, and come straight to the present accepted model of the atom for

which experimental evidence was first adduced by Rutherford. The phenomena of radio-activity had furnished experimental evidence for the general theory we have been describing of the structure of the atom. The radium atom, in its disintegration, shot out positively charged particles called α-rays, and negatively charged particles called β-rays. These latter were found to be identical with the electrons obtained in a cathode tube. The α-particles, although not as swift as the β-particles, are much heavier, and possess greater momentum. Rutherford used these particles to explore the atom. When α-particles are passed through matter they suffer a certain dispersion. We may explain this by saying that an α-particle, passing near the electrons of an atom, is attracted and pulled a little out of its path, and that, for some α-particles, these effects are cumulative, and so the α-particle may be deflected through an appreciable angle. But it happens that this reasoning does not explain the observed deflections. Deflections of 150 degrees, *i.e.*, an almost complete reversal of direction, have been observed. The heavy α-particle, travelling at about 20,000 miles a second, must be subjected to an intense force to be so diverted. It occurred to Rutherford that such abnormal deflections are due to an almost direct impact on the positive charge of the atom, which positive charge must therefore be conceived, not as diffused through the atom, but as intensely concentrated. By assuming that the positive charge in an atom was concentrated in a small region Rutherford was enabled to get the intense repulsive force required to explain the observed deflections. Knowing that the positive charge in an atom was highly concentrated in a small space, Rutherford was enabled to construct his *planetary* model of the atom. The positive charge was supposed to be at the centre of the system, with the negatively charged electrons rotating round it. Thus, the hydrogen atom is supposed to consist of a single

electron rotating round a nucleus which is the positive charge. The helium atom consists of two electrons rotating round a nucleus, but in this case the nucleus carries twice the positive charge of the hydrogen nucleus, since it has to neutralize two electrons. With the lithium atom there are three electrons, while uranium, the heaviest known atom, has a circulating system of 92 electrons.

This model of the atom, as we have said, explained certain experimental results, and there were strong reasons to suppose that it was essentially true. But when it was investigated mathematically it was found to be open to a very grave objection. According to the accepted dynamical laws these rotating electrons should continually radiate energy, their orbits should grow smaller and smaller, their velocities should continually increase, and ultimately they should fall into the nucleus. In fact, such atoms could not last, and according to this theory of matter the whole material universe should have vanished long ago. This was felt to be a weighty objection. But certain other phenomena were known which were just as inexplicable by ordinary dynamics. There were certain phenomena of heat radiation, for instance, where calculation and observation were quite hopelessly at variance. To explain these radiation phenomena a curious theory had been put forward, in 1900, by Max Planck. This theory rested on a basis very different from the old dynamics. It asserted that energy is atomic, that energy can only be radiated or absorbed in little finite packets, as it were, and not continuously, as had hitherto been assumed. This strange theory did, as a matter of fact, explain the observed radiation phenomena extremely well. It occurred to a young Danish physicist, Niels Bohr, that this theory might be applied to the problem of the stability of the atom. When we are dealing with atomic phenomena it may well be that we have entered a region where the same laws do not

apply as for matter in bulk, or rather, our laws for matter in bulk may only express statistical averages, as it were, obscuring the true laws which hold for the individual constituents. Planck's quantum theory, as it is called, was applied by Bohr to the atom with great success. The assumptions are as follows : There is, on the new theory, only a finite number of orbits that an electron can describe about its nucleus. The hydrogen atom electron, for instance, can rotate at a certain minimum distance from the nucleus. Call this orbit 1. There is another orbit, at a finite distance from the first, in which the electron would also conceivably rotate. Call this orbit 2. Similarly, there is an orbit 3, an orbit 4, and so on. But the electron cannot rotate in an orbit intermediate between orbits 1 and 2, or 2 and 3, and so on. Also, as long as the electron is rotating in any one of these permissible orbits, it is not radiating any energy. It is also supposed that the electron can, under a suitable stimulus, jump from one orbit to another. In jumping from one orbit to another it radiates energy. The energy so radiated exists in the form of a monochromatic radiation, that is, a radiation having one definite wave-length.

These assumptions were found to lead to results in the most beautiful agreement with the experimental evidence in the case of the spectrum of hydrogen. The discrete lines which form the spectrum of hydrogen each correspond to a definite wave-length. These wave-lengths, it had been shown previously, were connected by a certain formula. This formula was arrived at empirically; it enabled one to write down the wave-lengths corresponding to the lines of the hydrogen spectrum, but it gave no explanation why the lines of the hydrogen spectrum should fall into that particular sequence. This is exactly what Bohr's theory did, and in doing so gave for the first time a satisfactory theory of the baffling and complex phenomena presented by spectra. The hydrogen atom is, of course, the simplest

atom, and this is the case in which the mathematical difficulties have been most completely overcome, and where the agreement between theory and observation is most striking. Another simple atom to which the theory can be completely applied is the ionized atom of helium, *i.e.*, a helium atom which has lost one of its rotating electrons. It thus resembles a hydrogen atom, except for the fact that the positive charge on the nucleus is twice that on the hydrogen nucleus. Even with these simple atoms, however, we have not yet exhausted the matter. The spectrum lines, when closely examined, turn out to consist of two or more lines very close together. The theory of relativity has been successfully evoked to explain this fact. According to that theory the mass of an electron will increase as its velocity increases, and if we assume that the orbits described are ellipses, we have to take into account the variation of speed in such an orbit, and the corresponding variation in mass of the electron. Sommerfeld has worked out these effects, and shown that the "fine structure" of the hydrogen lines can be thereby explained. So that, besides quantum theory, we have to invoke relativity theory also in order to explain the spectrum of the simplest of the atoms. Such complete explanations cannot be given for the spectra of heavier atoms. The mathematical difficulties are too great, although Bohr has been successful in giving a reasonable general outline of the structure of all the elements. It may be mentioned that, in these investigations, it has been found necessary to generalize the quantum theory, and to apply the quantum condition to conceptions which are even more abstract than that of energy. In this way, it is stated, the apparently hopeless contradictions between ordinary dynamics and quantum theory are made less acute.

So far we have dealt with the atom as a planetary configuration consisting of a positively charged nucleus

playing the rôle of the sun, and a number of rotating electrons playing the part of planets. We have said that the mass of an electron is about 1/1800 of that of a hydrogen atom, and also that the hydrogen atom contains one electron. Practically the whole mass of the hydrogen atom, therefore, must be concentrated in the nucleus. On the purely electric theory of matter this should mean that the radius of the nucleus is only 1/1800 of that of an electron. Now, as we proceed from hydrogen in the order of atomic weights the next element we encounter is helium, with an atomic weight of 4, *i.e.*, an atom of helium has a mass approximately four times that of a hydrogen atom. The two rotating electrons of helium can contribute practically nothing to this; this mass must belong to the nucleus. It is tempting to build up the nuclei of heavier atoms out of hydrogen nuclei, and to say that the nucleus of helium, for example, consists of four hydrogen nuclei. But we have also said that the positive charge on the helium nucleus is two units, not four. The solution adopted is to attribute to the helium nucleus a complex structure; we suppose it to consist of four hydrogen nuclei and two electrons. The two electrons neutralize two of the hydrogen nuclei, leaving a resultant positive charge of two units. Nevertheless, since there are actually four hydrogen nuclei present in the helium nucleus, the atomic weight of helium is four. The α-particles shot out by radium are helium atoms minus the two circulating electrons. These α-particles come from the nucleus of the very complex radium atom, so we see that the helium nucleus, besides the hydrogen nucleus, may enter as a unit into the structure of the nuclei of more complex atoms. The helium nucleus is fitted for this rôle owing to its great stability. Relativity theory again enters here, for it affords an explanation of this great stability. The atomic weight of hydrogen is not exactly 1, but 1.008. How then can four hydrogen nuclei unite to

give a resultant atomic weight of exactly 4? According to relativity theory energy and mass are convertible terms. The difference between four times 1.008 and 4 exactly is a measure of the *energy*, expressed as *mass*, liberated during the formation of the helium nucleus. This quantity is enormous. It is this amount of energy, of course, that would have to be communicated to the helium nucleus to disintegrate it. It is 63 million times greater than the energy expended in ordinary chemical processes. Thus, on this theory, we can understand the immense stability of the helium nucleus, and why, although it is of complex structure, it is able to enter as a unit into the structure of other atoms. We cannot, therefore, simply regard the nuclei of other atoms as built up from hydrogen nuclei. The nuclei of all atoms but hydrogen must be given a complex structure. But the general rule for doing this is simple.

(*To be concluded.*)

A CHERRY MARTYR.—A lately renewed inscription, upon a stone in the churchyard at Plumstead, runs thus:

To the MEMORY
of JAMES DARLING
who died 23rd of July, 1812.
Aged 10 Years.

Weep not for me my parents dear
There is no witness wanted here
The hammer of Death was give to me
For eating Cherris off the tree
Next morning Death was to me sweet
My blessed Jesus for to meet
He did ease me of my pain
And I did Join His holy train
The cruel one his Death can't shun
For he must go when his glass is run
The horrows of Death is sur to meet
And tak his trial at the Judgment seat.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

What the Public Wants.—We know, without being told, what our Press monopolists said on first opening The Adelphi. It was nothing like what Keats said on looking into Chapman's *Homer*. They don't speak the language, for one thing. What they said was: "This is not what the public wants." And until God remodels their heads they will go on saying it, in spite of the unqualified justification of your faith in yourself and your fellows when you said, "I don't know what the public wants, but I like this very much, and I believe many will like it also." The treatment of Mr. Bernard Shaw by the Press for the past thirty years has been virtually a boycott of one of the best, certainly the cleverest mind of modern times, although Shaw's name could at any time fill lecture halls and theatres, and American editors saw there was a profit to be got in printing his speeches verbatim and selling them in England. To demonstrate a fact to the knowing ones is but to send them into fits of anger or the sulks. An enterprising repertory theatre in New York recently produced *Back to Methuselah*, and ran it for 120 performances; and it has been available to the London theatres for the past two years or more waiting for a producer to find out whether the public really wanted it or not. Mr. Barry Jackson, of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, has secured the honours again. It will become a settled and expensive habit for those London people for whom a passion of thought has more dramatic value than a passion of concupiscence to make pilgrimages to Birmingham. *Back to Methuselah* was given in five parts, as planned by the author, and took a week to perform. The audience, held as in a spell by the intensity of the great argument on man's destiny, and

returning each night to hear it further unfolded in the next part, released its feelings at the close by demonstrations of enthusiasm I never have seen equalled in a theatre.

Birmingham people? About a handful. They were Londoners, who went to the expense of railway fares and hotel charges and turned up fresh and eager every evening for more of what they could not get in their own city. And yet we read in the papers that the audience was bored, that Mr. Shaw should be in the pulpit instead of the theatre, that a play is a thing with three sides and two right angles, whereas *Back to Methuselah* is a fourth dimension sort of affair—and this will never do. How does a dramatic critic qualify? By his quickness in knowing his master's voice? The noble lord who pays his salary says, "This is what the public wants, and don't you forget it." He answers, "I never can." And he can't. His criticism is a habit of repeating catch-cries. But he can't even report. Mr. Shaw's play may be a monster with two heads that frightens people for whom Mr. H. A. Jones's work is a joy without end. But this audience was not frightened. To say it was bored is a lie. It was thrilled with the special and rare excitement that new and beautiful work arouses, and deeply moved by a glimpse into regions of wonder revealed to a mind which had travelled without fear as far as its thought could reach. I am not a writing man, and in criticism the merest amateur, being completely unable to make anything of the rules by which we are supposed to be able to detect a work of art from a pair of spring-side boots. To know a miracle from the thing that is not seems so much simpler than that. That is why I cannot yet analyze the feeling of reverence that has come from the pilgrimage to Birmingham. Grant that the satire of our political chiefs is too long drawn out (and I suspect we realize it only because of the height of the opening act from which we drop); that Mr. Shaw cannot

rid himself of some old tricks of the theatre as "comic relief"; that, like the discharged prisoner in the dock, he will persist in arguing his case long after it is admitted. Grant it all. What remains is significant drama in which is revealed the most heartening message I have heard in this age when faith in a high human destiny is almost shattered. To imagine that which you desire, to will that which you imagine, till will becomes creation. Imagination, desire, and will are the Holy Trinity of this new Gospel. Mr. Shaw argues that this conception of the Life Force as intelligent creation, for ever experimenting, and learning by its errors, is sounder biology than "Natural" Selection working foresightless. There may be a flaw in his scientific argument, though I cannot see it. What is without flaw is the poetic vision of the first man and the first woman when knowledge came that within them were the seeds of eternity and they must create ere death overtook them, that life should not pass from the earth. It may be asked what happiness there is in the dream of our descendants in 31,000 A.D. who desire to rid themselves of the body of this death and become a vortex in pure intelligence. Well, what is happiness, anyway? We know, at least, what unhappiness is since consciousness became questioning. Somewhere in Thomas Hardy's poetry there is a line, "Our tissues abhor the fevered feats of life," and this describes exactly the problem fronting the Ancients of Shaw's vision of the future. Strange, that in *The Dynasts* and in *Back to Methuselah* these two minds, reacting so differently in most things, should both strike a similar note of hope for mankind, the only one to be heard in the sombre beauty of Hardy's music.—PHILIP TOMLINSON.

MODERN MUSIC.—"Art must be beautiful," the old say; and the young say, "Art must be expressive, or significant." We all say, "I know what I like." What we none of us can say is—"What I like is

beautiful (or significant)." That is the hitch. We have absolutely no security that we are right. What are we to say then of "this new music"? and is it "right"? and "will it last"?

"This new music" is too vague. Do you mean Stravinsky, or Schönberg, or Bartók, or Holst, or someone else? Because they are all trying to do different things, which could be expressed in technical language if anyone had the patience. As to its being "right," apply the old canons—Does it show work? Is the work applied economically? Is it parochial (running one or two fads for all, or more than all, they are worth), or secular (doing even-handed justice to all the aspects of a theme)? Is it proportioned, or straggling? If it contains "beauties," as it may, are they organic, springing out of the subject matter, or just plastered on. If it is "significant," does it merely startle, or does it convince taste? Who knows whether anybody else's life is right, and how can he say whether anybody else's art is? As to life he can only fall back on some general—"How would it be if everybody did that?" or "What would so-and-so (whom I respect) think of him?" As to art the first question soon answers itself, because there are hundreds hard at work before very long trying to grow flower from his seed—we have not much use now for the Debussy-mongers, for instance: and for the second, if anyone were to say he thought the first two of the composers named were parochial and the last two secular, it would be only one man's opinion.

Art seems to be one of those subjects in which we are not going to be told whether we are right or wrong, but just have to find out for ourselves. That is one of the reasons why the artist always wishes to be judged by the layman—by anyone, that is, who has no *parti pris*. "Another composer," he feels, "would have to come down from his steeple and laboriously climb mine

if he wants to know what my work is like; whereas all I want is that this steeple should keep out the weather, and carry a decent peal of bells, and perhaps make a man step out of his motor now and then to ask who built it, if indeed it isn't enough for me to know it's the best I've done yet."—A. H. Fox-Strangways.

Mr. Lawrence and the Wreck of the Love-Service.—What Mr. Lawrence says about the wreck of the "love-service" is all very nice and pretty. It reads awfully well. But what solution is it of our difficulties? The crux of the problem is not love but experience. The service has broken down because of lack of experience and common sense in those who ran it. Washing your hands of the whole business will not help anyone. Love has nothing to do with it, and was an unbecoming pretence. Of course, mankind has nothing to fear except from mankind, and I daresay if we all "possessed our souls in natural pride" and left one another in peace things would run far more smoothly. But there is a knot which must be untied if we are to get out of the "nasty mess" in which Mr. Lawrence is apparently content to leave us. The knot is that mankind has somehow got it into its head that it is in danger—from itself! Simple people have always been wont to regard nations as separate individuals. There is no comparison that is more false or more mischievous. If there is anything which resembles an individual it is not a nation but mankind. We hear so much of national security against aggression. We hear it from every country as against every other country. This is exactly like an individual defending himself against himself. Drum it into a man that he has to tie up his mouth lest it bite off his hands, and his hands lest they pluck out his eyes, and his legs lest they kick off each other; impress it on the mouth that, in virtue of the resulting alliance, it is in honour

bound to annihilate the hand before it annihilates the eye; reason that this is in keeping with high economics, since the mouth must depend for its food on the eye (overlooking in the vein of patriotic stupidity the relevant functions of the hands and feet), and your poor man, like poor mankind to-day, will foam at the mouth, kick and yell, rave and rage in an agony of self-inflicted wounds. Mankind, as I said, is in no danger whatever except from mankind, and if mankind perish at the hands and the feet and the teeth of mankind—well, then, I say, mankind deserves it.

But why should mankind be so stupid? Through experience your "human nature" will hit upon what is expedient. Drop your love, by all means, and substitute all round expedience. Run your humanity so that it is the least possible nuisance to all. Why deliberately overlook possibilities for improvement? Why do nothing at all? In his contemptuous brushing aside of every kind of improvement Mr. Lawrence is reminiscent of Mr. Chesterton, who would breed diseased babies for no other reason than that God, he thinks, may not wish him to breed healthy ones. But do we go by Mr. Chesterton's fatuous foibles because God has seen fit to make him such as he is? No; we cry: "For God's sake let us have some one better!" Mr. Chesterton is a bit of a dud. But Mr. Lawrence is, I hope, something of a leader. That is why one dislikes this dare-devilry, this obstinate "Je m'en fiche!" If milk can be delivered by noiseless aeroplanes right at the window, isn't this better than having it delivered by noisy aeroplanes miles away from the window? Why make things needlessly inaccessible, or refuse to make them accessible? If confinement could be made painless, why want it to remain painful? We shall always be up against plenty of suffering and ignorance and difficulty, to sharpen our wits against, to groove our characters in, and all the rest of it,

without unloosing the dark powers of our own indolence against us.

To possess one's own soul while mankind is in its throes is like going to a concert to calm yourself because all your family at home is writhing in disease and the sight of it has upset you to the extent that if you stayed you could no longer hold your mind and soul and psyche together as you should! Mr. Lawrence's advice is excellent in every respect but one. Politically it won't do. Unless the service of unsentimental expedience is quickly resumed so that humanity can go on without needlessly and stupidly pitching into one another, we shall possess our souls . . . in the trenches. Of course, if a war broke out again all the belligerents would do well to go away and be alone with their souls—go away anywhere, to the theatre, and ignore the war for the silly, uninvited thing that it is. But are we likely to do it? Not we! Why? Because of our awful disease, a disease not less grievous because it is wholly imaginary—the mania that we cannot get on without war. But this disease is not to be cured by going off to the theatre, but by careful doctoring.—WILLIAM GERHARDI.

FRENCH ECONOMIC HISTORY.—Thanks to the advice of two or three of THE ADELPHI readers I have discovered and read with interest J. H. Clapham's *Economic Development of France and Germany*, 1815-1914, a model of how that sort of subject should be treated, is interesting as a good story and far more interesting than most stories. But the cuckoo monograph does not appear, though there are rumours of one in Russian.—H. G. WELLS.

Answer to Problem No. 5.

No solution is possible unless it is remembered that each Turk would naturally be thrown overboard as the lot fell upon him. If this is remembered, the solution is obvious.

NOVELS AND THOUGHT-ADVENTURES[1]

By The Journeyman

In Mr. Lawrence's latest novel, *Kangaroo,* he makes in his attractive, off-hand way, a pronouncement about the art he is practising which is worth our best attention. "Now a novel," he says, "is supposed to be a mere record of emotion-adventures, flounderings in feelings. We insist that a novel is, or should be, also a thought-adventure, if it is to be anything at all complete."

That is a statement I like: first, because it compels me into a little thought-adventure of my own, making me think things over and out; and, second, because I am in essential agreement with what I believe it means. *Allons!* (as Mr. Lawrence would say) and let us embark on a little thought-adventure for ourselves.

Now I do not believe it can convincingly be made out that all novels which have a permanent place in our affections *are* thought-adventures. Take three of which I am particularly fond: *Robinson Crusoe, The Pickwick Papers,* and *The Ebb-Tide.* There is no perceptible thought-adventure in any of them. They are all records of adventure; but of adventure in the ordinary, straightforward sense. Robinson Crusoe, it is true, scratches his turnip-head quite hard after the apparition of the Devil; he enters up his blessings and his curses very neatly in a sort of ledger; but the substance of his thinking does not amount to much. It is so unimportant that we can safely skip those pages. And of the other two stories it is even more true that they are chiefly the records of what

happens *to* the characters, not of what happens *in* them. It's good enough : we are thrilled and delighted. After all, *le monde visible existe.* In it there are Champions of England who are knocked out in ten seconds, and cart-horses and people in railway-trains and crack footballers and falling leaves and crocodiles ; and there is a kind of novel-writing which corresponds to their substantiality : novels in which we don't want to think or even to feel, but simply to watch. The world is full of a number of things. Praised be the Lord !

So Mr. Lawrence was not enunciating an absolute truth. Besides, there aren't any absolute truths. Any absolute worth twopence is a personal absolute : a promulgation of an imperious necessity felt by *me*. The depth and integrity of my feeling alone give it force and validity. If at a given point in the world's history there are a number of people who feel already, or after I have spoken discover that they feel, like me, then we may talk, quite provisionally, of an absolute. The human consciousness is making a move ; it is going my way ; I am the visible straw that shows how the wind is blowing.

Mr. Lawrence's statement is a personal and provisional absolute of this kind. "This is the sort of novel we need nowadays" is what he is saying. And I agree ; it seems to me that I have agreed for years. After all, when I read those three favourite novels of mine, I am always conscious that I am reading them as a sort of relaxation. I am amusing myself, just as I am amusing myself when I chuck stones into the sea. I like chucking stones into the sea ; when I cease to like it, I shall know that I am growing old, and that it's time that I gave way. But chucking stones into the sea, though it has given me some blissful moments, is not my real job. Neither is reading *Robinson Crusoe*, or *The Pickwick Papers*, or *The Ebb-Tide*. The novels which it is my job to read are the novels which

exert me completely; those which when I read, I feel that I am now going along my own predestined line, not doing fanciful and delightful little side-loops, or pausing to amuse myself by walking backwards on my hands. There is some place—I don't know where; perhaps if I did I should immediately start going somewhere else—to which I have to go. I make instinctively for the books that will help me on the way. I don't really enjoy them: they concern me much too deeply, I am far too much involved in them to enjoy them. I enjoy chucking stones; I don't enjoy climbing a mountain against time. But I *have* to climb the mountain; and I know that if I begin to spend more than a limited amount of time chucking stones, I shall be miserable. The world may be full of a number of things, and I will praise the Lord for it; but just now I can't afford to look too long at them. I have to get up that mountain somehow and have a glimpse of what is on the other side before the sun goes down.

Allons! therefore, by all means. I make for the books that will help me up that mountain. And they are the books that are the record of thought-adventure as well as emotion-adventure. Plato was the first writer who meant a great deal to *me*. Therefore I didn't enjoy him; I was altogether too much agitated. Then came the first novelist who caught me between wind and water. He was Stendhal. I was young then; and I was excited, as I always am excited, by a kind of mystery. I felt there was something more in him than he expressed, or could express; and I wanted to know what that something was. That, I have come to learn, is the chief sign that a novel is for *me*. And when I began excavating into Stendhal, I began to see what it was that held me. Stendhal, after his fashion, which is not my fashion, had stood up to life. He had tried to discover what life was, what could be done with it, what could be got out of it: and within his limitations he was

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absolutely honest. I learnt something of importance from him. Then came Dostoevsky. The sense of mystery was overwhelming; I was knocked flat and trampled on by *The Brothers Karamazov*. I picked myself up and determined to find out what Dostoevsky was trying to say; for that again, I knew, had something to do with *me*. I began to unravel in his books a thought-adventure of the dizziest, one for which Stendhal had in part prepared me, but which so far exceeded Stendhal's capacities that they cannot be compared. Dostoevsky remains for me the ultimate outpost of the attempt at an intellectual discovery of life. Within his ambit he is supreme; he carried the intellectual challenge to life to the bitter end. And the end was bitter indeed. The intellectual consciousness is *kaput!* Nothing to do but to wait for a miracle.

Well, that was in the middle of the war, when every-day events seemed to be proving in action that Dostoevsky was right. We had indeed reached an end. Very good: let's nail the flag of the intellectual consciousness to the mast and go down imperturbable. I was ready for melodramatic heroisms and frozen ecstasies. The war, and the meaning of the war that I read through Dostoevsky, had finished me. There was nothing, except the chance of a miracle. You can't shape your life on the expectation of a miracle. So I gritted my teeth in a sort of cold intellectual frenzy and said: There *is* nothing! And I took to Tchehov, who is the great *artist* of the end: the man who knew that all great writers had "axes to grind" and he had none.

Well, there is no going on from Tchehov. We must just thank our lucky stars that an end should have been made as beautiful and humane as he made it: a Finis of which the intellectual consciousness can be proud.

> Come, come, no time for lamentation now;
> Nor much more cause.

But it was the end of the chapter ; for me anyhow, for the Western world perhaps.

So there I stood, marking time. I didn't begin chucking stones into the sea ; I wasn't in the least in the mood for that. I just stood there where the track ended, with a dry weariness in my heart, and wept.

But I wouldn't go back ; I couldn't go back. I stood still. I saw Marcel Proust and James Joyce emerge. I examined them, for I am a top-heavy person who has to examine things. Essentially, from my point of view essentially, they are nothing. Landmarks, perhaps, to tell me twice again that the intellectual consciousness is utterly *kaput*. But I didn't want to be told that again, either elegantly or elaborately ; I knew it long ago. What Tchehov had done sincerely and simply and perfectly, they were trying to do fashionably, elaborately and unnecessarily. It was a waste of time. Possibly it may be art. I know it is not the kind of art that interests me. I am a detective by profession, and I can interest myself deliberately, in a professional kind of way, in anything. But neither Marcel Proust nor James Joyce interest *me*. There is more really profound thought-adventure in one of Tchehov's stories like *The Black Monk* than in all their work put together. They have talent, buckets of it, but talent—what's the use of talent except to help you to say something of importance for life?

So I brooded over Shakespeare, instead. There is plenty of thought-adventure there for anyone who will take the trouble to read the signs and symbols. Plenty of real thought-adventure, I mean : the thought that is not an abstract functioning in the void, but the index in the intellectual consciousness of life-adjustments that are taking place in the secret soul below. Shakespeare is the first of the moderns ; the curve of his thought-adventure is the curve which all the great pioneers of the modern consciousness have had to follow. On a big

THE

LABOUR MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF INTERNATIONAL LABOUR

Editor: R. PALME DUTT

Volume 5 November, 1923 Number 5

Specially contributed to this Number:

LEON TROTZKY (People's Commissar for War and Marine in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.)

on **Man does not live by Politics Alone**

Published at
162, BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD., LONDON, S.W.1.

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scale or a little one you will find nearly all the creative minds of the first importance travelling the same path, a path which ends in the felt necessity of a new order of consciousness and of life. The Russian novelists, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, brought us most consciously to the verge of this; but over in America, Melville and above all Whitman, their souls made pregnant by generations of contact with the elemental, with continent and ocean, were hinting at a new way.

Well, this new way isn't going to be easy. It's not easy for one who has breathed the air of the old European tradition to say Good-bye to the intellectual consciousness and take the plunge into nothingness, even though he knows it necessary and can watch with his own eyes the fabric of Europe settling into decay. It isn't going to be easy at all. All the more reason therefore to look for help where we can get it. All the more reason why, deliberately adjusting our standards to our needs, we should demand that our books—and books nowadays seem bound to be novels—should be not only emotion-adventures but thought-adventures also. We can't spend our time chucking stones into the sea; we can't even afford the minutes necessary to smile at Mr. George Moore preening himself over a collogue with Mr. Granville Barker in *The Fortnightly Review*. Chucking stones into the sea is a much better occupation than that, anyhow.

It is because we are where we are that the novel of thought-adventure is necessary. All the rest, just now, is fiddling while Rome is burning. It may be a shortcoming of mine, but I can't listen: this twiddling fiddling makes me angry. I want to get on. There's that mountain still to be climbed; and I've spent so many years already trying to get up it from the wrong side. All the thought-adventure possible that way has been done, done superlatively. Now we need someone who will spy out a new path from another side that will

take us beyond the blank wall to which the old European tradition has been leading since the Renaissance.

And it seems to me—my personal and provisional absolute again—that only the novelist who has a sense of this necessity in which we are involved can do any really vital work to-day. The other kind of novel-writing exists, but just now it is bound to be trivial and nugatory. The sense of security essential to its perfect flowering isn't there, and it's no use pretending it is. Either the novelist is aware of the actual condition of the human consciousness and of the world—for this bankruptcy which may have been difficult to discern as a potentiality fifty or a hundred years ago, is now a visible reality—and if he is aware of it his work must be a thought-adventure; or he is blind to it, and then his blindness to a thing so palpable argues him negligible.

Not that I want the Old Guard to change. What they have done well, let them go on doing well. More power to their elbows! But the Young Guard can't follow them. It only makes an unholy mess of it when it tries. Its business is to get on with its own job; and if the Old Guard can't understand what it's up to, well, that can't be helped, and we bear them no grudge provided that they don't go asking us for things we can't give. And, after all, we aren't asking to be understood by our elders, but by our contemporaries. The generation for whom the war was a vital and crucial part of their life-experience is bound to be generically different from the older generation who managed to pass it by on the other side. Some of the younger generation also managed to do that; and between them and us the gulf is deeper, far deeper.

MULTUM IN PARVO

From a Recanati Window.—"Feeling very depressed, I sat down at a window that looked on to a square; two boys were seated on the deserted, grass-grown steps of the church, playing under the lamp, wrestling. The first fire-fly I had seen that year appears; one of them gets up and chases it; I prayed silently for mercy for the poor thing, begging, imploring it to fly higher, but he caught it and dashed it to the ground and went back to the other. Meanwhile the coachman's daughter, getting up from supper and going to the window to wash a plate, says to the others in the room as she turns back: 'To-night it will certainly rain. Just look at the weather. Black as your hat.' And soon afterwards the light disappears from the window. Meanwhile the fire-fly had risen again: I should have liked . . . But he saw it and came back; —Dirty nuisance—again he dashes it down, weak as it was, and with his foot makes of it a long streak of light in the dusk . . . then again . . . till he put it out. A youth came out of a street facing the church, kicking the stones and muttering. . . . The killer of the fire-fly throws himself on him and brings him down, laughing, and then picks him up. . . . The fun becomes more furious, but the voices are low, as before etc., though the laughs are rather loud. I hear the soft voice of a woman whom I did not know or see: 'Natalino, come, it is getting late.'" (*Leopardi.*)

An Edifying Story.—After reading the "Odd Obituary" in your October issue, I cannot resist sending you the following delicious story from *The Gold Coast Independent*, a journal which appears to be run by the native democracy for the native democracy.

Apart from one or two sheets where the ink has mostly dried off the type before printing and one or two advertisements which have been set upside down, it is a truly creditable production. The story tells of the ordination of Catechist B. S. Ame Gashie as minister, and runs thus :

THE hour just struck nine before the meridian when the twin bells of the Church—the Sound of one being deeper than that of the other—and therefore somewhat a baritone perhaps equal to or above that of Roland Hayes even,—began their musical tintinnabulation. Presently there was a great rush of throngs through all the avenues leading to that place of sacrosanctity. The capacity of the building which of course is on the point of dilapidation—could hardly contain the throng. Those who were fortunate to secure seats, did so on condition of being reduced to sardines packed in a tin. While without the Church tapauling sheds were erected, sat people the number of whom was perhaps above that of those within. The knells had scarcely subsided when the room reverberated with a blend of effeminate voices from without, in a melody no less inspirational. The forms emitting such strain then wended their way up the gallery. This was the Lome Choir.

The School Brass Band then announced the approach of the procession of the clergy headed by the Rev. Mr. Beveridge with the Candidate for the ordination behind him and followed by about eight others.

After a few preliminaries, the candidate is introduced.

From under the gallery poured into the room a melodious Anthem rendered by the A. M. E. Zion Mission School Choir. This was symbolic of a probable harmony and Co-operation that shall subsist between the Zion and Bremen Missions through the efforts of the newly created Minister whose forehead appeared to prognosticate the non-furtherance conduction of the affairs of this (Bremen) Church on antiquated and effete principles.

After another Hymn was had the first part of the Ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Beveridge.

This was intervened by a song by the Keta Mixed Choir "Mawu nano anyi kpli we", composed by the Candidate himself. The Ceremony then was concluded by laying of hand on the Head of the Candidate by the Rev. Mr. Beveridge who read the trust followed in turn by each of

the Ministers present, each of whom quoted an appropriate Text as a slogan for the Candidate. Another Anthem by the Lome Choir was followed by Prayer and Benediction by the Rev. E. L. K. Ayikutu of Anyako. The morning session of the functions then came to an end at 11.30 o'clock.

After all this, several congratulatory telegrams, letters and addresses were read, including the following from the reverend gentleman's fellow directors in the worldly enterprise of which he is a pillar :

Dear Rev. Sir,

On this occasion of your reception on Holy-Order—which is a Reverend, Honourable, merited and aspiring position in the Sphere where your active services are engaged, the undersigned Directors of the United Trading Company Ltd., consider it an unfathomable complacency and privilege to them to present for themselves and in the behalf of their Shareholders and Employees, this Address expressing their appreciation of the Reverend Honour conferred on, and to extend their congratulations to you in that connexion.

That the labourer is worthy of his hire-is a statement incontrovertible; which goes to substantiate the promotion to the Holy Office, which you have been the recipient of today from the dignitaries of the Church of your choice.

Though we cannot claim under pretence the right to speak doctrinally and denominationally on this occasion, but we wield the right inherent as citizens in stating our conviction by quoting Mr. Athan. Pomeyio :-

The responsibility of evangelical civilisation and Education of Africa rests on the shoulders of the African.

Knowing the influence and business acumen which you wield in the Province of the Province of the Chairman of the Board of Directors of our Company, we are confident that you will creditably discharge the trust with which you have been charged today, to the realisation of the people that managemens of the affairs of our enterprise, is in the hands of men who come within the purview of those virtues designated by that word of nine letters pronounced 'Character'.

In token of our appreciation of the bestowal of the Reverend Honour on you, we beg to ask you to kindly accept one dozen chairs, one hanging Lamp, one clock, half a dozen pairs of socks and a pair of Boots as a souvenir from your colleague Directors.

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During the second entr'acte he was silent. It happened to be about nine o'clock, so we imagined he was preparing for flight.

But he remained in his seat, and when the curtain dropped at the end of the next scene exclaimed fervently to his companion,

" By gum, we must stick it out ! It's a fine play ! "
—H. C. D.

Problem No. 6.—A man lives in a street in which all the houses are on one side, and are numbered consecutively from 1. He notices that the sum of the numbers on the houses up to his house is equal to the sum of the numbers on the houses beyond his house. The number on his house is greater than 50. What is it, and how many houses are there in the row ?

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